APOLLO'S FOUNT.

Verses suggested by a conversation respecting the astonishing rate at which steam carriages are expected to go, and the consequent march of refinement.

An exquisite of the year 1929, *at breakfast.*

Tell John to set the kettle on,
I mean to take a drive;
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back by five.

Tell cook to dress those humming-birds
I shot in Mexico;
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll be UN PEU TROP HAUT.

I'll try that wine, too, A LA ROSE,
Just brought from Ispahan;
How could these Goths of other times
Endure that vile Champaigne?

The trip I took the other day
To breakfast in the Moon,
Thanks to that awkard Lord Bailaire,
Has spoiled my new Balloon.

For, steering through the Milky Way,
He ran against a star,
And, turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

Such fellows ought to keep below,
And never venture there;
If he's so clumsy, he should go
By no way but the Bear.

My steam is surety up by now,
Put the nigh presure on;
Give me the 'breath-bag' for the way,—
All right—hey—whiz—I'm gone

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Blackwood's Magazine for November contains a narrative of so extraordinary a character, that although we have nothing but our own doubts to allege against its credibility, we know not how to place an implicit reliance upon its statements. The Story is told in a letter from Mr. William Mitchell, a Scotch settler at the Cape of Good Hope, to the Ettrick Shepherd, and bearing the date of October 1, 1826. It is too long to be inserted entire, and we shall therefore publish it in an abridged form, for the amusement of our readers.*

Mr. Mitchell had with him at the settlement a youthful wife, (whose marriage to him at Beattock, in Scotland, he recalls to the recollection of his friend) and one son nemed William. At the time William was eleven months old, their little settlement at Vander Creek was invaded at night by a tribe of those baboons called ourang outangs, pongos or wild men of the woods. In driving off the depredators, a youngling, belonging to the monsters, was killed; and two mornings afterwards, an ourang outang who had concealed himself in the garden, carried off the child William, swam across the Keys river, and reached the woods in safety with the infant, notwithstanding an instant pursuit. About three months afrerwards, Mr. Mitchells wife was missing, and suspicion fell strongly on one of the native chiefs who had made an offer to purchase her, according to the African custom.—Lieut. M'Kenzie with three companies of the 72d, were sent to assist in inflicting summary vengeance upon the supposed despoiler, when a Kaffre servant of one of the settlers stopped the expedition by informing Mr. Mitchell he had seen his wife carried across the river by a band of pongos (ourang-outangs;) but he had until then kept it a secret, for fear of giving him distress, as they were too far gone for pursuit when he beheld them. He said they had her bound, and were carrying her gently in their arms, but she was either dead or in a swoon, for she was not crying, and her long hair was hanging down.

Two years passed without any tidings of Agnes or her child. About the beginning of 1825 intelligence reached the settlement that two women who had been on the mountains of Nourowelt (in the interior of the country) gathering fruits, had seen a pongo and a white boy together. A force was immediately got in readiness, and after a week's journey the party reached the secluded district in question. There they learnt from the natives that a whole colony of pongos had taken possession of their country, and the belief was that they would soon be master of it all; for the Great Spirit had sent them a queen from the country beyond the sun, who taught them to do every thing like other people. The expedition being strongly reinforced by the natives, the body of pongos was completely surrounded. At the word of command, the monsters, flew to arms, forming a close circle round their camp and queen, the strongest of the males being placed outwards, the females inwards, all armed alike, and all having the same demure and melancholy faces. Mr. Mitchell ascended a cliff overlooking the encampment, in order to acertain if his wife were really there, and called her name several times. In about five minutes the whole circle of brutal warriors flung away their arms and retired backwards, leaving an open space for him to approach their queen—his Agnes. She was standing ready to receive him, with her little William in her right hand; and a chubby daughter in her left, about two years old. The two children looked healthy and beautiful, and wore fur aprons; they were so frightened that they took shelter with their friends the pongos. Mrs. Mitchell told her husband that it behoved her to past with her protectors on good terms; and after distributing all her store of fruits, herbs, and roots, equally amongst them, in a speech accompanied with violent motions and contortions, made her subjects understand that she was about to leave them. Great lamentations followed, many of the pongos at the same time laying her and her children's hands upon their heads. Agnes and her children were, however, carried off in safety, although a large body of the tallest pongos followed the steps of the party for three days; and on each day some were deputed to see that she was not being injured.

But the wife's narrative is the most extraordinary part of the story. According to her statement, the creatures' motive for stealing and detaining her, appear to have been as follows:—These animals remain always in distinct tribes, and are perfectly subordinate to a chief or ruler, and his secondary chiefs. For their expedition to rob the gardens, they had brought their sovereign's sole heir along with them, as they never leave any of the royal family behind them, for fear of a surprisl. It was this royal cub which was killed, and the queen, his mother, having been inconsolable for the loss of her darling, the old monarch had set out by night to try if possible to recover it; on not finding it; he seized on the boy in its place, carried him home in safety to his queen, and gave her him to nurse. She positively did nurse him at her breast for three months, and never child throve better than he did. By that time he was beginning to walk and aim at speech, by imitating every voice he heard, whether a beast or bird; and it had struck the monsters as a great loss, that they had no means of teaching their young sovereign to speak, at which art he seemed so apt. This led to the scheme of stealing his own mother to be his instructor, which they effected in the most masterly style, binding and gagging her in her own house, and carrying her from a populous hamlet in the fair forenoon, without having been discovered.—Their experiness, and the rapidity of their motions, Agnes decribed as inconceivable by those who had never witnessed them. They showed every sort of tenderness and kindness by the way, proffering her plenty of fruit and water; but she gave herself totally up to despair, till she was introduced to her own little William gamboling away among his brutal compeers, for many of whom he had conceived a great affection. Agnes immediately took her boy under her tuition, and was soon given to understand that her will was to be the sole law of the community; and all the while that they detained her; they never refused her in aught save to take her home again. Her little daughter was born six months and six days after her abstraction. She spoke highly of the pongos, of their docility, generosity, warmth of affection to their mates and young ones, and of their irresistible strength.—She conceived them, however, to have been a tribe greatly superior to all others of the race, for she never could regard them in any other light than as dumb human creatures. Mr. M. confesses that he had the same sort of feeling while in their settlement, for many of the young females in particular, were much comlier than many negro savages which he had seen, and they laughed, smiled, and cried very much like human creatures. They would make the most docile, powerful, and affectionate of all slaves; but they come very soon to their growth, and are but short lived, in that way approximating to the rest of the brute creation. They live entirely on fruits, roots, and vegetables, and taste no animal food whatever.

The writer concludes this interesting letter, by intimating his intention of emigrating to New South Wales, as soon as he can dispose of his stock at the settlement, as he has a feeling that no part of his family are safe on any part of the coast of Africa.

*In a paper entitled 'Anecdotes of South African Baboons,' from Mr. Pringle, in the *Juvenile Keepsake* for 1830, the circumstance on which this narrative is founded, is evidently alluded to, but in a manner that divests it of the marvellous form given to it by the pen of Mr. Mitchell. Mr. Pringle, describing the habits of the large dog-headed baboons as being perfectly harmless and inoffensive, says, 'There is, indeed, one story told at the Cape and said to be quite authentic, of a party of these cynocephali carrying off an infant from a farm house in the vicinity of Cape Town, and only resigning it after having been hunted for a whole day, by a numerous party of men and dogs, over the tremendous precipices of the Wynberg mountains. The child, however, when recovered, was found perfectly uninjured; and perhaps this extraordinary abduction (the only instance of the sort I ever heard of in the colony,) may have been prompted rather by the erratic affection of some mother bereaved of her own offspring than by any more ferocious or mischievous propensity.' [Liverpool Chron.

From the Liverpool Mercury.

RAIL-ROAD TRAVELLING IN 1830.

'Coming events cast their shadows before.'
CAMPBELL.

Copy of a letter written by a traveller to his grandmother, residing in Edinburgh.

MANCHESTER, Oct. 30, 1830.

My Dear Grandmother—I arrived here safe and sound, wind and limb, notwithstanding your apprehensions that I should be blown to atoms, or scalded to death, if I set foot in the Sky Rocket. You, my dear Madam, who once told me that you journeyed from Edinburgh to London in ten days by the Flying Phenomenon, as the vehicle was called, will scarcely credit your dutiful grandson when he assures you that he travelled from Liverpool to Manchester within the hour, so easily as to be unconscious of motion. The only objection I have to this rapid mode of conveyance, is, that we have no time to see the country through which we are whisked with such velocity.—We met another locomotive, called the Will o' the Wisp, about Chat Moss but we could not see it distinctly as it flew along; as for the passengers, it was impossible to know a man from a woman. Our steersman hailed the helmsman of the Will o' the Wisp, but we were out of hearing before we could get an answer.

However, if we cannot do well upon external objects, we are amply compensated by what is to be seen and enjoyed in the interior of these flying vehicles, which I will briefly describe to you. The Sky Rocket is an elegant carriage, about two hundred feet in length; it is fitted up with every species of accommodation, except beds, for which there is no occasion, as you would hardly have time to say your prayers and put on your nightcap, before you were at the end of your journey. No cattle are conveyed by this vehicle, as there is a separate carriage for cows, sheep, pigs, and their drivers. But what will you say when I tell you that I danced all the way from Liverpool to Manchester? I fancy I see you lift up your hands, and hear you exclaim, 'Sure the chiel maun be clean daft!' It is true, however, I assure you. The ball room is upwards of fifty feet long, and we had a merry set of quadrillers footing it all the way to music worked by Machinery, and by the most esteemed masters. Besides the ball room, there is an elegant billiard room, lighted in the evening by gas; and such is the evenness of these rail roads, that a person may play with as much nicety as in any billiard room in the kingdom. The game, instead of being 21 up, is only 11. This is a very good regulation, as the players, previous to its establishment, were often caught in the middle of the game.

There are now twelve steam carriages plying and one on the old Dutch plan, with sails; when the wind is in the right quarter, this carriage outstrips them all. There is another, however, constructing on an entirely new principle, without steam or sails, which in my opinion, will surpass them all in speed, economy and security. I am bound in honor not to throw out any hints on the subject, for fear that some advantage should be taken of the ingenious projector

You, my dear Grandmother, ought to be as much delighted with these improvements as any person I know. You were always very careful to impress on my mind the useful lesson that 'time was a man's estate,' and that his success in life depended upon the use he made of it. Now, when you spent ten days in journeying from Edinburgh to London, you lost no trifling portion of your estate. The roads were so execrable and the vehicles so unsteady that it was not easy to keep up any conversation, and quite impossible to read or write, so that the ten days were were utterly thrown away. Your body and mind, were equally harrassed, and in short, the journey was so beset with perils dangers, and delays, that I do not wonder that people used to make their wills and settle their worldly affairs before they set out on such a pilgrimage. Now, however, we can travel twenty or thirty miles an hour without being conscious of the motion. We can play a rubber at whist, and read and write as conveniently as you can in your favourite elbow chair.

In my next I will give you some description of a superb locomotive carriage now preparing for the grand rail road, between Liverpool and London. It will be the admiration of the world. It will contain hot, cold and vapor baths, a ball room, a gymnasium, a library, and every accommodation calculated to render the few hours of transit agreeable and instructive. But I must break off abruptly. The steam trumpet (a substitute for the old guard's horn) has sounded the signal, and the Comet will start with the north mail in a few minutes—believe me to be my Dear Grandmother, you affectionate grandson.

TANGENT.

From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.

FRAGMENTS OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN DIARY.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Reflections of Methuselah in his youth—in middle age—and in old age.

To-day I am a hundred years old. How blissful are the feelings of boyhood! My senses are acute as the tree with the shrinking leaf. My blood bounds through my veins as the river pours through the valley, rejoicing in its strength. Life lies before me like another plain of Shinar—vast, unoccupied, inviting—I will fill it with achievements and pleasure! In about sixty years it will be time for me to think of marrying; my kinswoman Zillah will by that time have emerged from girlhood; she already gives promise, I hear, of comliness and discretion.—Twenty years hence I will pay a visit to her father, that I may see how she grows; meanwhile, I will build a city to receive her when she becomes my wife. * * * *

Nearly three centuries have passed since my marriage. Can it be! It seems but yesterday since I sported like a young antelope round my father's tent, or, climbing the dark cedars, nestled like a bird among the thick boughs—and now I am a man in authority, as well as in the prime of life. I lead out my trained servants to the fight, and sit head of the council, beneath the very tree where, as an infant, my mother laid me to sleep. Jazed, my youngest born, a lovely babe of thirty summers, is dead: but I have four goodly sons remaining. And my three daughters are fair as their mother, when I first met her in the Acacia grove where now stands one of my city watch-towers.—They are the pride of the plain, no less for their acquirements than their beauty. No damsel carries the pitcher from the fountain with the grace of Adah, none can dry the summer fruit like Azubah—and none can fashion a rope of skin with the skill of Milcah. When their cousin Mahaleel has seen another half century, he shall take the choice of the three. * * * * * *

My eight hundredth birth day! And now I feel the approach of age and infirmity. My beard is become white as the blossoms of the almond tree. I am constrained to use a staff when I journey; the stars look less bright than formerly; the flowers smell less odorous; I have laid Zillah in the tomb of the rock; Milcah is gone to the dwelling of Mahaleel; my sons take my place at the council and in the field; all is changed. The long future is become the short past. The earth is full of violence; the ancient and the honorable are sinking beneath the young and the vicious. The giants stalk through the length and breadth of the land, where once dwelt a quiet people; all is changed. The beasts of the field and the monsters of the deep growl and press on us with unwonted fury; traditions, visions, and threatenings are abroad. What fearful doom hangs over this fair world, I know not; it is enough that I am leaving it; yet another five or eight score years, and the tale will be complete. But have I, in very deed, trod this earth nearly a thousand years? It is false, I am yet a boy. I have had a dream—a long, long busy dream; of buying and selling; marrying and giving in marriage; of building and planting; feasting and warring; sorrowing and rejoicing; loving and hating; but it is false to call it a life. Go to—it has been a vision of the night; and now that I am awake, I will forget it. 'Lamech, my son, how long is it since we planted the garden of oaks beside the river? Was it not yesterday?' 'My father, dost thou sport? Those oaks cast a broad shadow when my sister carried me beneath them in her arms, and wove me chaplets of their leaves.' Thou art right my son; and I am old. Lead me to thy mother's tomb, and there leave me to meditate. What am I the better for my past length of being? Where will be its records when I am gone? They are yonder—on all sides. Will those massy towers fall? Will those golden plains become desolate? Will the children that call me father, forget? The seers utter dark sayings upon their harps, when they sing of the future; they say our descendants shall be men of dwindled stature; that the years of their lives shall be contracted to the span of our boyhood;—but what is that future to me? I have listened to the tales of Paradise—nay in the blue distance, I have seen the dark tops of its cedars. I have heard the solemn melodies of Jubal when he sat on the sea shore, and the sound of the waves mingled with his harping. I have seen angels the visitants of men—I have seen an end of all perfection—what is the future to me?"

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. E. Burchard, of Dartmouth, Mass. has invented a travelling Grist Mill, to be drawn in a waggon by one horse, and capable of grinding as many bushels per day, as the horse can travel miles, viz:—One bushel to the mile. This is not carrying the grist to the mill, but carrying the mill to the grist.—New Haven Her.

FURNITURE OIL.

An excellent furniture oil will be obtained by simmering together, in an earthen pipkin, one ounce of roach alum, and one point of cold drawn linseed oil, for a quarter of an hour. When used, it should be well rubbed off with a linen cloth, and by repeating the process you will in a few hours obtain a most beautiful and durable polish.

CAUTION IN THE USE OF LEECHES.

Ann Morris, a girl twelve years of age, residing in Manchester, Eng. was affected with a sore throat, which obliged her some weeks ago to leave her work.—Leeches were prescribed by an apothecary, and applied by her mother on going to bed. She was found dead in the morning bathed in blood. The leeches had opened the jugular vein.

The stage carrying the mail between Lynchburg and Richmond, Va. was robbed a few nights since of several trunks, which were taken from the boot behind. It appears several fire arms were discharged at the stage, and two or three of the passengers immediately got out to stop the horses, and expostulate with the persons, who, it was supposed were firing in sport. The robbers, in the mean while, secured their booty and made off.

For Annapolis & Easton.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.



The Steamboat Maryland

WILL leave Baltimore from the Tobacco Inspection Warehouse wharf at the lower end of Market space, on Monday morning next at 7 o'clock, A. M. for Annapolis, and return the same day, leaving Annapolis at 12 o'clock, M. She will leave Baltimore on Tuesday, at 7 o'clock, A. M. for Annapolis and Easton, and return the next day, leaving Easton at the same hour for Annapolis and Baltimore. She will leave Baltimore on Thursday at 11 o'clock, A. M. for Annapolis, and return the next day, leaving Annapolis at 12 o'clock, M; and will leave Baltimore on Saturday at 7 o'clock, A. M. to return the same day, leaving Annapolis at 12 o'clock, M. (weather permitting). Passage to or from Annapolis one dollar and fifty cents. Children under 12 years of age half price.

L. G. TAYLOR, Master.

jan 5 w

MORE NEW SADDLERY.

JOHN G. STEVENS,

HAS just received from Baltimore, an additional supply of SADDLERY, selected by himself with care and attention, and has now opened at his stand, next door to the Easton Hotel, where he intends keeping constantly on hand

SADDLES & BRIDLES,
GIG HARNESS
—ALSO—
COLLARS, TRUNKS, &c.

manufactured of the best and most durable materials and finish, and which he will sell at prices as low as they can be purchased elsewhere for Cash. He invites Farmers and others to give him a call; and hopes by industry and constant attention to business with every endeavour to please, to receive the patronage of a liberal public.

He has also on hand and intends keeping

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

Chaise, Gig and Switch Whips,

BRUSHES, CURRY COMBS, &c. &c.

Jan. 5 3w

THOMAS H. DAWSON,

HAS RECEIVED AND JUST OPENED AT HIS

NEW STORE,

(Nearly opposite the Court-House.)

A FRESH and increased assortment of the following articles, carefully selected by himself:—

Rose, Jessamine, Violet, Oriental, Vernacular, Vegetable, Sultana, Windsor, Palm and Naples *Soaps*,
Cologne, Lavendar and Florida *Waters*,
Macassar, Naples, Antique and Bears *Oils* and Pomatum,
Hair, Tooth, Comb, Nail, Paint, Shoe and Shaving *Brushes*,
Lip Salve, Tooth Powder and Smelling Bottles, and

A general assortment of

MEDICINES.

HE HAS ALSO ON HAND A VARIETY OF

Paints, Sperm, Linseed and Train *Oils*,
Window Glass, various sizes, from 7 by 9 to 16 by 20,
Raisins, Figs, Oranges, Lemons,
Grapes Tamarinds, Almonds,
Shellbarks and Pecan Nuts,
De La Monteral's *Columbian Vegetable Specific*,
Albright's *Columbian Syrup*,
Swaim's *Panacea*, &c. &c. &c.

Easton, dec 1 w

LEATHER.

HOLLYDAY & HAYWARD,

ARE now prepared to furnish their friends and the public, with an assortment of excellent

Soal & Upper Leather,

UPON REASONABLE TERMS,

on application at the Drug Store of Thomas H. Dawson: where all those indebted to them are earnestly requested to call immediately and settle their accounts.

Easton, sep 22 w

For Rent and Possession,



A SMALL TENEMENT, a few doors above the Union Tavern, on Washington street well calculated for an Office. For terms apply at the STAR OFFICE.

sept 1 w

FOR SALE.

A SECOND HAND COACHEE AND GIG with Harness complete. Apply to Lambert Reardon, or the Subscriber,

RICHARD KENNEY.

Sep. 30, 1828.—w

New Books & Stationary

FOR SALE AT THE STAR OFFICE, EASTON.

(lately received)—*Consisting of*

History, Geography and School Books generally,
Blank Books, full and half bound,
Letter, writing and wrapping Papers,
Ink-Powder, Slates, Slate and Lead Pencils,
Quills, Wafers, Sealing-Wax, &c. &c.

Which will be sold low for Cash.

dec 22 w

ALMANACS

FOR SALE AT THE STAR-OFFICE.

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE Subscriber most respectfully begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has just returned from *Baltimore* with

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF

MATERIALS;

and having taken some pains to procure the *best of Workmen* from the City, he hopes that he will be able to please all those who may favor him with their custom, as he is determined to have his work done in the most fashionable and best manner.

The public's obed't. serv't.

JOHN WRIGHT.

Easton, may 19 w



COACH, GIG & HARNESS MAKING.

THE Subscriber respectfully returns thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal patronage he has met with, in the above line of business; and now wishes to inform them, that he has purchased the entire stock of Mr. John Campers and having lately returned from Baltimore with an additional assortment of the

BEST MATERIALS,

and also, having procured the *most experienced and best WORKMEN*, that he will be enabled to manufacture all kinds of *Four-Wheeled work* or *Gigs* in superior manner. All orders for new work will be thankfully received and promptly attended to, at the OLD STAND, foot of Washington street, or at the subscriber's stand, nearly opposite the Market-House, and repairs done in a neat and satisfactory manner.

EDWARD S. HOPKINS.

N. B. From the difficulty the subscriber has experienced in collecting money to meet his demands, he will be under the necessity of requiring the CASH on the delivery of work, or to punctual customers a short credit.

nov 3 w E. S. H.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber earnestly request 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 acknowledgment for past favours, and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

The public's obedient servant.

SOLOMON LOWE.

oct 16 w



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. George's, 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 Dispatch 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 Dispatch Line the morning following for Philadelphia.

There is also in connection with this Line a Stage to convey Passengers from the Baltimore Steam Boat Patuxent, at Georgetown, to intersect the Dispatch 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

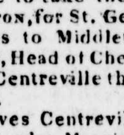
From hiladelphia to Delaware City,		$1 25
Do.	St. George's,	1 50
Do.	Middletown,	2 00
Do.	Warwick,	2 25
Do.	Head of Sassafras	2 50
Do.	Head of Chester,	3 00
And Do.	Centreville,	4 25

MULFORD, BRADSHAW & Co.,

july 15 w *Proprietors.*

Easton & Baltimore Packets.

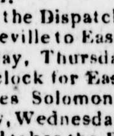
THE SLOOP



EDWARD LLOYD,
RICHARD KENNEY,
COMMANDER,

Will leave Easton-Point wharf for Baltimore, on WEDNESDAY, the 25th instant, at nine o'clock, A. M.—Returning, leave Baltimore, on SATURDAY, the 28th instant, at the same hour.

THE SCHOONER



JANE AND MARY,

Now connected with the Edward Lloyd, will leave Easton-Point, on SUNDAY, the 1st March at 9 o'clock, A. M. for Baltimore—returning leave Baltimore for Easton on WEDNESDAY, the 4th of March, at the same hour.—These packets will be overhauled and put in complete condition for the reception of Goods or Grain—both Granaries will be kept in order for the reception, and constant attendance given by Mr. Samuel H. Benny, who will act as Clerk to the whole establishment, and attend as usual at the Drug Stores of Drs. Dawson & Spencer, where all letters and orders will be duly attended to.

EDW'D. N. HAMBLETON,
THOS. HENRIX,
BENNETT TOMLINSON.

feb 17 w

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. H. WOLFOLK.

june 17 w

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