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.'

SELECTED FOR THE CHRONICLE.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

The moon had just appeared in the verge of the horizon, her lucid ray resting on the bosom of the water, and occasionally penetrating the dark recesses of the wood, as I steered my little boat towards *Deadman's Isle*. The dark forests were growing on either side of me, while the river sparkling in the moon beams, seemed a lake of molton silver, yet even as any floating thing obstructed the progress of a wave, it would, as if in anger at the impediment, throw up its snow crested head and reflect back the ray which too boldly shone upon it. As I approached, the breast of the island loomed proudly over the wave which I broke at its base, and I was struck with astonishment at the grandeur of its appearance. A rich lawn extended a short distance before me, and became lost in the forest, which waved its thousand branches in the evening breeze, yet seemed to forbid its entrance to the recesses.

I sat on a mound to observe the scene, while the moon slowly coursing the heavens, appeared to linger with delight on its beauty. A large beechen tree stood aloof from the forest, and from the unruffled stillness of its foliage seemed to set the zephyrs at defiance. An inscription on its base attracted my attention, and I drew near to peruse it. It was simple and affecting. A young sailor lay buried beneath, who had been drowned, during a late hurricane, and whom the gorged waters had thrown on the isle. The following lines were written beneath.

Beneath the damp and chilly turf, which on his bosom presses,
He lies far from his only love, enclosed in death's caress—
The chaplet now which binds his brow, his Marian ne'er had wove him,
Nor did she plant the hemlock rank, which waves its limbs above him.

The hands which formed his early grave, were those which ne'er had pressed him;
The lips that sung his requiem, they never had caressed him;
And distant from his love he lies, the waters round are rushing,
While on the turf which shrouds his grave, the moon is brightly flushing.

Shine on his grave, thou queen of night, with all thy gorgeous brightness,
His was the proudly beaming eye, would rival them in lightness;
But quenched his eye, beneath he lies, in death's cold bosom sleeping,
While o'er his grave, dark hemlocks wave, and beauty's eyes are weeping.

Then rest thee here—the moon shines bright, yet e'en shall rise the morrow,
Her orb shall vanish from thy sight and leave us in our sorrow;
And thus too soon it proved with thee, for fairer form was never,
But now thou sleep'st beneath the turf and we must mourn thee ever.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

SATURDAY EVENING.

The past week is fled, and the evening is come,
That precedes the sabbatical rest;
Like the days of the years now departed & gone,
Like the sun that descends to the west,
Like a voice from the grave, bidding mortals beware
Of the waste of the hours as they fly,
Time silently warns us to watch and prepare
For the moment that calls us to die.
Each year and each month, and each day like a friend,
In the language of wisdom convey
Some type of the shadows of death, that attend
On the steps of the aged and gay.
Oh! who then can think of the week that is gone,
That precedes the sobbatical rest,
And not call to mind the repose of the tomb,
As he sees the sun set in the west?

REAL SORROWS.

"He best can paint them, who has felt them most."

'Tis not the loud, obstreperous grief,
That rudely clamors for relief;
'Tis not the querulous lament
In which impatience seeks a vent;
'Tis not the soft pathetic style
That aims our pity to beguile
Which can to truth's keen eye impart
The *Real Sorrows* of the heart!
No! 'tis the tear, in secret shed
Upon the starving orphan's head;
The sigh, that will not be represt,
Breath'd on the faithful partner's breast;
The bursting heart, the imploring eye
To heaven uprais'd in agony.
With starts of desultory prayer,
While Hope is quenching in Despair,
The throbbing forehead's burning pain,
While frenzy's fiends usurp the brain:
These are the traits no art can borrow,
Of genuine Suffering and Sorrow!

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 Parting.

From "Recollections of Eventful Life." By a Soldier. [A recent British publication.]

We had been about three months in the Island of Jersey, when the order came for our embarkation for Portugal; but only six women to every hundred men were allowed to accompany us. As there were, however, a great many more than that number, it was ordered that they should draw lots, to see who should remain.—The women of the company to which I belonged were assembled in the pay-sergeant's room for that purpose. The men of the company had gathered round them to see the result, with various degrees of interest depicted in their countenances. The proportionate number of tickets were made, with "to go" or "not to go" written on them. They were then placed in a hat, and the women were called by their seniority to draw their tickets. I looked round me before they began. It was an interesting scene.—The sergeant stood in the middle with the hat in his hand, the women around him with their hearts palpitating, and anxiety and suspense in every countenance. Here and there you would see the head of a married man pushed forward from amongst the crowd in the attitude of intense anxiety and attention.

The first woman called was the sergeant's wife—she drew "not to go." It seemed to give little concern to any one but herself and her husband. She was not very well liked in the company.—The next was a corporal's wife—she drew "to go." This was received by all with nearly as much apathy as the first. She was little beloved either.

The next was an old hand, a most outrageous virago, who thought nothing of giving her husband a knock down when he offended her, and who used to make great disturbance about the fire in the cooking way. Every one uttered their wishes audibly that she would lose; and her husband, if we could judge from his countenance seemed to wish so too. She boldly plunged her hand into the hat, and drew out a ticket; on opening it she held it up triumphantly, and displayed "to go." "Old Meg will go yet," said she, "and live to scald more of you about the fire side." A general murmur of disappointment ran through the whole. "She has the d——l's luck and her own," said one of them.

The next in turn was the wife of a young man who was much respected in the company for his steadiness and good behaviour. She was remarkable for her affection for her husband, and beloved by the whole company for her modest and obliging disposition. She advanced with a palpitating heart and trembling hand to decide on (what was to her I believe) her future happiness or misery. Every one prayed for her success. Trembling between fear and hope, she drew out one of the tickets, and attempted to open it; but her hand shook so, she could not do it. She handed it to one of the men to open When he opened it, his countenance fell, and he hesitated to say what it was. She cried out to him in a tone of agony, "Tell me, for God's sake, what it is!"—"Not to go," said he, in a compassionate tone of voice. "Oh God, help me! O Sandy!" she exclaimed, and sunk lifeless in the arms of her husband, who had sprung forward to her assistance, and in whose face was now depicted every variety of wretchedness. The drawing was interrupted, and she was carried by her husband to his birth, where he hung over her in frantic agony. By the assistance of those around her, she was soon recovered from her swoon, but she awoke only to a sense of her misery. The first thing she did was to look round for her husband: when she perceived him, she seized his hand and held it, as if she was afraid that he was going to leave her. "O Sandy, you'll not leave me and your poor baby, will you?" The poor fellow looked in her face with a look of agony and despair.

The scene drew tears from every eye in the room, with the exception of the termagant whom I have already mentioned, "What are ye a' makin' such a work about? Let the child get her greet out! I suppose she thinks there's naebody ever parted with their men but her, wi' her faintin' & her airs, and her work!"

The drawing was again commenced, and various were the expressions of feelings evinced by those concerned. The Irish women in particular were loud in their grief. It always appeared to me that the Irish either feel more acutely than the Scotch or English, or that they have less restraint on themselves in expressing it. The barrack, through the rest of that day, was one continued scene of lamentation.

We were to march the next morning early. Most of the single men were away drinking. I slept in the birth above Sandy and his wife. They never went to bed but sat the whole night in their birth, with their only child between them, alternately embracing their child and each other, and lamenting their cruel fortune. I never witnessed in my life such a heart-rending scene. The poor fellow tried to assume some firmness, but in vain; some feeling expression from her would throw him off his guard, and at last his grief became quite uncontrolable.

When the first bugle sounded, he got up and prepared his things. Here a new source of grief sprung up. In lying aside the articles which he intended to leave, and which they used together, the idea seemed fixed in her mind that they would never use them in that way again, and as she put them aside, she watered them with her tears. Her tea-pot, her cups and every thing that they had used in common, all had their apostrophe of sorrow. He tried to persuade her to remain in the barrack, as we had six miles to travel to the place of embarkation; but she said she would take the last minute in his company that she could.

The regiment fell in and marched off, amid the wailing of those who, having 2 or 3 children, could not accompany us to the place of embarkation. Many of the men had got so much intoxicated that they were scarcely able to walk. The commanding officer was so displeased at their conduct, that, in coming through St. Helier's he would not allow the band to play.

When we arrived at the place where we were to embark, a most distressing scene took place, in the men parting with their wives. Some of them, indeed, it did not appear to affect much; others had got themselves nearly tipsy; but most of them seemed to feel it acutely. When Sandy's wife came to take her last farewell, she lost all government of her grief. She clung to him with a despairing hold. "Oh! dinna, dinna, leave me!" she cried. The vessel was hauling out. One of the sergeants came to tell her that she would have to go ashore. "Oh! they'll never be so hard hearted as to part us!" said she; and running aft to the quarter deck, where the commanding officer was standing, she sunk down on her knees with her child in her arms. "Oh! will you no let me gang wi' my husband? Will you tear him frae his wife and his ween? He has nae frien's but us—nor we 'ony but him—and, Oh! will you make us a' frien'less? See my wee babie pleadin' for us!"

The officer felt a painful struggle between his duty and his feelings; the tears came into his eyes. She eagerly caught at this as favorable to her cause. "Oh! aye, I see you have a feeling heart; you'll let me gang wi' him! You have nae wife, but if you had, I am sure you wad think it unco hard to be torn frae her this way—and this wee darling." "My good woman," said the officer, "I feel for you much, but my orders are peremptory, that no more than six women to each hundred men go with their husbands. You have had your chance as well as the other women; and although it is hard enough on you to be separated from your husband, yet there are many more in the same predicament, and it is totally out of my power to help it."—"Well, well," said she, rising from her knees, and straining her infant to her breast, "it's a' owre wi' us, my puir babie! This day leaves us frien'less on the wide world."—"God will be your friend" said I, as I took the child from her until she should get into the boat—Sandy had stood like a person bewildered all this time, without saying a word. "Farewell, then a last farewell then!" said she to him. "Where's my babie?" she cried. I handed him to her—"Give him a last kiss, Sandy." He pressed the infant to his bosom in silent agony. "Now a's owre! Farewell, Sandy! We'll may be meet in heaven;" and she stepped into the boat with a wild despairing look.—The vessel was now turning the pier, and she was almost out of our sight in an instant; but, as we got the last glimpse of her, she uttered a shriek, the knell of a broken heart, which rings in my ears at this moment. Sandy rushed down below, and threw himself into one of the births in a state of feeling which defies description. Poor fellow! his wife's forebodings were too true! He was amongst the first that were killed in Portugal. What became of her I have never been able to learn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

FROM THE NEW-YORK NATIONAL ADVOCATE.

Riding on Horseback.—If you rise very early in the morning, that is, just as the sun tips the spires with its golden light, to speak poetically, you may perchance see some of our fashionable young ladies, attended by relations, friends or lovers, taking an airing on horseback: and then, at seven o'clock, if you are near the spot, you may see them alight in the rear of their houses: or, if the moon shines bright, and you are up as late as ten o'clock at night, you may likewise see a solitary lady or two, with a servant behind her, pacing up Broadway. Now, we have never been able to discover why our young ladies avail themselves of a lonesome hour to ride, and why, in partaking of this elegant exercise, they shun the gay and jocund throng.

It is a common thing, within a few miles of this city, and in the country generally, to see a young lady spring upon her horse, and canter a half dozen miles to breakfast; or, in the cool of the afternoon, visit a neighbor a league off, take tea, and pass the evening delightfully, and return slowly and agreeably home, with buoyant spirits and improved health; her frame strengthened by exercise; and her sleep sound and refreshing.

Nothing presents a more noble, gallant appearance than a lady on horseback, particularly if she rides well, and riding well is the result of a few lessons and practice. The construction of a lady's saddle is such as to give great security to the person, when firmly seated; and the reins held in a strong grasp, the security is greater than a male, because no violent motion of the horse is as easily calculated to shake a lady off as a gentleman. We would, in recommending the general practice of ladies riding on horseback, rather favor a good sized, gentle horse than a pony, which, by its diminutive appearance, injures the figure of the rider. The easiest gait is a kind of rack, or pacing, and a horse is soon broke into this shuffling, ambling gait, which ought to be preferred to a hard trotting horse, or a horse that springs and leaps high in a gallop. There should be a distinction in styles of riding. Thus, an Amazon would prefer a tall and fiery courser, with long tail and mane; one who embraces twenty yards at a spring, and from whose fiery nostrils the smoke issues in a stream. Such a rider may "witch the world with horsemanship," but it is foreign to the easy, natural agreeable and genteel carriage of a lady, who rides for exercise and recreation, and not to fatigue herself for effect.

There is an improvement to be made in riding dresses. It is generally supposed by ladies that a special dress is necessary to make an appearance on horse back, and they cumber themselves with thick folds of cloth called a riding habit, which gives them a masculine air instead of a soft feminine and graceful appearance. For a long journey and exposed to all weathers, such a riding habit may be necessary, but for an hour's recreation it is hot and ungraceful. Velvet or silk spencers, black or blue with white under dresses, laced bootees of nankin or prunella, Leghorn hat with narrow brim and high ruff, form a neat riding dress, showy and light. The best hour to ride is between one and three if the sun is not too warm, or from six to seven in the afternoon, or later. We trust that this graceful exercise will be more generally encouraged.

The White Mountains of New Hampshire, the highest in the U. States, except, perhaps, the Rocky Mountains, are beginning to attract the attention of travellers, and measures are about being taken to open a road to Mount Washington, which is said to exceed the highest part of the Alleganies and the Green Mountains, in Vermont, by 2,500 feet. "Mount Washington is more than 2000 feet higher than Ben Nevis, the highest Mountain in Great Britain, more than 2,500 higher than Snowden, and of about equal altitude with Mount Olympus, of classic fame. The name by which I have mentioned it is now pretty well established by custom, and will doubtless supersede its rather unmusical Indian title of Agiococook. It is surrounded by five lower peaks, bearing the names of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Pleasant. The last name seems to be a sort of locum tenants, till another Presidential election. The highest Point of Mount W. is nearly 2000 feet below the limit of perpetual snow, which in our climate is 8000 feet. There is, however, a great quantity of snow remaining upon it till the month of July, and in dry seasons small portions might be found in shady crevices throughout the year, but as this summer had been rainy, we found none in any place. The more proper time for ascending the White Mountains, is early in June. In August, scarcely a day passes in which the summits are not enveloped in a dense fog, and travellers are sometimes obliged to wait more than a week for weather sufficiently clear to discover the path."

"Here cloudless regions calm the soul,
Bid mortal cares be still;
Calm passions wayward will control,
And rectify the will.

"Here 'midst some vast expanse, the mind
With swelling virtue fires,
Forgets that earth it leaves behind,
And to its Heaven aspires."

DEATH OF FRIENDS.

Let the remembrance of the friends whom we have lost, strengthen our affection to those we love, let us draw the closer together. Let the heart that has been softened by sorrow, mellow into gentleness and kindness; make liberal allowance for the weakness of others; and divest itself of the little prejudices that may have formerly prepossessed it against them. The greater havoc that death has made among our friends on earth, let us cultivate connection more with God, and heaven, and virtue. Let those noble views which man's immortal character affords, fill and exalt our minds. Passengers only through this sublinary region, let our thoughts often ascend to that divine country, which we are taught to consider as the native seat of the soul.—There, we form connections that are never broken. There we meet with friends who never die. Among celestial things there is firm and lasting constancy while all that which is on earth changes & passes away. Such are some of the fruits we should reap from the tender feelings excited by the death of friends. But they are not only our friends who die.—Our enemies must go to their *long home.*

Memoranda from Shakspeare.

Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.
Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.
Hold it cowardice to rest mistrustful where a noble heart hath pawned an open hand in sign of love.
Our very eyes are sometimes, with our judgments, blind
We cite our faults that we may hold excused our lawless lives.
All places that the eye of heaven visits, are to a good man, ports and happy havens.
O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes.
An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.
The labor we delight in physic's pain.
When levity and cruelty pay for a kingdom the gentlest gamester is the soonest winner.
Headstrong liberty is lashed with wo.
Beware of entrance into a quarrel, but being in bear it so that the opposer may beware of thee.
Let still the woman seek an elder than herself, so wears she to him.
A woman impudent and manish grown is not more loathed than an effeminate man in time of action.
What worst, as oft hitting a grosser quality is cried up for our best act.
He that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it.—*Nat. Gaz.*

Dress.—The fashion of *dress*, is always the subject of criticism; in 1776 it was thus humorously described.—A modern fine fellow has a coat on with sleeves too small for the arms and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets, clouded silk stockings but no legs, a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it, and a hat of the size of a sixpence on a block not worth a farthing.

Illiberality.—Narrow-minded, sordid souls, encourage nothing however meritorious and beneficial it may be to the public, if it counteract in the smallest degree their private interest.

Rainy Weather.—There is no subject of complaint more common than that of the weather. It is either too hot, or too cold, too dry, or too wet. For we measure the application of the bounties of heaven by our own selfish wishes or necessities, forgetting

——"That the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial but by general laws."

We seem unwilling to apply to ourselves the benefits of the rain, which lately has been poured upon the earth to fertilize it, and refer to its genial influence on the vegetable creation, only to console us for the inconvenience it may have occasioned to us.

Dr. Johnson hearing a friend complaining of wet weather, but at the same time acknowledging that it was favorable to the grass, replied, in his forcible style of remarking, "It is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals.—*Salem Observer.*

The prospect which true religion opens to the mind, displays a beautiful and solemn grandeur, to which that of the visible Heaven forms but a faint comparison—but it is with one as with the other, we need not travel far nor search for our point of view, in order to behold all that is given us to see of the moral or of the physical universe.

ANECDOTES.

FROM THE HEMORIAL.

SIR—I send you for publication the following anecdote, which, though it may have been published many years since, cannot fail to amuse your readers, and may be read with *profit* by those of them who are *commissioned to keep the peace*, and who in point of numbers, form at the present day, no inconsiderable part of the community.

Samuel Cane, Esq. a Justice of the Peace of York, arose early one morning and found two of his townsmen at his door, who came to have each other laid under bonds to keep the peace. The Justice had a sawmill a few rods from his house with a log in it to be sawed into boards. He appeared to be much engaged, and told them he wanted the log sawed; and if they would go to the mill and saw it, while he performed his own engagement, he would immediately after attend to their complaints.—The men went to the mill together and executed their commission. By this time the 'squire had finished the little job he was engaged in. They then acquainted him of their apprehensions of danger from each other, and offered to swear the peace against each other. Upon this the justice very judiciously observed to them, if such were their real apprehensions, how happened it that they dared to work together upon the log at the mill?—that there were in the mill sufficient weapons for injuring each other, if such were their intentions, and no third person to interfere. He told them that their fears must be groundless; and thereupon dismissed them without complying with their requests.

Dr. Goldsmith.—A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking into that worst state of sickness, poverty. The Doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send them some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip box with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require: be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

Musical Anecdote.—Some years ago, a gentleman at Windsor took the place of the Organist, with a view to show his superiority in *execution.* Among other pieces, he was playing one of Dr. Blow's *anthems*, and just as he had finished the verse part and began the full chorus, the organ ceased. On this he called to Dick, the bellows blower, to know what was the matter.—"The matter," says Dick, "I have played the anthem *below.*"—"Aye," says the other, "but I have not played it *above.*" "No matter," quoth Dick, "you might have made more haste then; I know how many *puffs* go to one of Dr. Blow's anthems as well as you do; I have not played the organ so many years for nothing."—*Somerset House Gazette.*

The late Dr. Magrath being called upon to visit a sick man, asked him, as he entered the room, *how he did?* "O doctor," replied the man, in a plantive tone "I am dead." The doctor immediately left the room, and reported in the neighborhood, that the man was dead. The report was at first believed and circulated: but as soon as the mistake was discovered, the doctor was asked, "why he had propogated a false report?" He replied, that "he did it upon the *best authority:* for he had it from *the man's own mouth.*"

When the illustrious Riego was lying in a dungeon, just before his murder, a soldier placed as a sentinel over him, one day said, "were you not in prison, I would murder you." "Were I not a prisoner," replied Riego, "you would not dare look me in the face."

CA

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

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

Bacon for Sale.

THE subscriber has for sale, at a fair price, from 3 to 4 hundred weight of Prime Talbot County BACON, consisting principally of Hams, some Shoulders, and Middlings.—Persons wishing to purchase Eastern Shore Bacon, will find it to their advantage to call immediately. WM. MULLIKIN, Jr.

June 26. 3t

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 left 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 that 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 MORNINGS, 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

A Pair of Cart Wheels

WAS Stolen from Commerce-street, near Messrs. Keller & Foreman's Flour store about 1st to 4th instant, of 5 feet 4 or 5 inches diameter and 2¼ in breadth of tire. As they lie contiguous to the water, it is supposed they were carried off in some boat. Any person stopping said Wheels, so that the subscribers can get them again, shall be reasonably rewarded. BRADFORD & COOCH.

Baltimore, June 7, 1824. [june 19—3t]

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

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