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 New-York Statesman.

LA FAYETTE.

HAIL patriot, statesman, hero, sage!
Hail freedom's friend! hail Gallia's son—
Whose laurels greener grow in age,
Pluck'd by the side of WASHINGTON!
Hail, champion in a holy cause,
When hostile bands our shores beset;
Whose valor bade th' oppressor pause—
Hail, hoary warrior—LA FAYETTE!

Forever welcome to the shore,
A youthful chief, thy footsteps pressed;
And dauntless, want and peril bore,
Till "VIVI VICI," decked thy crest!
Forever welcome, *great and good!*
Till freedom's sun on earth shall set,
The still small voice of gratitude
Shall bless the name of LA FAYETTE.

What monarch of despotic power,
Who fain would crush the freeborn brave
Whose glory gilds a tottering tower,
Himself a subject and a slave—
Would not, to view a nation's eyes
With joyous drops unbidden wet,
The pageantry of pride despise,
And grasp the hand of LA FAYETTE.

Whene'er the lips of youth inquire
The path to virtue, honour, fame—
To glory's temple proud aspire,
While warmly glows the ardent flame;
The voice of age shall fearless tell
What perils oft his path beset,
And prompt them onward by the spell
That urged the soul of LA FAYETTE.

And, when the shades of death shall close
Forever round thy hallowed head,
We'll seek the place of thy repose,
By filial love and duty led;
And *hearts* that beat in bosoms free,
(Gems by unerring wisdom set,)
The living monument shall be,
Of Freedom's champion—LA FAYETTE.

BOSTON BARD.

* *I came and conquered.*

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 Contrast.

There are few sweeter pictures in human life, than the union of two lovers; there are few more distressing than their separation. I was witness to a scene of the former description some years ago, in the capacity of bridesman; and not long after, to one of the latter, in quality of mourner. There was a contrast between these situations so powerfully impressive, that although I had no immediate interest either in the bridal or the burial, I seldom pass an hour in solitude without an involuntary recurrence to what passed at them; I seem but this moment to have quitted the altar—I almost feel the fresh earth of the grave giving way under my feet.

Henry Morel was the dearest friend I have ever known. An attachment had subsisted between him and a very lovely girl since they had been children; when he became of age he married her, and I was at the wedding. This ceremony, under almost any circumstances, is a delightful one to behold: but when beauty, elegance, and wealth shed their combined lustre over the scene, it is not to be parallelled on earth. The bridegroom was in the full vigor and pride of youth; of a noble countenance and manly form; his manners were usually serious, but on the present occasion, his eyes lightened with animation, and there was a tenderness in his voice and gesture when he addressed the fair creature who had just committed herself to his arms, that showed how dearly he loved her. His bride, without being the most beautiful, was certainly the most interesting woman it has been my chance to meet with. She was now doubly so; her cheek was flushed, her lip trembled, there was a contention between joy and modesty, and hope and fear in her looks; but it was not difficult to collect that in her breast happiness was predominant. The bridal assembly were all life and gaiety; the marriage feast was an uninterrupted scene of mirth and festivity. Joy was triumphant for this hour.

About a fortnight after, I received a pressing letter from my friend to go down to his seat in the country, where he was at present with his young bride. This letter was filled with descriptions of his felicity and with praises of his dear Eveline; her beauty, her amiability, her accomplishments; she was all that was good and fair and gracious; he was happier (to use his own expression) than the happiest man on earth, and he besought me to "come down and witness his beatitude." It was impossible to resist an invitation which promised so much pleasure.

Upon my arrival at the manor-house I was shown into a library, where the chaplain received me. "If you wished to see Mr. Morel, he is in that apartment;" said the clergyman, pointing to an open door. I entered, and found myself in a darkened bed-chamber. O! one moment told me all! There was a marble figure stretched upon the bed; a heavy and overpowering smell of herbs and flowers filled the room; every thing was clothed in deadly white. "Poor Eveline!" said I, bending over her, "thou wert a short lived flower!" A smile seemed to gather on the lips of the girl, as I said these words, a smile between regret and resignation. She was in her wedding dress, in which, as I afterwards learned, she had desired to be buried.

There was no other covering, and as I brought to my recollection her appearance on the day of her marriage, she seemed in nothing altered but that she was now still and pale. "God of heaven! if she only slept!" said I, touching the lily hand that lay motionless beside her. A chill shot up through my arm, and froze the very blood next my heart. My involuntary exclamation roused Henry from his torpor. he gazed at me for some time, then, pointing to the body, as if to inform me of what was already too plain. "Eveline is dead," said he, "she is dead" I made no remark—consolation was premature—indeed I was unable to afford it, for my heart was flowing through my eyes. He rose; came up close to me, and leaning on my shoulder, asked, in a tone of familiar but revolting jocularity, "if I was come to congratulate him?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued in the same strain of bitter irony, "There, there is my felicity! there is my beatitude! have I not reason to be happy? beauty and grace and goodness in my possession! am I not an enviable man?" He laughed wildly. "Aye," continued he, addressing the insensible figure, "there you lie in your wedding garments! with your chrystal cheek and your smiling lip, fresh from the marriage hall! Look at her slender ankles, and her little feet, just as if she had lain down after the dance! and her arms there, so white and long! and her fair bosom, with the curls playing about her snowy neck! Eveline, dear Eveline, have you indeed forsaken me? O God! O God! that this could be all a dream! No, no—it is no dream—no dream." Here he became again insensible, and relapsed into his former attitude, his eyes fixed on the bed and his hands clenched in inexpressible despair.

When they were nailing up the coffin, the young widower rushed from my arms into the room, tore open the lid, and threw himself on the body. We could scarcely oblige him to let the operation proceed, whilst he incessantly exclaimed that we were burying his Eveline alive: as she lay in her bridal attire in the coffin, his bewildered imagination conceived she was still living. No force could drag him from the appartment, though every blow of the hammer on the lid of the coffin seemed to strike upon his breast. When the body was carried out, he sprung to the door, and was scarcely withheld by his domestics and myself from useless oppositions to the bearers. His Eveline was at length separated from him for ever; and his grief, from being outrageous, subsided at length into melancholy and total silence. She was buried in the church-yard next his demense, and he was seldom to be found far distant from her grave. His pleasure was to lean on one shoulder of the slab which bears her name, and ruminate in the long grass which waves to and fro over the turf that covers her remains.—A premature decay carried him off at the end of the year, and he now lies beside her in the same grave.

RELIGIOUS.

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

From the London Home Missionary Magazine.

THE PILGRIM'S TRIAL

The blessed God, in addressing his ancient church, by the prophet Zephaniah, says, "I will leave in the midst of thee a poor and afflicted people, and they shall trust in the Lord." In all ages from that period to the present, the blessings of religion have been principally shared among the poor. To them the glad tidings of redeeming mercy have been published—the vanity of the world has been made apparent—and they had been led to fix the affections of their hearts on divine and eternal objects. They, too have had their afflictions. These have been numerous and trying. They are designed to purify from the love of sin, to wean the hearts of his people from the world, and to excite a greater relish for "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

This all-wise arrangment of the blessed God, presents a striking proof of the efficacy and power of religion. Influenced by this, we have seen the poor man, bowing with submission to afflictions he has been called to endure, or rather, he has risen above them, rejoicing, that they can but hasten him to that crown, with which his heavenly father will adorn his brow.

In my last number, I introduced to my readers an account of two aged pilgrims; one of whom I described, as yet on his journy through the wilderness, and forming one of my present congregation. I intimated, that his life had been a scene of trials; and that among other sorrows, several of his children had been consigned to a watery grave. An account of one of these bereavements has lately been taken from his own mouth, and, is, in substance as follows:—

About 12 years ago, the good man had a son. He had reached the summer of his days; was strong, healthy, and robust; in appearance defying the ravages of disease, and promising, like the oak, to resist the pelting storm for many a year.—This young man, and his father, had occasion to steer their vessel along the coast to a town, about five miles distant from their own residence. The day was remarkably fine; scarcely was a breeze felt; while the clouds, all around, presented a prospect beautifully serene.—They finished the business they had to transact at H. and went on board to return to F. no other hands except themselves, were on board. Scarcely had the vessel began to sail, when the wind suddenly rose and caused a mighty swelling of the sea. The waves washed on deck, and the poor young man was washed overboard. He was unable to swim; yet, no danger would have followed could the good man have maintained the composure of mind which he has at all other times, invariably displayed. He was struck with astonishment, at the unexpected event; but calling to his son "to have a good heart," he began to look about the vessel for something to throw out to his assistance. On every hand, he was surrounded with ropes, and yet extraordinary as the fact may appear, the agitation of his mind prevented his seeing them. The son called out loudly for help; the father still continued to encourage him, and all was anxiety to snatch him from a watery grave, but he was unable to fulfil his wishes. His, alas! was the melencholy lot, to see his son sink to rise no more! Mysterious and painful Providence! His body was found a few weeks after, washed up by the sea, nearly buried in the beach, more than 20 miles from the spot where he sunk, in a state that his person could not be recognized, and was only known to be the same body, by the watch that was found in his pocket.

The distress of the good man was indescribable, and it was long before his mind could be reconciled to the sad event. His aged wife, who also remains at *ninety-three*, to tell the melencholy tale, and to bedew her son's memory with her tears, bore it with more resignation than was anticipated. But to this hour, with faces bathed in tears, will they tell the stranger the tale of wo—how they lost him, on whom their fond affections were placed.

But there was yet another source of sorrow. There was no reason whatever to hope, that their poor son was prepared to enter the presence of his great Judge. Notwithstanding the expostulations, the prayers, and the tears of his pious parents, he had lived in the practice of the most awful sins. He had never attended the worship of God, nor called on his name, except in profane swearing. He had no attachment to religion, or its professors—the one was subject of ridicule and the other of his persecution. We would in such cases, hope, even when there seems but little to support hope; but, alas! how can hope be indulged in this instance? O, how awful must be the entrance of an impenitent sinner into the presence of an infinitely just and holy God! Loaded with guilt, he appears, trembling before the bar of Jehovah—

To hear his doom and sink to hell.

It is the fear of this that fills the good old people with sorrow. One source of comfort alone remains. It is suggested by the inquiry, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Here the matter must rest till the last great day, when all his ways shall be seen to be infinitely just and wise.

My venerable friend had been reduced from a state of comparative affluence.—Since that time, I have had an opportunity of seeing the state of his mind, under these circumstances. I was sitting, during the Christmas holidays, in the house of a benevolent friend, who is one of the members of a society, that annually gives a small quantity of fuel to the poor. The poor old man came to solicit a ticket, that would entitle him to a bushel of coals. It was an affecting sight, to see such a man, who, once, had every comfort around him, at *ninty years of age* come on such an errand. Never did I so much envy the miser his wealth, as when I saw the gratitude of the old man, on finding that his application was not in vain. A chair was ordered for him near the fire, and a glass of wine put into his hand.—We now entered into conversation with him, on the way in which the Lord had left him. Never did I witness such gratitude for benefits received at the hands of God, or hear before such expression of entire resignation to the divine will.—When I said, "Your troubles, my friend, have been very great!" his reply was, "No, nothing, nothing, *absolutely nothing*." As he was raising his feeble hand, to wipe away the falling tear, I repeated the words of St. Paul, "I reckon, that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." He replied, "That's what I mean." He says that his trials have all done him good; that they have humbled his pride, weaned him from the world, and made him long for heaven. And I am assured, by those on whose veracity I can fully depend, that he was never once heard to utter a murmur against the God of his mercies; but, in reference to every trial, he would say, as he has often said to me, "It's all right, it's all right; the rod's in the hands of my Father—I am going home."

See here, my reader, the tirumph of true religion! See how it enables its professor to rejoice, in the midst of sorrows, and to look to heaven as his final rest!—O, seek to enjoy his favor, "in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for ever more." Then, may we triumph over death, and sing the song of immortal victory over the grave.

On Providence.—That great prophet Moses, it is said, was called upon by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain, where, in conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some questions concerning his administration of the universe.—In the midst of this divine eulogy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone, than a little boy came to the same place; and finding a purse of gold, which the soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst, sat down to rest himself by the side of the spring. The soldier missing his purse returned to search for it and demands it of the old man who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier not believing his protestation, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his expostulation. Be not surprized, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass. The child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know that the old man whom thou sawest, was the murderer of that child's father.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

For the Cambridge Chronicle.

A young gentleman being asked, if he could define a perfect Lady—Yes, he replied, but she must be a compound being, and the materials are domestic—Combine the celestial complexion and amiable temper of Miss M. the perfect figure and enchanting features of Miss H. the cultivated understanding of Miss W. the graceful dignity and retired deportment of Miss H. the industry of Miss M. the unaffected simplicity and mild intelligence of Miss L. the animated countenance of Miss M. with the domestic habits, cooking skill, still tongue energy, and the patching, spinning, and darning economy of Miss Z. my intended wife, and sir, you will have what has never yet been seen—*rara avis in terra nigroque simillimaque cygno.*

EARLY RISING.

To those who, at this fine season, doze away the most delightful hours of the day, "o'er the heated surface of a feather bed," we would recommend the advice of the old dramatist Massinger:

——"rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast on the morning dew,
Seered up by nature on some grassy hill:
You'll find it nectar."

Indeed, there is something in the opening of the dawn at this season of the year, that enlivens the mind with a sort of cheerful seriousness, and produces tranquility and delight. A winter morning's walk for health and exercise, may with satisfaction be enjoyed; but it is in the summer, when "Sol has chased away;" when the freshness of morn, and the fragrance of vegetation, the meadow flowers, the pinks and magnolias, steals o'er the senses, that a ramble through the fields creates interest, and imparts health and cheerfulness to the early riser. Ye, who, with "eyes yet sealed by the heavy sleep of night," hill the brightest hours of life, get up early; then to the "vineyard and see if the vine flourish and the tender grape appear." Mark the progress of vegetation; observe the characters and habitudes of animals; trace the forest. It has more curious scenery than the town. Let the eye of admiration be now raised to the top of the cedar, and to the hillock of the ant. The nest of the bird, and the haunt of the trout, trifling as to the inconsiderate they may appear, will reward a philosophic scrutinizer of nature's operations with abundant and perennial pleasure. The love of nature is a sweet and exhilerating passion. He, who botanizes on the mountain, or explores the latent root in the forest is healthy and a happy man. In the wood, and in the field, when the dews of night sparkle like diamonds on the grass, and melt away at the beams of the rising sun, and when the feathered songsters, escaping from beds of moss, carol their matin hymn, the picturesque of nature charms more than the tapestry of the palace.

Temples and dwellings excavated out of a Mountain of Granite in the East Indies.

Elora is situated about 260 miles from Bombay, 650 from Madras, and above a thousand from Calcutta.—Capt. Seeley travelled to it from the first mentioned Presidency. Conceive, says he, the burst of surprise at suddenly coming upon a stupenduous temple, with a large open court, hewn out of the solid rock, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing proudly alone upon its native bed, and detached from the neighboring mountain by a spacious area all round; nearly 250 feet deep, and 150 feet broad; this unrivalled fane rearing its rocky head to a height of nearly 100 feet: its length about 145 feet, by 62 broad; having well formed doorways, windows, staircases in upper floor, containing fine large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by rows of pillars, the whole bulk of this immense block of insolated excavation being upwards of 500 feet in circumference, and extraordinary as it may appear, having beyond its areas three handsome figure galleries, or virandas, supported by regular pillars, with compartments hewn out of the boundary scarp, containing 42 curious gigantic figures of the Hindoo mythology: the whole three galleries, inclosing the areas of and occupying the almost incredible space of nearly 420 feet of excavated rock; being, upon the average about 13 feet 2 inches broad all round, and in height 14 feet and a half, while positively above these again are excavated five large rooms. Within the court, and opposite these galleries, or virandas, stands Keylas, the proud, wonderfully towering in hoary majesty fabric of rock surpassed by no relic of antiqmity in the known world.

This brief outline will impart to the reader some idea of the Wonders of Elora! and if these temples do not excite in the mind emotions of astonishment and delight, I have quite misunderstood my feelings. To build the Pantheon at Athens, St. Peter's at Rome, our own St. Paul's, or a Fonthill Abbey, is a task of science and labour; but we understand how it is done, how it proceeds and how it is finished; but to conceive for a moment a body of men, however numerous, with a spirit however invincible, and resources however great, attack a solid mountain rock, in most parts 100 feet high, and excavating by the slow process of the chisel, a temple like the one I have faintly described, with its galleries, or Pantheon, its vast era, and indescrible mass of sculpture, and carving in endless profusion—the work appears beyond belief, and the mind is bewildered in amazement.

I think the caverned temples of Elora far surpass, in labor, design, &c. any of the ancient buildings that have impressed our minds with admiration; nor do I think they yield the superiority to any thing we are told of in Egypt.

The Newburyport Herald gives the following account of the first appearance this season of the SEA SERPENT:—

Mr. Ruggles, a gentleman from Bristol county informs us, that being on Plum Island beach, Wednesday last, with his family, for the benefit of salt water bathing, his attention was first attracted by something on the surface of the water, at some distance, which the party thought was a drift log—presently a huge animal came up within a few yards of the shore, and where but a few moments before the wife of Mr. R. had been in to bathe—they all now had a distinct view of the serpent's head, at not more than thirty yards distance—it was of a dark brown color, about two feet long, and when his jaws were extended, could distinctly see the animal's teeth, having two regular rows, of an ivory white color, and appeared to be from two to three inches long—his eyes were as large as those of an ox, his head which was from two to four feet out of water, was shaped like an eel's. Mr. R. had an opportunity of viewing him for more than half an hour in different positions, for the serpent moved along the shore nearly a mile, and he last saw him in shad cove. He did not see his tail, but frequently noticed parts of his body, in undulated motion, as much as 30 feet distant from the head, and describes his appearance precisely similar to the account we have often had of this monster of the deep. We will only add, that Mr. Ruggles is a gentleman of veracity, and full reliance may be placed in what he has stated, nor is there a possibility of his being deceived in the appearance of the animal, as the air was perfectly clear, the water calm, and to use our informant's own expression, "he was full as near to him as he wished to be."

Awful Instance of Sudden Death.—A young man of the name of Thomas Mullins, lately residing with a person of the name of Jones, at Exbaty, near Beaulieu, in the new Forest, signifying his intention of changing his residence, was asked by his landlady to settle her demand of 9s. previous to quitting her house, when with great vehemence he said "Mrs. Jones may God strike me dead, if I owe you more than one shilling!" The words were scarcely uttered before the man dropped down, and he instantly expired without a struggle. This awful event, (which occurred on the 2d of July), was witnessed by Mrs. Jones, her mother and a sister, and several friends.

Salisbury Journal.

Law entanglements.—The Christian Watchman says there is a case in one of the Courts of Vermont, that originated about an article of the value of seventy five cents, but which has been continued along until each party is responsible for about $2000. Eight lawyers are employed, and it is suggested that they will not be in haste to conclude the trial so long as their clients are able to pay them.—Solomon's advice is good: *Leave off contention before it be meddled with.*

A Cure for Cholera Morbus.—Take 70 drops laudanum, a teaspoonfull of the essence of pepperpmint, and a quarter of an ounce of prepared chalk; add to these, three half gills hydrant water. Before using, have them well shook up. Give to a child one large teaspoonfull every two hours, sweetened with loaf sugar when given. Continue this till the disorder stops. To grown persons, administer twice the quantity in the same manner as above mentioned.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Shake upon Shake.—An apothecary at Newcastle having a patient lying at death's door, sent him a bottle of medicine, and wrote on the label, "When taken, to be well shaken." Next day, he repaired to his patient's house, and inquired of the servant who opened the door, how his master was? The servant shook his head. What! is he worse? said the apothecary—Did he take the draught? Yes, sir, was the reply. Well what then John? Why, then, sir, we *shook* him once. *Shook* him? what! shake a patient! why, friend, a *shake won't do.* No, sir it did not, *and so we shook him twice.*—Why, d—n it, man! that would make him worse. So it did, sir, said John, and we tried a third. A third! zounds! and what then? Why, then, sir,—my *master died.*

The Dutchess of Kingston asked Garrick one day, why love was represented as a child. 'Because love never reaches the age of wisdom and experience.'

CA

Vol. I.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
M. K. STONE & CO.
N. E. corner of High and Poplar streets,

At Two DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS per annum payable half yearly in advance.

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

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

☞ In all cases where the number of insertions are not limitted, advertisements will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

*** 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 James Owens to the subscribers, they will expose to public sale, on the second MONDAY of September next, at Mr. FLINT's tavern in the town of Cambridge,

All that Lot of Land,

Situate near the town of Cambridge, which formerly belonged to the wife of said Owens, containing *Eighty-six Acres of Land*, more or less.

The terms of sale *Cash.*

The sale will commence between the hours 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 the above property at private sale, will please apply to the Trustees personally or by letter.

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 for 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 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

The Subscriber

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken and now occupies that large and commodious BRICK HOUSE, situated on the corner of Race and Gay streets in Cambridge, immediately opposite the store of Samuel Lecompte, Esq. in the most pleasant and fashionable part of the town.

His Bar is supplied with a well selected assortment of the choicest LIQUORS of every variety, lately purchased in Baltimore for the purpose.

His Table will be constantly furnished with the richest profusion of all the delicacies of each season, and attended by waiters, polite obliging and attentive.

Attached to the establishment are excellent Stables, with plenty of good Provender of every description, and an industrious and honest Ostler.

Gentlemen and Ladies travelling can be accommodated with private apartments.

Private parties can also be accommodated with Dinners and Suppers, served up in 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 MONDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, on the arrival of the boat, arrive at my house the same evenings, leave my house on THURSDAY and SUNDAY MORNINGS at 8 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

TO THE VOTERS
OF
Dorchester County

Fellow Citizens—From the solicitation 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 HUT

May 1

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