APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the Trenton Emporium.

THE FROWN.

I'm fond of seeing oddity
And when one can be found,
A super rare commodity,
I'm always on the ground.'
I never let a thing escape,
That comes within my range,
A village beau, a ring-tailed ape,
Or any show that's strange.

I saw last night the choicest sight
That's lately been in town,
A being of the order 'bright,'
Superlatively frown;
Her little pouting lips arose
Her lowering brows to meet,
Up flew her spirit and her nose,
In dignity complete!

O, she was beauty's pattern card!
'Fit for great Persia's queen!
(As whilome sung a certain bard
With sterling truth, I ween,)
Jemima! 'twas a famous sight
To see the beauteous elf
Without a blush—just bolt upright
And swallow down herself!

To people of enquiring mind,
Folks *curious to know*,
'Tis pleasant, sure at times to find
And witness such a show—
I'm fond of seeing oddity—
When one like this is found,
A super-rare commodity
I'm always on the ground.

JUAN.

From the Atlas.

"THERE GO THE SHIPS."

White-robe'd wanderers of the deep,
Whither speeds your trackless way?—
Towards some islet's rocky steep,
Crowded mart, or swelling bay?—
Polar ice or tropic clime
Where long-brooding mystery slept?—
Region whence oblivious Time
Hath the mouldering empire swept?—

Bear'st thou in thy wind-swept car
Wealth to purchase wealth again?—
Or the elements of war
Thundering o'er the turbid main?—
Hid'st thou in thy hollow breast
Hearts with manly vigiour warm?—
Courage with his lofty crest,
Venturous Beauty's fragile form?—

Heed'st thou on thy rapid course
All the dangers of the wave,
Stretching reefs, or breakers hoarse,
Wrecks that strew the watery grave?—
Chambers where the mighty sleep
Powerless as the infant dead,
While the unfathomable deep
O'er them binds its curtain dread?

Gleaming pearls their pillow light,
Coral hoss'd with ruby gem,
Builds their mausoleum bright:
What is Ocean's wealth to them:
Should'st thou, when the tempest's wrath
Mingles cloud with surging sea,
Tread that same sepulchral path,
What were all Earth's gold to thee!—

Prayer's soft breath thy sails can fill,
Guide thee prosperous on thy way,
Though perchance thee pilot's skill
Yield to peril and dismay.—
Thou the needle's baffled care
Point not to its destin'd pole,
Still the God who heareth prayer
Rules the sea, and saves the soul.

Hartford, Ct. H.

From the Democratic Spy.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming again—alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back—
He's a saucy old chap to white and black—
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold countree!

A witty old fellow this winter is—
A mighty old fellow for glee?
He cracks his jokes on the pretty, sweet miss,
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips,—for this
Is the way with old fellows like he!

Old Winter's a frolicksome blade, I wot—
He is wild in his humor, and free!
We'll whistle along, for 'the want of a thought,'
And set all the warmth of our furs at nought,
And ruffle the laces by pretty girls bought
A frolicksome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning till night he will sing his song—
Now moaning and short—now howling and long
His voice is loud—for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you see!
He will trip up our *trotters*, and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from our fingers to toes—
He minds not the cries of his friends or his foes,
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he?
He peeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away—
And marks all our doings, from grave to gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me?

NASHUA BARD.

MARY; OR THE BLUE HANDKERCHIEF.

Towards the end of last year, I was returning on foot from Orleans to the Chateau de Bardy; a regiment of the Foreign (Swiss) Guards was pursuing the same road. I had quickened my pace to listen to its martial music, of which I am very fond, but no music was to be heard; occasionally, only a tap of the drum marked the time for the step of the soldiers.

After half an hour's march, I saw the regiment enter a small plain, surrounded by trees. I asked a captain of my acquaintance, if they were going to parade? No, replied he; they are going to try, and probably execute, one of the soldiers belonging to my company, for having robbed the person on whom he was billeted. What! exclaimed I, are they going to try, condemn and execute a man at the same time? Yes, was the answer; such are our capitulations. To him this admitted of no argument, as if all had been foreseen in these capitulations, both the crime and the punishment, and even justice and humanity.

If you wish to witness it, continued the captain, I will find a place for you,—it will not last long. I imagined I should learn what death was, by gazing on a dying person. I followed the Captain. The regiment was formed in a square. Behind the second line, and near the wood, several soldiers were digging a grave.—They were commanded by a subaltern officer—for in a regiment every thing is done in order; and there is a certain discipline to be observed even in digging a man's grave. In the middle of the square, eight officers were seated on drums. A little to the right was a youth who was writing, but carelessly, and merely that a man should not be killed without some show of justice. The prisoner was called. He was a good-looking young man, with a mild and manly countenance. A woman was with him—the sole witness in the affair. But when the Colonel wished to question her, the soldier exclaimed, 'It is needless; I will own all: I stole a handkerchief from that lady?'

The Colonel.—You, Piter, you were always thought an honest fellow.

Piter.—True, Colonel, I always tried to please my officers, and it is not for myself I stole. 'Twas for Mary.

The Colonel.—Mary! Who is Mary?

Piter.—Mary, who lives far away near Arneberg where the big apple-tree is. I shall never see her again.

The Colonel.—I do not understand you, Piter. Explain yourself.

Piter.—Well, Colonel, read this letter. (And he gave him the following note, every word of which is engraven on my memory.)

'My Dear Piter: Arnold being enlisted in your regiment, I take the opportunity of sending you by him this letter, and a silk purse I have made you. I did it secretly, for fear of my father, who scolds me for loving you, and says you will never return; but you will, won't you? Even if you did not, I should still love you; I vowed to be yours the day you picked up my blue handkerchief, at the ball of Arneburg, to return it to me.—When shall we meet again? It gives me so much pleasure to hear that you are esteemed by your officers and loved by the soldiers; but you have still two years to serve: make haste, for then we will get married. Good by, my dear Piter.

YOUR OWN MARY.

Try to send me something from France; not to remember you by, but that I may always wear it. Kiss what you send me, and I am sure that I shall immediately discover the place of that kiss.'

When the Colonel had finished, Piter continued: Arnold gave me this letter last night; just as I received word where I was to be billeted; I could not sleep at night, thinking of my country and of Mary. She wished to have something from France. I had no money; I had engaged my pay for three months to my brother and cousin, who returned home some days since. This morning when I was preparing to depart, I opened my window: a blue handkerchief was suspended to a cord; it was like Mary's—the same colour, the same figure; I had the folly to take it and put it in my knapsack. When I got into the street I repented, and was returning to the house when this lady came after me—the handkerchief was found. Such is the truth. The capitulation requires my death; let me be shot, but do not despise me.

The judges could not conceal their emotion.—However, when the votes were taken, he was unanimously condemned to death. He heard his sentence with composure; and approaching the captain begged the loan of of four francs. They were given to him.

He then advanced to the woman, to whom the handkerchief had been returned, and said to her: Madame, here are four francs, I do not know if your handkerchief, is worth more; but even should it be, it costs me dear enough for you to remit the rest.

Taking the handkerchief, he kissed it and gave it to the captain. In two years, said he, you will return to our mountains. Should you go near Arneburg, ask for Mary and give her this; but do not tell her how it was obtained. He then knelt down, prayed to God, and walked steadily, to his death.

I left them, and entered the wood to escape the dreadful end. A volley of musketry soon told me that all was over.

About an hour afterwards I returned. The regiment had marched—all was still; but in walking by the wood to get back to the road, I saw before me some drops of blood, and a mound of earth newly raised. I took a piece of wood, formed it into a cross and placed it on the grave of poor Piter, forgotten as he soon was by the whole world, except by myself and perhaps by Mary.

THE NEW YEAR.

The splendid drama of another year has closed—
Its scenes are acted, and the curtain falls
Where now the tragic muse that wept its sorrows,
And to notes of woe strung the bold chords
Of her deep sounding harp? The comic where,
Who decked with garlands of gay flowers
Her sister's brow, and in her glee, loud laughing,
Pluck'd away the cypress wreath—Its actors where?
Many are gone, and left life's crowded stage,
While others, heedless of the change
Assume their characters, and play their parts.
The king of day looks from his golden throne
Upon a fresh creation, and the queen of night
Walks forth in majesty, upon the star-paved sky,
To welcome with her smiles
The new born Year? The Seasons in their turn,
Passed by as painted shadows. The gay Spring,
With all her blushing beauties, and her
Rosy honours, like a golden bubble, broke—
And with her virgin train of loves and graces,
Fled, on dew-tipt wings to other climes.
Her opening buds; her woodbine bowers,
Her babbling brooks, and plough-boys whistle,
With her mountain daisies, and her honey-sipping bees,
Her founts of music, and her warbling birds
Have faded, and are mute.
And Summer, with her shady groves,
Pure cooling streams, and mossy dells,
Her beds of spices, fields of waving grain,
Her lowing herds, and melody of milk maid song,
Her morning fragrance, and her evening showers,
Like a bright dream, has floated
On her curling mists, and melted into air.
Even Autumn, too of jocund plenty,
With her tasselled harvests nodding to
The ground, and all her luscious sweets,
Has paid the tribute of her bounty;
And retired before the storms of Winter.
Thus the tide of time rolls on its waves,
And shall forever roll, till every surge
Is lost, and billow buried, in the dark
Deep shoreless ocean of Eternity.

HENRY.

[American Spectator.

A LADY'S DREAM.

By James Lawson.

I grant that dreams are idle things,
Yet I have known a few,
To which my faithful memory clings,
They seem so sweet and true.—*Barton.*

The gay and thoughtless prize woman more for beauty of face and elegance of figure, than for intelligence of mind, or refinement of education; so that if a lady be acknowledged a fashionable belle, the strength of her mind and the polish of her education are accounted nought.

With men of genius, external beauty is but a secondary consideration; "that within which passeth show," has the first claim on their admiration. Beauty fades; time steals the roses from the cheek, and age leaves but a shadow, the beautiful and fashionable belle. With the lady of talent and refinement, the charm of conversation and the flow of wit, cast a veil over withering loveliness, and render her as interesting when robbed of personal charms, as in her day of power and prime. But to the intelligent eye, a lady of mind and education is always beautiful; though her features, when at rest are not as lovely as a cherished flower nor as regular as a painter's fancy-line, yet, when her mind warms with conversation, or burns with the poetic imagery of her fancy thought, a brightness and a witchery dwell in every expression, which unconsciously hold in thrall the dullest of mankind.

When, however, to intelligence of mind is added the spell of beauty, that lady holds a masterdom over every heart, and man bows in silent adoration before her physical and intellectual perfection. Her presence commands respect, her actions admiration. The idle and the fashionable bow in subjection before her very gaze. The educated and talented stand before her with awe and admiration; and with conscious pride count themselves in the society of one, whose very word makes them feel a presence that instructs and exalts! There is no creation of nature more beautiful than a lovely woman—nothing more dignified; more respect-commanding, than a female of genius and education. She gives man an exalted opinion of his race, and would make the veriest misanthrope renounce his mistaken faith, and exclaim with exultation, 'she, like myself, is of the race of man!'

[N. Y. Mirror.

On Friday last, according to the Washington City Chronicle, thirty-two people of color, twenty-five of whom were manumitted slaves, sailed from Washington to Norfolk to embark in the Liberia, which has been chartered by the Auxilliary Colonization Society, for the purpose of taking a number of emigrants to Africa—Most of the manumitted slaves belonged to the late Major Robert Braden, of Waterford, Loudon county, Va. and were directed by his will to be liberated on the express condition of their being transported, with their own consent, either to Leberia or Hayti—Five slaves have also been manumitted by Mr. Braden's brother, in order that they might accompany their relatives and friends to Liberia, and three other relatives to the emigrants, by three other humane individuals.

SHERIFF'S SALE

BY virtue of five writs of venditioni exponas, issued out of Talbot county Court, and to me directed, against Richard Darden, at the suit of the following persons, viz:—one at the suit of John D. Nabb, one other at the suit of Louisa Darden, one other at the suit of Andrew S. Anthony and Tho. Auld, Adm'rs. of Aaron Anthony, one other at the suit of the State of Maryland, for the use of John Edward Scott by Jesse Scott his Guardian, and one at the suit of the State of Maryland, for the use of Geo. W. Scott by Jesse Scott his Guardian; also by virtue of an execution against the said Darden for Officer's Fees for 1828 and 1829; will be sold for Cash, on the premises, where the said Darden did lately reside, on WEDNESDAY the 17th day of February next, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M. the following property, viz.—One negro woman called Hannah and her two children; also six head of horses, one yoke oxen and cart, sixteen head of cattle, three beds, bedsteads and furniture, one desk, one bureau, one sideboard and two tables. Seized and will be sold to pay and satisfy the above named executions, and the interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

Attendance by

WM. TOWNSEND, Shff.

jan 26 4w

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of Caroline County Court, sitting as a Court of Equity, the subscriber as Trustee, will sell at Public Auction, at the Dwelling House on the premises hereafter mentioned, on FRIDAY the nineteenth day of February next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, all the Real Estate or a sufficiency thereof, to pay the debts of Samuel Emerson, late of Caroline county deceased—that is to say:—That DWELLING PLANTATION, now occupied by Thomas B. Bullock, lying in Caroline county and within about two miles of Federalsburg, containing the quantity of about THREE HUNDRED ACRES of Land, with a sufficiency of TIMBER. The Trustee deems it unnecessary to give a further description of the Premises, as it is presumed those wishing to purchase will view the Premises, which will be shewn by the Trustee or Thomas B. Bullock residing on the Premises.



The Terms of Sale will be as follows:—Fifty dollars of the purchase money will be required on the day of Sale, and the balance within 12 months thereafter with interest thereon from the day of Sale, to be secured by bond to the Trustee with approved sureties, and upon the ratification of the said Sale, and the payment of the whole purchase money, the Trustee will by a good and sufficient deed convey to the purchaser or purchasers all the right of the said Samuel Emerson to the aforesaid Premises.

The creditors of the said Samuel Emerson are hereby warned and notified to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of Caroline county Court within six months from the day of Sale.

CANNON CHARLES, Trustee
for the Sale of the Real Estate of
Samuel Emmerson, dec'd.

jan 26 3w

Valuable Mill Property FOR SALE.



The Subscriber will sell his BRICK MILL property situate on the head of Sassafras River. The Mill House is a large Brick Building 44 by 60 feet; two water wheels, three pair of burrs.—Twenty barrels of flour can be manufactured in twenty-four hours. There is a Fulling Mill, Carding Machine and Saw Mill; also a sufficiency of water—the stream is supposed to be the best on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

There are attached Twenty-three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation. The Dwelling is a good BRICK HOUSE—also Brick Kitchen and Smoke-House; a Well of good Water in the yard, Stable, Carriage-House & Granary.—The Subscriber wishing to go on a farm will sell said property on reasonable terms, or exchange it for land on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. If this property be not sold before the first day of March, it will be offered at Public Sale.

WILLIAM MILLER.

Head of Sassafras, Jan. 15, 1830. } jan 26 3w

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT application will be made for the renewal of Certificates of Stock in the Union Bank of Maryland, as follows—

No. 122, dated 20th Feb. 1824, for 20 full Shares
124, do 4th Mar. do do 79 do do
139, do 30th do do do 47 do do

And making together 146 Shares issued in the name of 'I. W. N. & E. Tyson, in Trust'—said Certificates having been lost or mislaid.

ISAAC TYSON,
WM. TYSON,
NATHAN TYSON.

January 5, 1830.—[jan 19—4w]

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

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 Monterat's *Columbian Vegetable Specific*,
Albright's *Columbian Syrup*,
Swaim's *Panacea*, *&c. &c. &c.*

Easton, dec 1 w

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union to the Easton Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Peacock, and formerly by himself, begs leave most respectfully to tender his grateful acknowledgements to his numerous customers and friends who have heretofore honoured him with their calls, and at the same time to solicit them and the public in general for their patronage.

THE EASTON HOTEL

Is now in complete order for the reception of travellers and others, and the proprietor pledges himself to spare no labour or expense to render every comfort and convenience to those who may favour him with their custom.

Private parties can at all times be accommodated and Horses, Hacks and Gigs, with careful drivers, furnished to go to any part of the Peninsula. The public's ob't. serv't.

SOLOMON LOWE.

jan 26 6q

LITERARY.

A NEW SERIES OF THE

PHILADELPHIA ALBUM AND Ladies' Literary Gazette,

ENLARGED, and accompanied with an engraved title page, was commenced January 1st. 1830. The work has been improved in many respects, and such arrangements have been entered into as will ensure its regular receipt by the distant subscribers with the earliest mails. Copper-plate engravings at least equal to that which accompanied the first number of the new volume, will be published with the work quarterly. The Editor is aware, that in consequence of former mismanagement in the publishing department, somewhat of the confidence which every patron should have in the regular arrival of a literary journal, is destroyed. He has therefore transferred this department of the paper to other and more efficient hands; and commenced the first number of the new volume with the first of the year. Mr. Jesper Harding; the present publisher, has every facility for rendering this Journal equal, in point of appearance and workmanship, to any one of a similar character published in this country, and pledges himself, that hereafter, each number shall be promptly and carefully mailed on the day of publication.

The literary department of the work will be under the same guidance as heretofore. The original correspondence will embrace many of the productions of our best and most popular writers, with such communications from abroad, as shall be at the command of the Editor. We believe, that thus far in our career of publication, no journal in this country has been more fortunate in the number and character of its contributors; and the Editor takes this opportunity of tendering to his personal and literary friends, his kindliest thanks for their voluntary and valuable aid.

As an evidence of the obligations he is under to his contemporaries, a few opinions are subjoined from some of the most respectable journals in the country. They more fully and honestly than any other source, will show the rank which the previous work held in their estimation.

CONTEMPORARY OPINIONS.

"We consider the 'Philadelphia Album,' the most talented periodical in the Union, and capable of ranking with the first of foreign magazines."—Irish Shield.

"The 'Philadelphia Album' is one of the four or five best papers in the country."—New England Review.

"The father of every family should make it a duty to take this periodical—Western Cour.

"This is a valuable paper."—American Manufacturer.

"The chaste emanations from the pen of the Editor of this journal, the taste displayed, in the selected department, and the beautiful mechanical execution of the work, have gained for it a high reputation. We recommend it to such as are anxious to encourage merit as well as to derive entertainment."—Pautucket Chron.

"This is one of the most valuable publications with which we are acquainted."—Truth Teller.

"This is one of the best works of the kind in the country. In its columns instruction is happily blended with amusement. It is just such a paper as every lady ought to read.—Northern Light.

"Judging from the ability with which this journal is conducted, and the talent enlisted in its support, it is deserving of a still greater circulation."—Ontario Messenger.

"This is a most valuable literary publication." Susquehanna Emporium.

"*Philadelphia Album*—Our friend Morris is constantly gathering up new treasures, and enriching his readers by a weekly disbursement. We admire his genius and commend his prodigality."—Genius of Universal Emancipation.

The number that is herewith issued, will afford a proper criterion of the future publication. The terms will continue to be $2 50 per annum, *in advance*. All correspondence must be post paid, addressed to the Editor.

ROBERT MORRIS,
Philadelphia.

Jan. 26 3w

☞Those of our country friends with whom we have interchanged courtesies, will do us a favour by giving the above a few insertions, and forwarding on their respective journals for exchange.

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

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

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 Camper; 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.



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 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.,
july 15 w *Proprietors.*

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

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 17 w

ALMANACS

FOR SALE AT THE STAR OFFICE.

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