Ohio.

...ell her of him whose ...
Shall meet her dark eye ne...
His pillow in the stormy wave,
The deep his home forever."

A *buzz* went through the American ... and the scantily dressed soldiers were seen ... sing from one tent to another: the whole exhibited a scene of confusion and anxiety, and the deep touches of interest which dwelt upon the countenances of officers and soldiers gave evidence that a more than common sacrifice was expected from one, or from all.

The "Star spangled banner" waving proudly in the breeze and the insignia of command arranged in due order before one of the principal tents pointed out the soldier like habitation of the Chief in Command. The General sat in his tent, his head was pensively reclining on his hand, as he mused on the asperities of a soldier's fortune, and perhaps in his reverie he heard the tones of sweet Clara's voice, as she sang,

"Rest, Warrior, rest."

He was in that kind of reverie from which it is painful to be aroused, and the indulgence of which is marked with all the 'joy of grief.'—George Wortley entered: a deep gloom was on his countenance, indicative of feelings which brooded over some blighted hope—some fond remembrance which had once been all sunshine but which now darkened on his soul. He entered, but without any *military* formalities, and was kindly received by his superior officer, who never considered his presence as an intrusion. George's countenance assumed if possible a deeper shade of melancholy as he opened the conversation informing the General that he offered to go upon the *proposed* adventure

The General warmly answered: "George, there are many whom we can better spare:—an ignominious death awaits you if discovered, and should you return safe you will only have the honor due to a spy."

"It is my wish to go," resumed George; "these brave fellows have something to bind them to the world: You know my tale; misery has made me drink of his cup, & a broken heart little recks of joy or life. All things are ready and I go to night; if I fall give a tear to my memory, but let my fate be unknown." As he spoke he extended his hand to the general, who rising from his seat, shook a tear from his eye lid and fervently grasping George's hand, with a soldier's farewell greeting, said, "Good bye, George, and may God bless you."

The American encampment was but a few miles west of the town of Buffalo, and commanded an unobstructed view of the whole of that part of Lake Erie. The morning previously as the sun arose "slow wheeling from the deep," and rolled back the curling vapor from the bosom of the lake, several vessels bearing the British flag rode at anchor in full view, with stately pride, and looked like spirits of the waters. It was known to the American General that they bore important despatches, and that it would facilitate his cause and perhaps save his army from some meditated danger to become acquainted with the designs of the opposing enemy. The vessels still rode in full view, and the breeze of the evening frequently bore to the ill-provided Americans the sound of uncouth mirth and wanton revelry. The delay of the vessels was occasioned by a desire of the British officers to learn the situation and force of the American Army, but the disposition of the men by the Commandant was such as rendered every attempt of the kind impracticable. To propose himself as an adventurer to discover the designs of the enemy by visiting the vessels was the object of George Wortley's visit to the General's tent. Others were willing to undertake the perilous task, but George claimed it as a matter of right as well as favour, which was however reluctantly allowed. As he departed from the General's tent an unusual fire beamed from his long tranquil eye, and an unusual glow threw a light on his heretofore wan and pallid features. He felt the warm blood rush to his heart and invigorate his whole system: he was then happy, but why he knew not. He hastened to his tent to make preparation for the night's adventure: his companions in rank sighed, as he passed by and the old soldier turned away, as he thought that perhaps ere long the muffled drum might give to the sighing gale the story of his ignominious fate.

The sun had gone down, and but one, lone and lovely star shone amidst the dying glory of the West. George Wortley passed from his tent disguised in the habit of a British sailor, and as he supposed, went forth alone. The banks of the Lake were high and abrupt and the waves dashed and foamed with a sullen voice at their rocky base. He followed the winding margin of the banks until he came to a small rivulet which dashed down a deep abrupt and narrow channel, which at the bottom formed a still and secluded bay, and in which was concealed the boat that was to bear him to the enemy's vessels. He winded his way down the rugged descent and emerging from the darkness which always reigned there, he came to his boat peacefully moored in the romantic little bay, and in a few minutes his frail barque was tossing on the swelling waves. He had proceeded half way to the vessels: the night had advanced and was clear and beautiful; it was such a night as an astrologer would have chosen to read in the thousand stars the fate of mankind—silence dwelt on the blue heaving bosoms of the billows —the God of Repose reclined on his couch of forgetfulness and

"No longer the joy in the Sailor Boy's breast,
Was heard in his wildly breath'd numbers
The sea bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest
The Fisherman sunk to his slumbers."

He had proceeded above half way lost in his accustomed gloomy reflections, when starting from his trance of feeling he laid his hand upon his dagger and sternly eyed some being *coiled* up in the further end of the boat who had hitherto remained unnoticed. The thought flashed on his brain that he had already been betrayed, and returning the dagger to its sheath, he drew a pistol from his left breast and took deliberate aim but his fatal design was arrested by the human being, (if he deserve the name,) crying out in a most unearthly voice, 'Don't kill poor Nabb,' George recognised in the voice and person of the speaker (which immediately become erect,) the Idiot Boy' on whom he had conferred many trifling favors. His first impulse was to return back and leave the Idiot on the shore, but the moon which was just begining to silver in the East, would have betrayed his visit to the vessel if detained by a movement of the kind: and to go back without accomplishing the object of his visit was to brand himself with the epithet of a *coward*. Here his feelings became so excited that he exclaimed "Death sooner than infamy." His next thought as a matter of self defence was to consign the poor boy to the mercy of the waves. The Idiot with a voice and a manner of touching tenderness peculiar to such unfortunate beings, said, 'Think, Nabb, let Mister Wortley go with nobody at all, *mong them* British." George hung his head to think he had meditated an injury to a being who felt so deeply interested in his welfare. He determined to proceed to the vessels and trust his life to the discretion of an idiot boy. He ran his boat close under one of the principal vessels, & having secured it so as not to excite suspicion, he mounted the side and with a beating heart trod the proud deck of a British Man of War.—He mingled with the dusty forms that gathered round the masts, and listened to their simple

...some re...
...in their ...
...ersons were se... blood
...deck to the other.

wounded to George Wortley's head—burned for a moment, then rushed back to his almost unpalpitating heart, as he listened to the last, dying, pensive cadence of a Female voice. It was such as recalled to his mind a sound which had blessed him in a happier day. He approached near the spot when the strain was again resumed and the following verse sung to an air of the sweetest melody:—

I'll never weave for thee a song,
Nor wildly touch the warbling lyre;
Words may be false, or taken wrong,
And music's note too soon expire;—
Words may be false, but Oh! believe
There yet is ONE will not deceive,
Will not deceive.

"'Tis she;" exclaimed Wortley, and overcome by his feelings, sprang to the place and continued the exclamation, "My God! Martha Woodville." The female fell into his arms and was entirely unconscious while he impressed a fervent kiss upon her palid cheek. Her vigor and recollection returning together she burst from his embrace and exclaimed, "Fly, dear Wortley, HE is here," and retreated to the cabin. George was aroused from the inaction into which he was thrown by her language and the suddenness of her flight by receiving a stab from behind, which was only prevented from being fatal by the point of the weapon glancing outwardly from the ribs. He wheeled around and closing in upon the cowardly assassin, wrested his sword from him, and placing the blade beneath his foot snapt it in twain. He was about to throw the pieces into the Lake when he saw the enamelled name glancing in the moon-beams—with a voice of hatred heightened to frenzy he yelled, "M'Dole, cursed villain," and sprang towards him, but M'Dole eluded his grasp and ran to the cabin of the Admiral, but soon returned to the deck with a command to arrest Captain George Wortley, of the American Army. The command was immediately put into execution, and George gloomily resigned himself to his fate, knowing that the man who had basely separated him from the woman of his love, would triumph that he perished by the meanest felon's death.

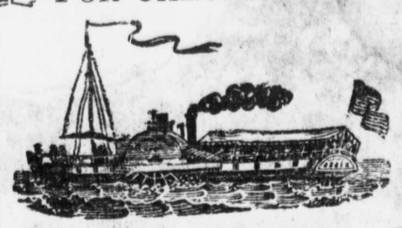
George Wortley and Martha Woodville were the pride of two different villages in the interior of the United States. Their tale was one of, perhaps, too frequent occurrence.—They saw each other—loved—and were engaged, and that engagement was approved by a Mother ever solicitous for her daughter's happiness. Her father had "rejoined the stars" and none else were left who had a right to interpose aught between these congenial spirits. The bridal day was appointed, and Time smoothing his wrinkled brow leaned on the anchor of Hope, and for once smiled benignant on the bliss of human hearts. The song which Martha had been singing on board the vessel was one framed by George in the day of his happy courtship. Her guardian M'Dole was a person whom she had always been taught to respect and look up to with reverence, for he had ever been considered a virtuous, amiable and a worthy man: he violently opposed George Wortley's suit and succeeded in extorting a promise from Martha not to wed without his consent. He had other objects in view than Martha's happiness. He had sold his honour and those talents which should have been devoted to his country's good, for British gold, and that power demanded some one as an hostage, that he would not turn from the course of his villainy. As such an hostage, he delivered up Martha Woodville to men whose virtue was doubtful and whose honour he knew not—such was the cause of her presence on board the enemy's vessels.

The night of George's capture rolled heavily away, and mental agony forbade him the sweets of repose: Martha passed the night in doubt & anxiety, nor was the time to M'Dole less sleepless, for the wolf in pursuit of human blood will howl on through all the night. The morning came on; the sun arose brilliantly and imparted all his splendour to the scenery of the Lake.—The officers of the squadron had met as a Court Martial, and Captain Wortley was arraigned as a Spy before men, whose minds had been embittered against him by the tales of M'Dole. He did not deny the charge, and was sentenced to the "yard-arm" with a respite till the next morn at sunrise. Martha who had broken from the hold of her Guardian ran upon the deck and fell in George's arms shrieking, "save him, save him." M'Dole who had pursued was about to force her from the embrace of her injured lover, when the Admiral with a voice of stern fierceness exclaimed, "McDole, beware." The baseness of M'Dole burst upon him at once, and he felt that Wortley was an injured man: he asked of George the history of his life, which was told with as little warmth as possible; the old Admiral grasped his hand, pitied and shed a tear for his fate, because he could not avert it. At the strong solicitation of George and the gentle violence of the good old Admiral, Martha permitted herself to be removed to a distant vessel, for grief had rendered her nearly passive. George was left to prepare for his fate and received all the kindness he could have wished in his situation; one of the State Rooms having been allotted to himself.

The day on board the Admiral's vessels passed away in silence and every thing like unbecoming mirth was repressed. The night had come on and M'Dole was SULLENLY pacing the deck, for there he knew he was hated and despised, although on that vessel he wore a sword, the emblem of an office he dared not own in his native land. The idiot who had witnessed every thing that had transpired, grasped a rusted knife that lay on the deck, and which had been used by the sailors in cleaning their fish, rushed upon M'Dole, gave him a fatal stab, and with an hysteric laugh, heaved him to the dark green wave. The idiot descended the side of the vessel, and with feelings of joy that he could not repress, loosened the boat, and in an instant was before the window of the state room.—Finding that it would not give way to gentle pressure, he raised one of the oars and dashed the window to pieces. George sprang and hailed the idiot as his deliverer, lowered himself into the boat, and with a beating heart, directed their course to the American shore. They had proceeded but a short distance when one of the smallest guns in the Admiral's vessel was fired to the leeward.—George's flight had been discovered, and all the boats were lowered and in pursuit: every nerve was strained by the hardy seamen, faithful to their duty, and the bright star light of the evening soon pointed out the boat of George and the idiot moving comparatively slow towards the land of their grandsires and their liberty.—A volley of musketry was fired from the pursuers, when the poor idiot boy fell struggling back in the boat. George stood up, determined to die the death of a soldier, that his memory should not, be branded with the ignominy of a felon's fate. The seamen, as if conscious of his intention, threw in another volley, when a piercing groan came from the boat, and George Wortley fell back, while his life blood darkened on the billow. The shattered boat filled rapidly with water, and soon sunk down to moulder with the sea-covered weed. The moon again arose as brilliant as ever—the God of Repose reclined again on the couch of forgetfulness, and the proud waves of Lake Erie rolled brightly and gloriously on. ——— Stranger! I have stood

...for she, too, has long ...
...ods of the valley.
G. W. T...

☞FOR CHESTER-TOWN.



THE STEAM-BOAT MARYLAND,—will leave Baltimore every SUNDAY Morning at 8 o'clock, A. M. for Annapolis & Chestertown, commencing the 2d November; returning leave Chestertown at 8 o'clock, and Corsica at 10,-o'clock, and after touching at Annapolis arrive in Baltimore by Sundown. She will continue the above route throughout the season.

☞Passage from Annapolis to Chestertown $2—or from Chestertown to Annapolis $2.

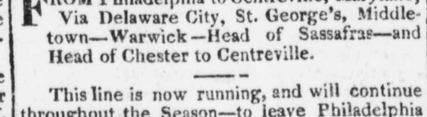
LEMUEL G. TAYLOR, (MASTER.)
November 1st 1828—tf

The Steam-boat Maryland

WILL, from this date, discontinue her rout to Cambridge. She will continue to leave Baltimore for Annapolis and Easton once a week only, every TUESDAY morning at 7 o'clock, and leave Easton for Annapolis and Baltimore every WEDNESDAY morning at 7 o'clock, until the first of February, unless prevented by the weather.

Jan. 3. L. G. TAYLOR, Capt.

THROUGH IN A DAY.



FROM Philadelphia to Centreville, Maryland, Via Delaware City, St. George's, Middletown—Warwick—Head of Sassafras—and Head of Chester to Centreville.

This line is now running, and will continue throughout the Season—to leave Philadelphia by the Steam-Boat BALTIMORE, Captain W. WHILLDIN.—From Pine Street Wharf, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, at 6 o'clock, for Delaware City—there to take the Canal *Packet-boat LADY CLINTON*, for St. Georges, and from thence in Stages to Middletown, Warwick, Head of Sassafras, Head of Chester, and Centreville,—arriving at Centreville the same evening at eight o'clock.

Returning, leaves Centreville on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 4 o'clock, arriving at Delaware City in time to take the Steam Boat to Philadelphia, and arriving there at 6 o'clock, P. M.

Connected with the Despatch Line is a line of Stages from Centreville to Easton, leaving Centreville on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, at 8 o'clock for Easton.

Returning, leaves Solomon Lowe's, Tavern Easton, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 o'clock, P. M. and takes the Despatch Line the morning following for Philadelphia.

There is also in connexion with this Line a Stage to convey Passengers from the Baltimore Steam Boat Patuxent, at Georgetown, to intersect the Despatch Line at Massey's Cross-Roads, and to convey Passengers from Massey's Cross Roads to the Steam Boat.

Passengers coming in this Line for Newcastle or Wilmington, will meet a Stage from Dover at St. George's.

FARE.

From Philadelphia to	Delaware City -	$1 25
Do.	St. George's, -	1 50
Do.	Middletown, - -	2 00
Do.	Warwick, - - -	2 25
Do.	Head of Sassafras,	2 50
Do.	Head of Chester, -	3 00
And Do.	Centreville, - -	4 25.

MULFORD, BRADSHAW, & Co.
Sept. 13—w PROPRIETORS.

FOR RENT



For the ensuing year, that large & convenient three story Brick Dwelling situate on Washington Street, lately occupied by Mr. Jas: Gaskins—to an approved tenant the terms will be liberal. Apply to A. Graham or

JABEZ CALDWELL.

Easton, Dec. 20.

One Hundred Dollars Reward.

RANAWAY on Saturday night last, a negro man called DANIEL, who is about 32 years of age, five feet 8 or 9 inches high, of a dark mulatto colour, has broad shoulders and broad face, is rather lusty and well made, has large white teeth, his eyes are of a reddish colour, and when he is spoken to he has a smile on his countenance. Daniel was hired out in Easton, and went off under pretence of going to Camp Meeting, and there is reason to believe that he was accompanied by a negro man, the property of Mrs. Smyth, who was also hired out in Easton, and is of a chesnut colour and rather tall I have no knowledge of what clothes Daniel took with him, other than a blue jacket and fur hat nearly new It is more than probable that these negroes will make their way either to Delaware or New Jersey. The above reward will be paid for apprehending Daniel if taken out of the State, and Fifty Dollars if taken in the State and lodged in Jail so th t I get him, and all reasonable expenses paid if brought to Easton and lodged in Jail.

EDWARD O. MARTIN.
Head of Wye, Talbot co. Md.
Sept. 27, 1828.

20 DOLLARS REWARD.

RANAWAY from the Subscriber on or about the 15th of April last, a negro woman who calls herself MARGARET—she is about 23 years of age, stout and well made, rather light complexion for a negro.—The subscriber understands the above negro has made her way to Baltimore, where she has no doubt hired herself as a free woman.

Whoever takes up said negro and secures her in jail so that the subscriber gets her again shall receive the above reward.

THOMAS D. MONNELLY.
Chappel, Talbot county, (Md.) Oct. 4, 1828.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE SUBSCRIBER having just returned from Baltimore with a handsome and good assortment of MATERIALS in his line most respectfully invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call and view his assortment and hopes from his long experience & a determination to pay the strictest attention to business he will be able to render general satisfaction.

Gentlemen disposed to purchase boots would do well to call as he will turn his attention more particularly to that part of the business and flatters himself that he can furnish them with as handsome and as good boots as can be had here or else where.

The Public's Ob't Serv't
Easton, Nov. 17 JOHN WRIGHT.

...and Dye Stuffs.

Together with all other articles in his line, and solicits from the former customers of the store and the public in general the continuance of their patronage.

Dr. S. W. S. hopes from his having received a regular Medical education in the University of Maryland, & having studied under the direction of one of the most extensive Practitioners, as well as one of the most scientific Physicians in the State, where nearly all the Medicines used in his practice were prepared and put up by his pupils under his advice and direction, that by giving to his store his diligent personal attention he will receive a share of the public confidence and support.

He intends lodging in the chamber of his store and will at all times attend to the preparation of such Medicine as may be required for the sick.

Easton Jan. 3.

NEW STORE.

THE Subscriber begs leave respectfully to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the STORE-HOUSE at the corner of Washington and Dover streets, where he is now opening

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Groceries, Liquors, Queen's Ware, Stone-Ware and Fruits,

Together with a general Assortment of

SPICES AND DYE-STUFFS.

All of which he is disposed to sell at a very small advance for CASH, or will take in exchange, Corn, Oats, Meal, Wool, Feathers and Quills.

The public are respectfully invited to call & examine his assortment.

SAMUEL ROBERTS.
Easton, Dec. 27.

JOSEPH CHAIN

BEGS leave to inform his Customers and the Public generally, that he has just returned from Baltimore with a fresh supply of Articles in his line, viz:—

Dried beef, beef tongues; Bologne Sausages, Cheese, Butter & water Crackers, Pilot-Bread, best Raisins, Almonds, Filberts Pecan nuts, Pinders, Dates, Tobacco, 1st & 2d qualities. Buck-wheat Flour, Fresh Butter, Figs, Cocoanuts, Candies, Beans, Cider, Beer, &c. &c.

Easton, Jan. 3 1829. tf

BENNETT R. JONES,
Clock and Watch Maker,

RETURNS his grateful thanks to the Public for the liberal patronage he has received and informs them that he still continues the above business at the old stand next door to the Bank, where he is prepared with a good assortment of materials to meet all orders in his line. He assures the Public that his work shall be done in a workman-like manner, and Warranted for 12 months. Persons who have Clocks to repair or clean may be waited on at their residence or otherwise, as they may see proper.

N. B. B. R. J. has on hand and wishes to dispose of an elegant 8 day Brass Clock of superior workmanship, for which, he will take Cash or good Paper.

Easton, Oct. 25 1828—tf

REMOVAL.

CLOCK & WATCH-MAKING

THE Subscriber returns his grateful thanks to his Customers, and the Public in general, for the liberal patronage he has received since his commencement in the above business, and begs leave to inform them that he has removed his SHOP to the stand lately occupied by Dr. Thomas H. Dawson, next door to the Easton Hotel, where he is now prepared with a

FIRST RATE ASSORTMENT OF

MATERIALS,

To execute Work at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms for the CASH.—He assures the Public that his Work shall be done in a workman-like manner, and warranted for twelve Months. All orders addressed to the Subscriber will be thankfully received, and promptly attended to.

The Public's Obt'. Serv't.
JAMES BENNY.
Easton, Nov. 22.

EASTON ACADEMY, (Md.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN—That on *Thursday* the 2d, day of April next, the Trustees of this Institution will proceed to the appointment of an Assistant Teacher therein, to supply the Vacancy which will have then happened by the retirement of the present Incumbent. Applications for admission must be supported by due proof that the Candidates are well qualified to instruct the Scholars in Reading—Writing—Arithmetic,—the lesser branches of Mathematics, English grammar, and Geography, and by satisfactory evidence of GOOD Conduct and moral Character. The Income of such a Teacher, may be fairly estimated at $500 per annum.

Applications, (free from postage,) to be made to the Subscriber.

By the Board,
JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH, Sec'ry.
Easton, Dec. 27—1828.

☞The Editors of the Star and Whig in Easton, and of the Baltimore Gazette in Baltimore, are requested to publish this Notice in their respective Journals, in the following manner,—and to send their accounts to this office.

Once a week for any 2 weeks in January.
Once a week for any 3 weeks in February.
And once a week during the month of March.

BOARDING.

MRS. M. TAYLOR, begs leave to inform the citizens of Baltimore and the Eastern Shore in general, that she has taken that very convenient and commodious House in McClellan's street, No. 8, near Beltzhoover, Indian Queen Tavern, where she is prepared to receive BOARDERS by the *day, week, month or year*. Families can be accommodated with private rooms on the most reasonable terms.

Baltimore, Oct. 25.

CASH FOR NEGROES.

THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to purchase ONE HUNDRED likely YOUNG Slaves, from the age of 12 to 25 years, for which he will pay the highest cash prices. Persons disposed to sell will please call on him at Mr. Lowe's Tavern, in Easton, where he can be found at all times.

J. B. WOOLFOLK.

June 21—tf

...Hope Institution.

...n of the Chapel of the Mount ...ary and Scientific Institution, ... vicinity of Baltimore, will take ...8th of January at 11 o'clock, A. ... the exercises, appropriated to ...ication, two or three addresses from ...nished individuals are expected on the ...of Education. All persons friendly to ...ect of this new Establishment, are respectfully invited to attend.

Parents and Guardians, who intend to place Children at the Mount Hope Institution the ensuing year are requested to make known this intention without delay to the Principals as it is their desire, that all the members of the Seminary should be present on the morning of the day preceding that of the Dedication furnished with the Uniform Dress.

TERMS.—Tuition and board $250 a year. Washing done at $3 a hundred pieces: Stationary charged at the Book-store prices. No Student will be allowed to have pocket money except at the discretion of the principals.—Each pupil must furnish a Bed, or mattrass, with its usual accompaniments, a Chair, a Table and a looking Glass.

THE UNIFORM.—A dark blue cloth Coatee single breasted, with three rows of plain gilt small coat buttons, eight in front and ten on each side, two on the hips, and two into the plaits below, cross flaps with a point in the centre, plain Cuffs forming a point on the outside sleeves, standing Collar, bound all around with broad black braid and an ornament of narrow braid at each end.

A pair of dark blue cloth pantaloons with an Austrian knot of narrow black braid on each side from the point of the welt downwards. A blue cloth waistcoat with nine small plain gilt buttons in front, extending up to the neck, a black leather Stock for the neck. This will be the winter Uniform.

A pattern of the above dress, may be seen at the Shop of C. G. Peters, merchant Tailor, No 8. South Street Baltimore, who has engaged to furnish the articles on the most reasonable terms.

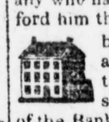
The members of the Institutions will wear black leather Caps, a sample of the form and quality of which may be seen, at the Shop of John Abbes, Furrier and Cap.maker, Calvert Street, near the City Hotel.

☞Editors of Newspapers in this and in the adjoining States and in the City of Washington favorable to the cause of Education, are requested to give the above, one or two insertions in their respective Papers.

Jan. 10.

UNION HOTEL.

SOLOMON LOWE returns his sincere thanks to his old customers and travellers generally who have been so kind and liberal as to afford him the pleasure of their company. He



begs leave to inform them that he is about to remove to the STAND at the corner of Harrison & Washington streets, in Easton, within a few yards of the Bank, where he will have great satisfaction in receiving his old customers, and has provided for their reception and entertainment every possible convenience.

Private parties can have the most private apartments and the best entertainment with complaisant servants, and all the luxuries of the season upon the shortest possible notice.—Mr. S. Lowe calculates on and invites the custom of all old friends and strangers.

Mr. Lowe's Hacks will attend the steamboat with the greatest punctuality.

Easton, Dec. 29—tf

NOTICE.

THE subscriber earnestly requests all those indebted to him on book account, of more than a year's standing, to call and liquidate them, or close them in some manner satisfactory, otherwise they will be put into proper officers hands for collection, which a speedy settlement might prevent—he returns his grateful acknowledgments for past favours, and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

The public's obedient servant
SOLOMON LOWE.
Easton, Oct. 27 tf

DENTON HOTEL.

The Subscriber informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the well



known Brick House in Denton, occupied the last year by Mr. Samuel Lucas, where his customers will be accommodated with the best of every thing in season, afforded by the markets of the place, and his own habits of personal attention and those of his family, he can assure the public of the best accommodations in his house. The subscriber has most excellent servants; he has attentive ostlers, he will keep constantly on hand the best liquors that can be had in Baltimore, & his table will be constantly supplied with the best of provisions—Gentlemen and ladies can at all times be furnished with private rooms at the shortest notice—travellers and the public generally are invited to give him a call. The subscriber is provided with rooms to accommodate the court and bar during the session of our Courts. ABRAHAM GRIFFITH.

Feb. 18 tf

EDUCATION.

The Subscriber respectfully informs the Citizens of Easton and its vicinity, that he intends opening a School on the first day of January of the ensuing year, in the Town of Easton; where he will teach the different branches of an English Education, viz: Spelling, Reading, Writing Arithmetic, English Grammer, Geography, &c. He assures those who may think proper to confide their Children to his care, that nothing shall be wanting on his part to give general satisfaction—He solicits from a generous public a share of their patronage.

☞TERMS—Spelling, Reading Writing and Arithmetic, $3—and for any other branch $4 per quarter.

Dec. 20. THOS. PIERSON.

The Washington City Chronicle,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
PUBLISHED IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON
BY ROTHWELL & USTICK.

THIS Paper has been established at the Seat of the General Government, under auspices which the Publishers think favorable to the encouragement of a Periodical devoted as it is, to the diffusion of Literary, Scientific, and useful Miscellaneous information. Its object has been, as it will continue to be, to promote the cause of Letters, & to spread, within its range, a knowledge of all that may be new, interesting, and valuable, in Science, Literature, and the Arts, together with the latest Foreign and Domestic Intelligence. Mere party disputations, are, and shall be, sedulously avoided, and nothing will be admitted but what may tend to enlarge and interest the mind, and improve and benefit the heart.

☞A summary of the Proceedings of Congress will, during the Sessions, be regularly given.

☞The Chronicle is published every Saturday; and is printed in the best manner, on a large sheet (imperial size) price $3 per annum; or, $2 50 if paid in advance.

Nov. 29

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11029-0857.jpg