APOLLO'S FOUNT.

The following exquisite effusion, which we have selected for the Examiner this week, is, we believe, from the pen of the Rev. George Croly. It needs no recommendation; its delicacy and metrical beauty cannot fail to please every one.

I've seen the eye of sunny hue,
And lips like rubies dipt in dew,
And locks in sunny radiance wreathing,
And forms like alabaster breathing,
And felt that beauty never stole
A lasting fetter on the soul:
As lightning swift and free as wind,
The mind alone can chain the mind.
It is not in the witchery
Of rosy lip or azure eye,
Nor in the deeper sacrifice
Of cheeks abashed and whispered sighs,
Light as the summer meteor's glance,
Love startles from the tempting trance;
Or won—as quickly lost as won—
Waves its bright pinions and is gone.
Where then to find the spell that flings
The fetter on those waving wings?
'Tis in the native truth of heart
That scorns the thoughts of female art,
That keenly thrill'd by joy or pain,
Disdains the skill to hide or feign;
And anxious but one heart to move,
Tells not for triumph, but for love.
On his wild plume this fetter twine,
The wanderer's thine, and ever thine!

From the Massachusetts Journal.

THE FAVORITE GUEST.

It is strange how some people find their way into society as they do. There is for instance, an old lady of my acquaintance, who has nether wealth, beauty, wit, nor talent, who manages to be a welcome guest every where.

When I first met her, she was taking tea with a family of unmarried sisters of 'a certain age;' and here she made herself infinitely amusing by telling how Miss Tabitha Such-an-one had set her cap in vain for a certain widower; and how she guessed Miss Susan had outstood the market; and how she had it for a positive fact, that Miss Would-be Young *did* use her spectacles to thread her needles and that she was very shy of letting any body see her with her cap off.

All this appeared to me very flat and uninteresting; 'but,' said I; 'these spinsters have so little to occupy their minds, no wonder they are entertained with trifles. The old lady would find no listeners except among old maids.' But the next day I met her in the dwelling of a very respectable mechanic. She was telling the 'woman of the House' how the next door neighbour laid abed till nine o'clock, and put out all her sewing. It was strange to me that the mother of a family could find time to listen to such unimportant stuff; but she seemed delighted with her visiter, and begged her to come often.

To me the old creature began to be very disagreeable; and I resolved to avoid her. I will go into the fashionable world, thought I; she is too vulgar to be admitted there; and changes from a la Sontag to Bishop's sleeves will hardly leave them time to attend to her nonsense. But as sure as I am alive, the very first mansion I entered, I found the old thing lounging on an ottoman, pouring her talk into the ear of a cherry lipped lady and her laughing sister, who were handsome, beautifully dressed, and looking for all the world, as my little servant Mary says, '*just like a fashion*.'—The conversation was made up of shreds and patches; for the old lady's mind was a perfect rag bag. 'Mrs. ——'s new set of emeraid was nothing in the world but blue glass. As for Miss ——, who produced such a sensation with her crimson dress, I could tell a few things about that; and so could Barrett, too, I fancy—I always know a coloured dress the moment I see it. But then economy is a very praiseworthy thing, to be sure. What can Miss —— be thinking of? She spends one thousand dollars a year in blonde lace, to my certain knowledge; and her father is no more worth a million than I am. It is true, beauty ought to be decorated; but I reckon her beauty wouldn't amount to much if calculated according to the rule of subtraction; she uses pearl powder, and wears false hair; I have been credibly informed her teeth are made of china—and as for her eyes—you know there is a man in town who makes killing false eyes!

'What sort of a time did you have at Mrs ——'s party? There was a good deal of laugh, I understand, because the light kept such good hours, eh? Even inanimate things get regular habits, you know, in a well ordered family. Was any body bold enough to cut the great centre cake? I've heard it surmised that it was nothing but a frosted log,—a very appropriate ornament this cold weather!'

This desultory mass one would hardly think worth hearing; yet it took the ladies all the next day to walk round and repeat it; and by the time they have used it up, their guest will furnish them with another budget equally valuable.

'There is one place,' said I, 'where I shall not find this walking pestilence—by the fire-side of the intelligent and the literary!' Alas! I found the old crone there! 'Mr. Such-an-one is very agreeable in conversation; but he is the greatest thief imaginable; every fine thing he hears he appropriates to himself. Miss —— is going to be married! What can the man be thinking of! A little sentimental, romantic thing as she is!—Why I'd as soon marry the Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life! I should think his friend's fate might have taught him a lesson—he is obliged to clean his wife's nails, they say; and he finds her pastry not half as light as her poetry.

'As for subscriptions, you cannot judge of the goodness of a work by them. There are a thousand motives for subscribing, you know. I subscribe for ——, but then'—and here the old lady shrugged her shoulders; she had a remarkable talent for winking, nodding and shrugging virtue and talent out of the world.

I flew to the fireside of the clergyman—and there I found her telling how a Reverend Unitarian brother had looked in at a ball; and given it as his deliberate opinion that moving the feet was not one of the seven deadly sins. In despair, I went to see the accused personage; but my enemy seemed gifted with ubiquity,—for there I found her laughing about the good eating and drinking of the self-denying disciple of the orthodox.

In good truth, I find her every where—In the ball room descanting upon dress,—in the kitchen talking about economy,—in the counting room whispering about fatures,—in the store winking a comment on the eighth commandment;—and morning, noon and night, in the insurance offices, talking about every thing under the sun. She is the greatest hypocrite alive; yet every one thinks her true to them, and false only to their neighbours. Every body by turns figures in her 'black book,' yet every body believes that they shall escape. Gentle reader, it is not Mrs. Royall, of whom I complain Mrs. Royall has been voted crazy for committing one half the offences of this favorite guest Mrs. Royall could not get President Jackson, or any body else to keep her in countenance at Washington; but this woman is petted, and caressed, and quoted at Washington beyond measure.

Her name is Mrs. Gossip. She has a daughter of very bad character, called Scandal This daughter often goes into society in her mother's garments. One half the world dont know them apart; and the other half think there is not much to choose between them.

KISSING.

Anecdote of Count M——.

"As to the salute, the pressure of the lips—that is an interchange of affectionate greeting, or tender farewell, sacred to the dearest connexions alone. Our parents—our brothers—our near kindred—our husband—our lover, ready to become our husband—our bosom's inmate, the friend of *our heart's core*,—to them are exclusively consecrated the lips of delicacy, and woe be to her who yields them to the stain of profanation!

"By the last word, I do not mean the embrace of vice, but merely that indiscriminate facility which some young women have in permitting what they call a *good natured kiss*. These *good natured kisses* have often very bad effects, and can never be permitted without injuring the fine gloss of that exquisite modesty which is the fairest garb of virgin beauty.

"I remember Count M——, one of the most accomplished and handsomest young men in Vienna. When I was there, he was passionately in love with a girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank and influence at court, and on these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lively and amiable, and treated them all with an affability which still kept them in her train, although it was generally known that she had avowed a predilection for Count M——, and that preparations were making for their nuptials. The Count was of a refined mind and delicate sensibility. He loved her for herself alone—for the virtues which he believed dwelt in a beautiful form; and, like a lover of such perfections, he never approached her without timidity, and when he touched her, a fire shot through his veins, that warned him not to invade the vermillion sanctuary of her lips.

Such were his feelings, when one night, at his intended father-in-law's, a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival Several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. Forfeits were one of the pastimes, and all went on with the greatest merriment, till the Count was commanded, by some witty mademoiselle, to redeem his glove by saluting the cheek of his intended bride. The Count blushed, trembled, advanced to his mistress, retreated, advanced again—and at last, with a tremor that shook every fibre in his frame, with a modest grace he put the soft ringlet which played upon her cheek to his lips, and retired to demand his redeemed pledge in evident confusion. His mistress gaily smiled, and the game went on. One of her rejected suitors, but who was of a merry unthinking disposition, was adjudged, by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits—'as his last treat before he hanged himself,' she said to snatch a kiss from the lips of the object of his recent vows—

"Lips, whose broken sighs such fragrance flings,
As love had fanned them freshly with his wing."

"A lively contest between the lady and the gentleman lasted for a minute, but the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh—And the Count had the mortification—the agony—to see the lips, which his passionate and delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man, and one whom he despised Without a word, he rose from his chair, left the room—and the house; and, by that *good natured kiss*, the fair boast of Vienna lost her husband and her lover. The Count never saw her more."

Some persons may be disposed to smile at the extreme scrupulousness of Count M——; but his feelings were of a nature which we can perfectly appreciate, and which on the whole, we are inclined to respect.

[Mirror of the Graces.

'PAIRED, NOT MATCHED.'

We dont know what the mischief is getting into the heads of the married folks of this happy land. East, West, North, and South, they are striving to slip the silken noose of matrimony as though it was a knotty hempen cord. The other day we were called on to chronicle the large number of divorce cases pending in Rhode Island—This we attributed to the failure of the manufactures Then came the applications to the Legislature of New Jersey—probably because the cider barrels was M. T.* In Maryland, likewise, applications have been multitudinous. We are inclined to attribute those to the absences of husbands on the railroad, where we fear they spend their wages, leaving their wives to get along this cold weather as they can. In Ohio, likewise, many attempts are making to cut the knot which death alone has the privilege of untying. The reasons for this we cannot discern, as victuals are cheap and plenty in that region. Cucumbers grow a rod long and corn so high that climbing ladders are necessary to reach the ears. But what are we to say of Vermont? The last advices from that quarter informs us that the Supreme Court at its late session in Rutland, granted six divorces. At a previous term, in Addison county, it granted eight. The united age of one of the divorced couples, was 170 years. This was 'flat burglary,' unless the husband was 130 years old, and the wife 'fair, fat and *only* forty.' [N. Y. Com. Adv.

*It was Dr. Franklin, we believe, who compared New Jersey to a cider barrel, tapped at both ends—viz. at New York and Philadelphia.

FISH STORY, BUT A TURE ONE.

Some twenty five years ago, a Mr. S. of this town, who was then at Siasconset, sent some codfish to his father in town. On dressing one which had a poke unusually large, a younger brother of him who sent the fish had a mind to open the poke, when to his and his father's astonishment, he found in it an open jack-knife, handle and blade eight inches in length, which the fish had swallowed point foremost. On examining the knife, E. G were discovered marked on the handle, when the lad exclaimed "'tis uncle Eben Gardner's" The boy hastened to the supposed owner, to inquire if he had lost any thing.—Being answered in the negative, he then questioned his uncle if he had lost a knife. His reply was that when fishing 8 or 10 days before, he lost a jack knife overboard, east of Bass-rip. When asked to describe the knife, it soon appeared fully evident that the knife found in the fishes poke was the one he lost. The boy who found the knife is now one of our most respectable citizens, from whom we had, within a few days, these curious facts.

[Nantucket Inquirer.

STOVES AND STOVE PIPES.—Important Fact.—A few days since the store occupied by Thayer & Clark, in Merchants' Row, was discovered to be on fire. On examination, it was found that the heat from the back of a small cast iron stove in the counting-room had set fire to the furring and lathing through a coat of plaster with which they were covered. The space between the back of the stove and the plastered wall was from five to six inches and the plastering was of the usual thickness.

The fire was extinguished by pouring water down between the outer and inner walls. On removing the plastering, the wood work behind it appeared to have been as completely on fire as if nothing had been interposed between it and the stove. This fact seems to shew the necessity of allowing a greater space between stoves and stove pipes and wood works than has usually been judged to be requisite, or that an iron or metal plate should be placed between them in such a manner as to allow the air to pass freely on both sides of it.

[Boston Pat.

VISIT TO MOUNT VESUVIUS.

To the Editor of the N. E. Review.

Dear sir—Yesterday morning, we determined to make a visit to Mount Vesuvius, and inquired for a guide An aged man presented himself with an old paper in his hand, written in French and purporting to be a certificate from Sir Wm. Hamilton, formerly an English Minister resident in Naples. By this paper, it appeared, that the old man had been distinguished as an intelligent and faithful guide. The old man's son presented another paper from Sir Wm's successor at Naples of a like import in his favour. We engaged the son—the father was too old to go.

On calling for mules we were surrounded in a minute by *twenty* with their owners, each urging us to choose his as the best. There were but *three* of us, and the twenty muleteers became so importunate and troublesome that we seemed in great danger of a drubbing. The whole posse had hemmed us in on all sides.—The mules squeezing us, and the masters holding the stirrups, and seizing us by the arms and bawling in our ears to mount. I left the choice of a mule to the guide, and made a rapid retreat.

The ascent from Portici to the top of Vesuvius is eight miles. For the first three miles, the pathway is steep, narrow, rugged and stony, and cannot be safely travelled, except on mules. It is walled on both sides, and passes through fine vineyards of the grape that produces the *Lachryma Christi*. The next mile passes most of the way, through the black lava that was rolled down during the last great eruption. After crossing this lava stream, we ascended a very steep hill, that turns of the lava on each side, and has not been overflowed in modern times. Near the height of this ridge, you come to a white cottage called the Hermitage, commanding the finest view in the world After getting to the top of the lofty ridge, on which the Hermitage stands, we went for a mile or so along a pleasant, comfortable road. At the end of this ridge, a wooden cross is erected, which seems to awe the approaching torrent of lava, that divides, and passes off on each side. Here we descended into the frightful valley called *A trio del Cavello*. This valley is barren, covered with lava, rocks, and and substance like the melted matter thrown from a forge.

Passing a part of this valley over the black rocks of lava, we arrived at the steep ascent to the crater. Here commences the moving sand, with which the eruptions have covered the upper part of the mountain. We slid back at every step, and our shoes and often our feet, were torn and burned. Our mules were of course left behind, as no longer serviceable. The ascent seemed to me to form an angle with the horizon of 70 to 75 degrees, and a false step must inevitably have tumbled us some distance down on the sharp points of the lava. When at the top of this laborious and difficult ascent, we were still a quarter of a mile distant from the crater, and the remainder of the way lay over an uneven, broken ground, bearing no small resemblance to the abrupt waves produced by the meeting of the wind and a strong current of water. The ground is covered with craggy fragments of lava, and the smoke is constantly issuing from crevices in all directions. The surface near these crevices is covered with sulphur, alum, and ammonia, and so hot, in many places, that it cannot be touched with the hand. When we arrived at the brink of the crater, the wind, veering a little, blew the smoke full upon us and the stench of brimstone was so suffocating, that we were obliged instantly to change our position The descent into this frightful opening is about one hundred feet almost perpendicular. The surface of the bottom is a crust composed entirely of substance thrown up from the abyss below, over which it hangs, and into which it is often precipitated, when the weight becomes ponderous. Near the centre of this crust in the bottom of the crater, appeared the new crater upon the top of a mound, that wore the shape of a cone.—This mound had been formed mostly within the four preceding days, and might be 70 or 80 feet diameter at the base, and 35 in perpendicular height. Standing above it on the brink of the crater, at the nearest point, I could, with my utmost exertion, but just throw a stone into the burning crater of the mound. As we were determined to venture down the abyss, we descended on the weather side to avoid the smoke, and found ourselves at the base of the mound in a few minutes.

Every thing around us was now terrific.—Under our feet were the roarings and the thunderings of the abyss below—the sides of the horrid cavern sent out puffs of brimstone from its creviced rocks—and at each blast of the mighty furnace beneath, the air around us was filled with smoke, flames, and fragments of liquid lava, which for our own safety, we were obliged to watch anxiously in their descent. Nothing can be more fearful and appalling, than the first moments, when the adventurer stops his hurried descent at the bottom of this awful chasm, to listen, watch, and breathe. Yet the spirit of daring, in a few minutes, prompted us to venture up the mound within about fifteen feet of the flame, watching carefully for the falling of the largest lumps of lava, which we took upon the end of our sticks, and ran down the and thrust pieces of silver into them before they had time to cool. Several of those pieces, with the silver coin in them, I have with me as trophies.

On returning to the verge of the crater, I found, that my throat and nostrils were quite excoriated by the pungency of the sulphuretted atmosphere. I could not but pause, however, to gaze upon the bay of Naples. The sun was within about two hours of his setting and his red rays glanced across the waters and the purple and luxuriant islands, and lighted up a scene more beautiful and glorious than any I had ever witnessed.

In our return, we went down the steep ascent, by jumping a rod or two at a time, and striking our heels slanting in the cinders to prevent topping over. In this way, we arrived in four minutes to the place where our mules were waiting for us, and succeeded in reaching Naples a little after sunset.

TRANQUILLITY OF MIND.

'*Optandum ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*,' saith the Roman satirist, which maxim may be paraphrased in the words of another poet:

"'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind.'

These maxims are most strictly true. It is of the highest importance to health, to preserve the tranquillity of the mind, and not sink under the disappointments of life, or give way to the turbulence of the passions; for nothing injures more the nervous system and more effectually impairs the digestive powers of the stomach, than the influence of the various mental affections, such as fear, grief, anxiety, disappointment, anger, despair, rage, or any other violent passion, whether sudden or attended by protracted painful sensations. When they become vehement and immoderate, they disorder the body in various ways—chiefly by their impression upon the nervous system, and by their accelerating or retarding the circulation of the blood, and the various secretions.

From the influence of the passions upon the system, when they are allowed to escape from under the control of reason, a large proportion of the most dreaded diseases to which human nature is subject, originate. They increase, also, the malignity of disease, change its ordinary course, and aggravate it by a thousand incidental evils. During the prevalence of epidemics, they augment, in a very considerable degree, the susceptibility to an attack.

But, while the indulgence of the passions injures, in various ways, the health both of the body and the mind, a calm, contented, cheerful disposition, is invariably a fruitful source of health. Looking at the favourable side of things, as Father Paul has it, causeth 'our little to prosper,' and, independent of the other advantages afforded by equanimity of temper, we are assured, by Lord Bacon, that 'a cheerful tone of mind helps digestion more than is imagined and all are aware of the saying of the wise king, 'A merry heart doeth good like a medecine, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones.' The stimulus of the joyous and gently exciting passions, in suspending the incipient symptoms of various diseases, is often almost miraculous—while, during the course of a severe and protracted complaint, a favourable or unfavourable issue is often mainly determined by the nature of the mental emotions indulged in by the patient.

For the due preservation and enjoyment of health 'observe fair play between cares and pastimes—increase all your natural and healthy enjoyments—cultivate your evening fireside, or domestic circle—the society of your friends—the company of agreeable children—music and amusing books—an urbane and a generous gallantry. He who thinks any innocent pastime foolish, (none but the innocent can be healthy) has yet either to grow wise, or is past it. In the one case, his notion of being childish, is itself a childish notion. In the other, his importance is of so feeble and hollow a cast, that he durst not move for fear of tumbling to pieces.' This is doctrine agreeable to reason, and has received the sanction of the best and wisest men. Neither Scipio Lælius, nor the Grand Pontiff Scævola, thought it beneath their dignity to play at ducks and drakes by the water side, for their amusement. [Journal of Health.

BISHOP SLEEVES.

In 1663, the Legislature of Massachusetts passed the following law:

"And hereafter, no person whatever shall make any garment for women with sleeves more than an ell wide."

Hence it appears that Bishop sleeves, on which the ladies of the present day pride themselves so much, are not a new discovery; the daughters of the first settlers must have worn huge sleeves, or the law-makers would not have deemed it necessary to pass a law which, if now put in force, would cause many a heart to break.

[Emerald.

ABUSE.—Cato, the Censor, being scurrilously treated by a fellow who led a licentious and dissolute life, 'A contest,' said he, 'between me and thee is very unequal; for thou canst bear ill language with ease, and return it with pleasure; but, as for my part, 'tis unusual for me to hear it, and disagreeable to speak it.'

[Plutarch's Lives

CLASSICAL ACADEMY
For Young Ladies.

Mr. Hart and Miss Pennell

RESPECTFULLY inform the public that they have opened a school at the old Bank in Easton, where Young Ladies will be faithfully instructed in all the branches of a Classical English education taught in the most respectable Academies of our large cities—together with the Latin and French languages, every department of useful and ornamental needle work, &c. &c. They bring with them satisfactory testimonials of their moral and literary qualifications, which they have placed in the hands of some of the most respectable gentlemen of the town, to whom they will refer all concerned. Every attention will be paid to the manners and moral culture of their pupils—while the most untiring industry will be exerted in imparting an education which will render them useful and happy. The government of the school will be *kind parental* and *strict*. A board of visitors chosen by the patrons of the school, will attend to a faithful examination of the young ladies, on the last Friday of every month, and to report to the public. At the end of every quarter there will be an examination of the school to which all will be invited. A faithful journal of the conduct of each young lady will be kept, always open to the inspection of the visitors of the school, and to the parents and guardians of the children, *and to no others*.

TERMS.

For reading and orthography, $12 per annum.

For writing and arithmetic, (with the above,) $16 per annum.

For history, composition, geography, grammar, and plain needle work, (with the above,) $20 per annum.

For all the above branches, together with mathematics, the latin language, rhetoric and moral philosophy, $25 per annum.

For all the above with the French Language, astronomy, chemistry, botany, and natural philosophy, lace work, bead work, all other branches of ornamental needle work, $28 per annum.—All tuition to be paid quarterly.

march 16 3w

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.

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.

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

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

MARYLAND:

TALBOT COUNTY ORPHANS' COURT,
February Term, Anno Domini 1830.

On application of Priscilla Clark, Administratrix of William T. Clark, late of Talbot county deceased—It is ordered, that she give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that she cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in the town of Easton.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of proceedings of Talbot county Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set may hand, and the seal of my office affixed, this 4th day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty.

Test, JAS. PRICE, Reg'r.
of Wills for Talbot county.

IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE ABOVE ORDER,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That the subscriber of Talbot county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of said county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Wm. T. Clark, late of Talbot county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby requested to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of September; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 4th day of March, A. D. eighteen hundred and thirty.

PRISCILLA CLARK, Administratrix
of William T. Clark, deceased.

mar 16 3w

BASHAW.

THIS JACK was imported from Malta last June, and is 5 years old the ensuing spring. Having ascertained his qualifications from undoubted authority—the subscribers can confidently recommend him, as possessed of fine spirit, vigor, and good temper—qualities which are rarely combined in one of his species. His stands will be at the Trappe and Easton, commencing at the former place on SATURDAY, the 27 h of March, and the following TUESDAY at Easton—and each week during the season will be equally divided between the places aforesaid or their immediate vicinities. Terms, $8 the Spring's chance, which will be discharged by the payment of $5, by the 25th of October—$10 to ensure—$2 50 the single leap—and 25 cents in each case to the groom.

The Mule is preferable to all animals for the general purposes of Agriculture, and those farmers who have bred and used them will testify to the fact; a thorough and practical conviction of it has induced the purchase of the fine animal whose services are offered to the public.

N. GOLDSBOROUGH.
mar 9 w M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

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.*

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

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