APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE TALK WITH TIME.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

I wonder where the years are fled,
That frolick'd in my boyhood's sight!
Oh! how I blam'd their tardy tread,
And offer'd wings to speed their flight!
I knew not then, how goss'mer-light
They swam, like atoms in the beam,
Graspless—unknown to curious wight,
Save in the noon-tide's sunny gleam.

But, there's a void within, can tell
How fleet they mount the melting cloud,
And hie where spirits like them, dwell
With ages in their mighty shroud!
And her joins that elfin crowd,
'Mid shout, and glee, and joyous chime!
Whilst my full soul would rove abroad,
Seek, and rebuke the slayer, Time.

I found him, busy o'er a grave—
'Twas Nature's—of her year bereav'd:
Its foot had touch'd the fatal wave,
And he, nor wist, nor cared she griev'd.
I knew him by the tears that lav'd
His locks, and mark'd them as my own;—
Whilst every sigh my heart had heav'd,
Still trembled on his pinions' down!

I charg'd the wrinkled sprite, restore
The buds of life's redolent morn,
That laugh'd along youth's greensward shore,
And blushing clasp'd the dewy thorn.
Bade him reveal me, wither borne,
The lov'd, the blooming, and the gay;
Why from my side—my kiss—were torn
The victims he had wrapp'd in clay?—

The year inhum'd, the wizzard spoke,
But frown'd—how stern, I'll ne'er forget!
Spread his vast wings, (for morning broke,)
With earth's unblessing vapors wet;—
And told, how many a sun had set
On years my bounding bosom stole!
How, I had mingled every sweet,
And quaff'd unharm'd my diamond bowl!

'Twas true—and yet my foolish heart
Would bid him call their forms again;
Once more to suffer—and to part;—
To know, to feel, that life is vain.
He ask'd why would I doom to pain
Renew'd, the lov'd whose sands were out?
Why lure them from their azure plain,
To toils, and storms, and glooms, and doubt?

Then pointed 'cross the pebbly flood,
While mists obscur'd the distance fair;
Nor, as intent on flight he stood,
Gave answer to my bended prayer—
Save—'Son! embark, seek, find them *there!*'
Ah! whither lies that land? I said—
Reply was not!—All shapes were air!—
I wonder whats those years are fled!

MONTGARNIER.

January 1st, 1830.

SONG.

Oh! Love doth dwell,
Like truth, in a well;
Of fate I found the urchin:
But oh! fair maid,
Too dear I've paid
For all my busy searching.

For when I spied
Him in the tide,
The truant archly beckoned,
And rash to win,
I soon was in
Much deeper than I reckon'd.

Know'st thou the Spring,
Where Love his wing
Bathes ever sweet and sly?
Can'st thou not guess
The wizard place?
'Tis, Lady, in thine eye.

Let others skim
Sweets from the brim
And glory when they've got 'em,
While Love and I
Together lie
Like pebbles, at the bottom.

ADVENTURES OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL MASTER.

The last year of my college life—don't be alarmed, Mr. Editor, I am not going to inflict a college story upon you—I determined like many of my class-mates to take a school in the country, and thus to get rid of the winter months. Accordingly, I rubbed up all the grammar and arithmetic of which I was master, collected together the remains of my old school books and tore my billiard cloth to pieces to cover them. Next I purchased three additional seals for my watch chain—there being but one to it before—provided myself with a pair of green spectacles with glasses as big as owl's eyes, and borrowed my chum's cane, which had a carved head of Noah Webster; an excellent device to frighten his spelling book into little children. Last not least, I took a certificate of my good moral character, and thus equipped, I started off to hire myself out in the business of school keeping.

At every village at which I arrived, I presented myself to the committee-men, and made application for employment. But the farther I advanced, the farther my prospects seemed to recede, not a single offer could I get for my services. At one place I found that I had been anticipated only a day or two by some more fortunate school hunter, at another I learned that the office had for years been filled by the same incumbent and was held by a prescriptive right; while at a third I was informed that its inhabitants never employed a master that was 'college larnt.'—Thus did my evil genius like a malicious Jack-o-lantern, lead me from one place to another only to balk my expectations, till at last I became so completely overcome with fatigue and disappointment that I was turning my face homeward, throwing away my spectacles, breaking the head of Noah Webster and selling my good moral character to the first poor devil in want of one.

But things now took a different turn, I never knew precisely how it happened, but the village of C——, or rather the western district of it, had this year suffered thanksgiving week to arrive without a school-master being engaged—an event before unprecedented in its annals. At this fortunate juncture I came along and hearing of the intelligence, I plucked up courage and forthwith presented myself at the door of the committee-man as a candidate for the vacant school house.

'Aye! you want to keep our school, do you?' said the old farmer, surveying me from top to toe, just as he was examining the points of a doubtful horse. 'Well, faith! I don't see how you found it out down to college there that we wanted to hire,—guess you've been having some talk with Master Toll, han't ye?' Not understanding the drift of this last interrogative, and conjecturing that it might have some possible connection with the object of my errand, I inquired who this personage might be. 'Don't know Master Toll?' ejaculated the committee-man, with an expression of astonishment at the ignorance I had betrayed—'I thought every body knew Master Toll; why, he kept in our dees-strict last winter—but he's gone to shoe-making this year, and so you see 'tis a terrible disappointment to us.' My next inquiry was to ascertain the amount of wages received by this cobbler of young ideas, flattering myself that my own services would command a much higher price. Judge of my surprise then, when, instead of a larger, he refused to give an equal compensation. 'Cause why?' said he, 'didn't Master Toll keep a rotten good school and didn't our Nat learn like a horse?' This was a stump easier to go round than over. So to end the matter, I agreed to accept his offer, on condition that if I gave equal satisfaction I should receive a salary equivalent to that of my predecessor.

The following morning, after undergoing a special examination by the minister of the place, and receiving his certificate that the bearer was duly qualified to teach a country school, I entered on the duties of that office. My first task was to ascertain the names of some fifty to an hundred children, crowded together in one of those little red buildings, yclept school houses, and so peculiar a feature in the scenery of New England.—'Josh Brown,' answered one—'Hannah Patch,' squealed another—'Joe Bunker,' bawled a third—'Roxanna Tabox,' lisped a fourth—'Cassandana Loveit,' said a fifth—'Gad Tunck,' cried a sixth, and 'Patience Tunk,' echoed a seventh, and thus they continued thro' all the notes of the octavo, till the muster roll was completed. I now set myself in good earnest about the business of instruction; and by dint of Noah Webster's head and my own, I had soon the satisfaction of seeing the young ideas beginning to shoot like so many cabbage-sprouts. I had some ambition to keep a good school, but I had more to secure the promised reward in case I succeeded. On this point my pride was excited, and I left no means untried, in school or out of school, to conciliate the good will of both children and parents. I drank cider with the old men and took snuff with their wives; I cracked nuts and jokes with the boys, and bestowed presents and compliments on the girls; I attended all their parties and quilting matches, and whenever there was to be a dance or a sleigh-ride, I was always on the spot. In this manner I became the object of general popularity, and had the question of my salary depended on the voice of my patrons, I had no fears of the result.

But this subject was left solely to the discretion of the committee-man; and against him, therefore I directed all the arts of flattery and attention. I had somewhere read "that every man has his price,' and I resolved to test the correctness of the maxim. Accordingly I commenced a regular plan of attack upon the weak points of the beseiged, visiting him often of a cold and stormy night as a mark of respect—extolling his children—with whom I took unwonted pains at school—praising his cider—complimenting his wife, and making love to his daughter; and so vigorously did I prosecute this system that the old farmer's heart gradually relaxed its hardness, and like marble, was perforated by the drops that was showered upon it. One act of attention followed another, till at last there was to be a famous ball in a neighboring village. I resolved to invite his daughter, and thus, in the Kentuckian phrase, 'go the whole hog,' for my wages.

It was the first ball to which the daughter of my committee-man had ever been invited, and you may well immagine how her little hazel eyes twinkled with delight, when the offer was made. The father immediately gave his consent, proffered me the use of his horse and sleigh, and brought out a decanter of New England and drank to our better acquaintance. The mother who was always a particular friend of mine, slipped out among the pails and wash-tubs in the kitchen, and in less than half an hour made her appearance in her best Sunday gown and piloted us into the parlor, which had not seen the light of day during the whole winter. The shutters were now thrown open, the brasses stripped of the covering in which they had been enveloped since fly-time, and a rousing fire was soon crackling on the hearth. In a short time a substantial supper was prepared, and the frozen fragments of a thanksgiving pudding, were thawed in honor of the occasion.

The night at length arrived, and I drove up to the door of my dulcinea, who was ready dressed for the ball and impatient for my coming. I have before said that it was the first occasion of the kind on which she had ever been invited to attend, and this, together with the circumstances that she was to be accompanied by the master, had induced her to bestow unwonted exertions in decorating her person, and setting off her charms to the best advantage. Oh! that I could picture her out as she then looked;—her white dress bedizzened with ribbons of bright yellow and pink; her round plump waist compressed so tight that it seemed just on the point of bursting its confinement; her arms covered only by a short sleeve at the shoulder, and revealing the full proportions of their native beauty, her snow white bosom, on which the family strug of gold beads rose and fell in short and rapid undulations; and then the deep blush that mounted her cheek, and sent its bright tints down that bosom,—but pshaw! Mr. Editor, who can paint such charms to the life?

After a ride of some five or six miles through huge drifts of snow—into which I was often obliged to jump, to prevent our vehicle from being upset—we reached a little country tavern, in which the music and lights told us the dancing had already begun. We were soon in the drawing-room—there being but one, and that used in common by the whole company where active preparations were making by such as had recently arrived. A flock of girls, collected round the only glass in the room, were busily engaged in restoring their curls, while their male companions were not less industrious in exchanging their cow-hide boots for slippers or yellow sheep-skin; the advantages of which I was at a loss to conceive, till I heard one of their wearers declare they were 'capital for corns!'—This was a refinement of luxury for which I had come unprepared, but before I had recovered from the surprise produced by so novel a custom, a long sided, hard-favored fellow, whose red hair stuck up in front like an inverted carrot, approached me with an air of considerable consequence—being, as I afterwards learnt, one of the managers—'Sir,' said he 'I'll take your candle.' 'My candle!' I exclaimed with astonishment, and with a look that plainly indicated that I was ignorant of the nature of the demand. 'Yes, your candle, sir, if you have brought one,—if not, you know our regulations—No admittance!'

An explanation now ensued, in which I discovered that, by the terms of the ball sanctioned by the custom in such cases, every gentleman was expected to furnish a candle towards lighting the dancing room. The manager being satisfied of my ignorance in this respect, now gallantly offered to usher myself and partner into the hall. All eyes were turned upon us as we entered, and a general whisper went through the rooms, 'who is it' said one; 'Wonder if that's a gal?' inquired another. 'White gloves, guess he belongs to the quality,' responded a third. And—sure enough—on casting a glance round the room, I perceived that I was the only person incumbered with so superfluous a piece of vanity as that which occasioned this last retort. The tickets were now distributed for the dance and I was the drawer of a partner whose solid dimensions were full double of my own. When it came to our turn to lead down she grasped my hands the grip of a black smith's vice, and whirled me about as though I was a mere man of straw. And away she footed it—crying out ever anon to the fiddler, to play faster—and away I was carried—down outside and down in the middle, with the rapidity of lightning till the sweat poured from my forehead in streams and my hands were one complete blister. The rest of the evening I was more cautious in the choice of a partner, and danced only with my companion, who acquitted herself with no little credit: and at sunrise the next morning, after squaring accounts with the fiddler, I accompanied her home.

The affair now spread through the district, and became the subject of much gossip and scandal. It was currently reported, and, as I did not deny it, generally believed, that the master was engaged to the committee-man's daughter. Wherever I went, there was always some joke at my expense, which was met by equal good humor on my part: The old farmer, elated with the prospects of so favorable a match for his Sally, for that was the name of his daughter, and concluding that, after the attentions I had paid her, no further proof of my intentions in this respect were wanting, daily grew more pressing in his hospitality, so that it was with great difficulty I could steal a spare evening for other engagements. Delighted with the success of my experiment, which I had carefully kept in my own bosom, the term of my service had now expired, and the day of reckoning arrived. I presented myself to my unsuspecting employer for the performance of his promise, if, in his opinion, I had performed my part of the condition. With this he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and went so far as to declare, 'that no master not Master Toll himself, could hold a candle to me.' How I disposed of matters with the old woman and Sally, it is not material that I should here declare. The old lady, I hear, often speaks of me with a motherly affection, and Sally, poor Sally, I see by the newspapers, is—married!

[N. Y. Constellation.

Extract from Mr. Levasseur's Work.

NEW ORLEANS.

In the crowd, I noticed some ecclesiastics, and among the rest a Capuchin, whose costume, new to me, had attracted my attention on the day of my arrival. The account which I received of him highly interested me and will, I doubt not, interest the reader.

Father Antonio is a very venerable Spanish ecclesiastic of the Franciscan order, for many years residing in Louisiana. Surrounded by a population composed of different sects, he has never thought it his duty to trouble the conscience of others, by seeking recruits to his own faith. Sometimes as a Capuchin, Father Antonio solicits charity; but it is only when he has some good action to perform, and his slender means, exhausted by constant alms-giving, are inadequate of themselves to the object.—Every year when on the return of the sickly season, the yellow fever drives the wealthy inhabitants of New Orleans to their country seats for protection from disease and death, the worth of Father Antonio is seen in all its force. In these days of terror and mourning how many unfortunates, abandoned by their friends and even their relations, have been indebted for health and life to his devotedness, to his cares to his piety! Of all whom he has thus saved, (and they are numerous) there is not one who can say, 'Before taking me under his care, he inquired what was my religion.' When he came to see the General, Father Antonio was clothed according to the rule of his order, in a long brown frock, tied with a rope about the body. As soon as he perceived the General, he threw himself into his arms, saying, 'Oh, my son, I have found favour with the Lord, for he has granted me, before I die, to see and hear the worthiest apostle of liberty. He then conversed with the General, for a few moments, in the most affectionate manner, complimented him on the glorious and well deserved reception which he had received from the Americans, and modestly withdrew into a corner of the apartment. When the crowd had retired and he found the General alone, he ran to him and pressing him again in his arms, exclaimed, 'Adieu my son, adieu, beloved General.—Farewell! may the Lord go before thee, and after thy glorious visit is over, may he guide thee to the bosom of thy beloved family, to enjoy in peace the recollection of thy good actions and the friendship of the good people of America. Oh, my son, perhaps thou art still reserved for great achievements! Perhaps the Lord will yet make thee the instrument of emancipating other nations. Should that time come, think, my son, of poor Spain. Abandon not my dear country, my unhappy country.' The tears fell on his venerable beard; his utterance was choaked, and it was only after a pause of the deepest emotion that he was able to add, 'My son, my dear son, do something for my wretched country.' pp. 230, 233.

FATAL TRICK OF A CONJUROR.

A dreadful accident occurred at Armstadt on the 10th November. On that day Linsky, the celebrated legerdemain performer, gave, in the presence of the family of Prince Swartenburgh Sonderahauser, a grand exhibition, in which he wished to distinguish himself by an extraordinary display of his art. Six soldiers from the garrison were introduced, to fire with ball cartridges at Madame Linsky, the young wife of the conjuror. They were, however, instructed in biting the cartridge, to bite off the ball and keep it in the mouth, as they had been shown how to do on a rehearsal.—Madame Linsky, who had recently lost a child, and, besides, was *enceinte*, was for a long time unwilling to perform the part, allotted her in this trick; but by the persuasion of her husband, she was induced to consent. The soldiers, who were drawn up before the company, took aim at Madam Linsky and fired. For a moment after the firing she remained standing upright, but the next moment she sunk down saying 'Dear husband, I am shot.' One of the musket balls, which had not been bitten off passed quite through her abdomen. The unfortunate woman never spoke another word, and died on the second day after she received the wound. Many of the spectators fainted, and the horror of the scene has given a shock to the reason of Linsky. It was, indeed, a spectacle which might well have unmanned the most firm. It is to be hoped that this event will serve as a warning to all conjurors, as well as the spectators of their tricks, who usually show too inconsiderate a confidence in the art of the performer not only with respect to cases of risk of life, but to other practices of a dangerous nature.

CHAPPED HANDS.

To have chapped hands is always an unpleasant, and not unfrequently a painful complaint, at this season of the year.

The following is the best remedy with which we are acquainted:—Wash your hands with castile soap: apply it with a Flannel, and if necessary, use a brush, in order to get the dirt from under and around the nails and fingers, till they are perfectly clean. The water in winter, if convenient, may be warmed; then rinse them in a little clean water and while they are wet rub them well all over with about half a tea spoonful of good honey; then dry them well with a clean towel. This should be done once or twice a day, and always before going to bed.

FOR A SORE THROAT.

Take a glass of sweet oil and half a glass of spirits of turpentine, mix them together, and rub the throat externally, wearing flannel round it at the same time. It proves most effectual when applied early.

MEDICINE FOR A COUGH.

The following medicine for a cough has performed such extraordinary cures, in private practice, that the possessor is induced to publish it for the benefit of society:—Take six ounces of Italian liquorice (that stamped Solazzi is by far the best) cut into small pieces, and put into an earthern jar with a quarter of a pint of the best white wine vinegar, simmer together until the liquorice is dissolved, then add two ounces of oil of almonds, and half an ounce of tincture of opium, stir the whole well together, and it is fit for use. Take two teaspoonfuls when going to bed, and the same quantity whenever the cough is troublesome in the day time.

MURDER.—A letter to the editors of the American, from Harper's Ferry, Va. under date of January 29, details the particulars of a most daring outrage committed on the afternoon of that day. A young man named Ebenezer Cox walked into the office of Col. Thomas B. Dunn, and with a loaded musket killed him dead on the spot. Cox is about 22 or 23 years of age, and bears a most desperate character. He has formerly been employed in the Armory, but was dismissed for improper conduct previous to the appointment of Col. Dunn. The latter had forbidden him the premises, in revenge for which he committed this atrocious murder. Cox has been apprehended and committed to Charleston jail.

From the Claiborne (Ala.) Herald.

ANOTHER FOUL DEED.

On the night of the 27th November, Mr. William Foster, jr. of this county, while sitting by his own fire side, engaged in social converse with his wife and only child, was shot through the heart by some dark assassin from without, of which he instantly expired. The perpetrator is unknown as yet; should he be discovered, we think if ever there was a case which loudly called for the interposition of the strong arm of the law, *this is the one.* That state of society must be a deplorable one, where the citizen, the innocent and peaceable citizen, cannot enjoy that sacred protection, which a man's own roof should afford him.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the Commissioners of the Tax for Talbot county, will meet at their Office in the Court House, in the town of Easton, on TUESDAY the 16th and FRIDAY the 19th days of the present month (February) at 11 o'clock, A. M., and will continue to sit on the same days in each succeeding week for the space and term of twenty days, for the purpose of hearing and determining appeals and making such alterations and alienations in the assessment of property as they may deem necessary and proper, according to law.

By order,

JOHN STEVENS, Clerk to the Commissioners of the Tax for Talbot county.

Feb 9 w

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."—Nantucket 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 Led Pencils,
Quills, Wafers, Sealing-Wax, &c. &c.

Which will be sold low for Cash.

dec 22 w

ALMANACS

FOR SALE AT THE STAR OFFICE.

DANCING SCHOOL.

P. H. ANDERSON

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Easton and its vicinity, that

HE WILL OPEN A

DANCING SCHOOL

in Mr. Lowe's Assembly Room, as soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers can be obtained. Having taught with success in some of the principal Southern Cities, he feels assured that he will be able to give entire satisfaction to those who may favour him with their patronage.—Subscriptions received at the Bar. Terms $12 for 36 Lessons, payable at the expiration of the term; and if satisfaction is not given, no charge will be made.

☞Respectable references, if required.

jan 26 w

A CARD.

P. H. ANDERSON has the pleasure to inform the citizens of Easton and its vicinity, that his Dancing School will be opened for the reception of pupils on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, the 5th and 6th of February, inst. at Mr. Lowe's Assembly Room.

Parents and Guardians who may wish to patronize his School, and the Ladies and Gentlemen of Talbot generally, are respectfully invited to attend.

N. B. A select school will be opened for the instruction of young gentlemen, at 7 o'clock in the evening of the same days.

feb 2.



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.

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



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

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

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