APOLLO'S FOUNT.

FOR THE STAR.

"• • • • • • • • • quis enim modus adsit amori?"
"Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit!" *Maro.*

Nor wealth, nor pomp have I for *her*,
Nor palace proud that I can share,
Tissue nor diamond, pearl nor myrrh,
To deck her form—or flowing hair.

No princely train, can I command
To bend the knee—to act her will,
As slaves around her form to stand,
The measure of her power to fill.

No shouting mob will hail her queen!
With *rival* roses, hide her way;
No flattering courtiers will be seen,
Nor cringing barons homage pay.

No power have I to call to arm,
A legion, to defend her cause;
A gilded host to guard from harm
That *idol*, that my soul adores.

And yet a boon *would* I bestow—
Richer than fabled India's coast!
Her leaping streams may diamonds show,
The worth of *love*, they cannot boast.

Though guilded hall and splendid train,
Greet not her wandering eye;
The kiss of *love* kills every pain,
Atones for every sigh.

Though shining host, nor granite guard,
Stands marshelled at her word;
Yet *love* can be a flaming sword,
Legions for *one*, adored!

Naught but a cot have I for thee,
Naught but the poor one's home;
But *love* as *pure* as love *can* be,
Love from the *heart*—may *that* atone?

FREDERICK.

SONG—BY THOS. H. BAYLY.

She never blamed him, never!
But received him when he came,
With a welcome kind as ever,
And she tried to look the same:
But vainly she dissembled,
For whene'er she tried to smile,
A tear unbidden trembled
In her blue eye all the while.

She knew that she was dying,
And she dreaded not her doom—
She never thought of sighing
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom.
She knew her cheek was altered,
And she knew her eye was dim,
But her sweet voice only faltered
When she spoke of losing him.

'Tis true that he had lured her
From the Isle where she was born—
'Tis true he had inured her
To the cold world's cruel scorn;
But yet she never blamed him
For the anguish she had known,
And though she seldom named him,
She thought of him alone.

She sighed when he caressed her,
For she knew that they must part—
She spoke not when he pressed her
To his young and panting heart,
The banners waved around her,
And she heard the bugle's sound—
They passed—and strangers found her
Cold and lifeless on the ground.

AN ADVENTURE.

There are many situations in life that men are placed in, which will bring forth talent, strength, courage, and ingenuity, which himself and others deemed totally at variance with his nature. I am one whose life has been an undisturbed scene of peace and quietude. No quarrel or dispute ever rendered it necessary for me to call forth my moral or physical strength, both of which now I am inclined to believe I possess, at least the reader will bear me out when I have related the following adventure.

I was on my way to P——, in the fall of 18—; it was drawing towards the cold evening, in the first fall month, when my horse suddenly stopped before a respectable house, about four miles from N——. There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse; nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on. I determined to gratify his whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me—a kind of supernatural feeling, indescribable, that seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked, and requesting to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room, where sat a beautiful girl about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger. In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, his stubborn opposition to my mind. I am not, I observed, superstitious, nor inclined to lean on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them, but the strange, unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodging for the night.

'We are not,' she replied, 'well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them all. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence I feel unusually lonesome, and if it were not bordering on the superstitious, I might reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying, for similar feelings have been mine ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot imagine.'

The evening passed delightfully away my young hostess intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quick, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring, and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay turning and twisting on the bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one—its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway. I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next the staircase; the step came along the gallery, slow and cautious. I had seized my pistol, and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to movements semingly mysterious and suspicious; the sound of the step stopped at my door—then followed one as of the applying of the ear to the key hole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved; nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if heaven had selected *me* out as the instrument to effect its purpose. The person now slowly passed on, and I cautiously approached the door of my chamber. I now went by instinct, or rather by the convey ance of sound; for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door, mine seized on the other—a deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound, and awaited the repetition—It came not—all was still; he might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, & the very moment I stepped into the entry, I caught a glimpse of a tall man enter the lighted chamber of the young lady. I softly stepped along the entry and approached the chamber; through the half opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible, save the curtained bed within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he—gracious heaven! A NEGRO!!! For at that moment a tall, fierce looking black approached the bed; and never was Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented; at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception. I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking as I made a bound into the room. The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted we stood gazing on each other for a few seconds; his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corps on the floor! The noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in her bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downey bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view, was myself standing near her with a pistol in my hand. 'Oh, do not murder me! take all; you canno; will not kill me, sir!'—

The servants now rushed in; all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed a runaway slave from Virginia; and I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who in after years called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attacks of a midnight assassin.

We give the following characteristic note with the accompanying document, exactly as we receive them, for, even if disposed to 'demur' at the broadness of some of Mr. Pettigrew's partner's jokes,—as the lady says in Vivian Grey,—'how can one refine, when the thermometer is at 90?'—

Editor of the N. Y. American

SIR—Upon turning over a piece of fool's cap this morning upon one side of which I was drifting a *Narr:* I found that my partner had drawn up the enclosed *Bill of Particulars* on the other. By way of punishing such a departure from legal usages I send you the drift without giving him an opportunity of engrossing a fair copy. So if there should happen to be any thing in it to which yr fastidious taste demurs, you must e en amend it for yr slf. I am sir yr ob'svt.

VALENTINE PETTIGREW.

DIARY OF A HEATED ATTORNEY.

Monday Morning, 5 O'clock A. M.—Half awake—some inclination to get up; bed feeling as if it warmed like Will Waddle's, by a baker's oven; endured the genial warmth an hour longer in spite of milk-man, baker and patent sweeper, who were performing a trio in the street under my window.

6 o'clock—Hotter and hotter. Agreeably entertained by the buzzing of a score of blue-bottles, and most amazingly titillated by their lighting ever and anon upon my nose. Tried desperately to annihilate one or two, succeeded in blacking my own eye. Mortal could no longer stand or rather lie it, forced to be up betimes, rose, with a ——— at the insects and a phe—w, felt as if I had been dribbled through a pipestem.

7.—About half dressed, awful work. Mem—I have to make a call this morning, looked for a collar with double starch, found one which a man might have broke his shin over—determined that it would, at all events, last out the morning.

8—Breakfast—toast & salmon—coffee, steam and flies. Mem.—butter all gravy and flies not cooked—quere? which is worse; the pestering insect or the labor of wisking them?—finished half a cup—sat half an hour to cool—pulling on boots terrible. Mem—to buy boot-hooks with long handles—ready to go out—all out of the window looking like the inside of a steam boiler—made my mind up to the attempt—last peep in the looking glass. O Venus! my collar all dickey pendant over my stock like a wet towel hung over a fence to dry.

9 o'clock.—Arrived at my office—windows shut—atmosphere gives a very good idea of the interior of the crater of Vesuvius—let out a little of the heat and darkness as Pat says—quills, wafers, dust, parchment, and pigeon holes—pretty prospect, but not quite so refreshing as that from Cattskill mountain—at least just now. Three letters to write and a Bill in Chancery to finish—letters to be carried two miles to the gentleman who has undertaken to forward them.—Partner out of town, and no postponement possible—rare anticipation—gives one some idea of the feelings of a heretic on the eve of autho da-fe.

11—Hotter and hotter—peeped at thermometer, 92—tried Portwine and water as a cooler—unsuccessful, came through the pores of my skin as if I had been a canvass bag. Bar room crowded, steam rising in more ways than one. Standing near the Post Office, felt an usual warmth in my left shoulder, turned to ascertain the cause and found myself almost in contact with an old gentleman whose nose was red hot—removed from such an inflammable neighborhood in all haste.

12—Set out on my walk. Vulcan protect me.—Thought of Shadrack, Mecheck and Abednego; and compared myself to Bonaparte in Moscow—Saw a scorched bird's wing lying in the gutter; poor creature, no doubt it had been consumed in its own element, and perished on its rapid course like a moth in a candle—Felt my hat crisping into a cinder, and watched my shoes smoking like slow matches.

1 o'clock. Found my friend at home—Sorry I had endured so much trouble; had changed his mind, and was not going—knew a friend who was; lived only a mile off—pleasant consummation: no remedy, however—comfortable reflection—On my return, saw several people gazing at a large puddle of water; inquired and learned that three young ladies and their fat mama had just melted away: how lamentable—Thought of Arethusa and the sisters of Phaeton—Mean to compose a sonnet on the subject when the weather cools.

2—Thermometer 93½. Spent an hour in trying to find the coolest corner of the office: could'nt find it. Took off coat and stock; found my collar all gone: curious effect of heat.—Looked out of the window, and saw two little boys fighting for a fan. Wondered if it were any cooler on the water; wished I dare venture out to try. Tried to cool myself by thinking of Alpine scenery, islands of ice, sleigh riding the North Pole, and Miss ——, whose presence would now be a desirable thing; I never would have believed it before; for she would be an excellent refrigerator: but 'who can hold fire in his hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus.'

3—Dinner: horrible idea. Sat down to the task like Hercules to his labors: meat too rare: took a slice and found before I could eat it, that it was throughly done. Like to have died of thirst, not being able to drink for the liquid turned to steam before I could swallow it. Every body at table looking as if they as well as the joint, had just come out of the pot. Asked to wine by ——: inadvertently took brandy: never discovered the mistake except by the smell—found my corporeal substances so thoroughly imbued with caloric that the mustard and pepper lost all taste to me.—Dedont, an attempt at ice cream, vastly like a raw custard—custards of the consistency of crumbled cheese, the liquid part having evaporated. Tried to say a civil thing to Miss ———; could'nt do it; broke down in the middle—reception of my compliment the first cool thing I had felt all day.

5. Nap—dreamed I was a great snow-ball in a thaw; awaked by a gentleman wanting to see me—gentleman proved to be a dealer in old coats; d—d him out of the house; tried to sleep again—would'nt do. Thermometer down to 88—finding the weather grew cool, changed dress, went out 'a walking;' visited Blood—found the female part of his household fanning themselves—told me that they had used up fifteen fans a-piece during the day.

7 o'clock. Tea did the business for my second shirt collar. Chat, scandal, and claret and water—thermometer falling—found the end of my nose dry and growing pale—good sign.

9 o'clock. Hour of Love—felt as if no additional flames were necessary—kept civil and cool.

10. Thermometer down to 80—found myself gradually drying—ventured a tiff of Bramin, and an idea of water, and went home, wondering whether or no the devil had not been during the day making one of his permitted peregrinations to and fro on the face of the earth, or whether the expected comet's tail had not been sweeping over us like a fly-broom, or whether the sun had not caught fire, or Capt. Symmes's internal world been consumed—and whether to-morrow would be any cooler.

From the Journal of Law.

MARKS OF A GOOD JUDGE.

It was remarked by Sheldon, that there could be no mischief done in the commonwealth without a judge. This is true in the main, for where the laws are administered with justice, promptness and impartiality, the remedy for the evils produced by the vices, passions or irregularities of men, is always at hand, and the knowledge of this tends to keep those causes of moral evil in check. On the contrary, when the judges are indolent, of small learning, or want courage and honesty, the law becomes the very reverse of what it ought to be, and is a shelter to those who offend, a terror to those only, who have occasion to require its aid.

Bacon in his advice to Sir George Villiers, says, Because the life of the laws lies in the due execution and administration of them, let your eye be, in the first place upon the choice of *good Judges*. These properties had they need to be furnished with: to be learned in their profession; patient in hearing; prudent in governing; powerful in their elocution to persuade and satisfy both parties and hearers; just in their judgments; and to sum up all, they must have these three attributes; they must be men of courage, fearing God, and hating covetousness; an ignorant man cannot, a coward dares not be a good judge.

And again;—If any man sue to be made a judge, for my own part, I should suspect him; but if either directly or indirectly he should bargain for a place of judicature, let him be *rejected with shame*.

So much for the selection of judges. Of the rules which should govern their conduct on the bench, we have never seen a better summary than the following which is given by the writer already quoted, in his address to Justice Hutton. To represent unto you the lines and portraiture of a good judge.

The first is, that you should draw your learning out of your books, not out of your brain.

2. That you should mix well the freedom of your own opinion, with the reverence of the opinion of your fellows.

3. That you should continue the studying of your books, and not to spend on upon the old stock.

4. That you should fear no man's face, and yet not turn stoutness into bravery.

5. That you should be truly impartial, and not so as men may see affection through fine carriage.

6. That you should be a light to jurors to open their eyes; but not a guide to lead them by the nose.

7. That you affect not the opinion of pregnancy and expedition, by an impatient and catching hearing of the counsellors at the bar.

8. That your speech be with gravity, as one of the sages of the law not talkative, nor with impertinent flying out to show learning.

9. That your hands, and the hands of your hands, I mean those about you, be clean and uncorrupt from gifts, from meddling in titles, and from serving of turns, be they of great ones or small ones.

10. That you contain the jurisdiction of the court within the ancient Merestones, without removing the mark.

11. Lastly, that you carry such a hand over your ministers and clerks, as that they may rather be in awe of you, than presume upon you.

TRIAL OF COX THE MURDERER!

To the editors of the Virginia Republican.

CHARLESTOWN, July 21, 1830.

DEAR SIR:—The trial of Ebenezer Cox, charged with the murder of Col. Thomas B. Dunn, of Harper's Ferry, came on yesterday, before Judge Parker. Although the prisoner had made a confession some months ago, he availed himself, on this occasion, of his legal privileges, and pleaded *not guilty*. John E. Page, Esq. prosecuter of the commonwealth, was assisted by Edmund I. Lee, Esq.; and the prisoner when asked if had counsel, turned to John R. Cook, Esq. and named him as his advocate. Mr. Cooke remarked, that he was not aware that the prisoner considered him as his counsel; but as he had named him as such, he should deem it his duty to act. The venire was then called, when much difficulty occurred in procuring a jury. Of the sixty one venire men brought forward, (including bystanders,) 46 were excused, having formed and expressed decided opinions, and 5 were peremptorily challenged and refused by the prisoner. About half past 6 o'clock a jury was obtained, and impannelled. The evidence was then entered into, which appeared conclusive, and the previous voluntary confession of the prisoner, was detailed by the magistrate who received it, and by a person present.

The prosecutor very briefly explained the law in the case, and it was submitted to the jury without argument. The jury retired to their room for a period not exceeding 20 minutes, when they returned with a verdict of *murder in first degree.*

When the jury came in, and the prisoner was directed to stand up to hear the verdict, he arose, and very deliberately took out a quid of tobacco, which he began to chew with some vehemence. He then listened to the verdict without change of countenance; and with less concern than many would have exhibited if a judgment for $50 had been pronounced against them. Not the slightest emotion was betrayed by him; and if his heart gave a single palpitation in consequence of the certainty of his doom, he took care to keep the knowledge of it to himself. I have never seen a man of more firmness,—or perhaps it ought to be appropriately styled insensibility. When the witness described the victim of this youth's unholy resentment weltering in his blood, and casting his eye imploringly towards those who opened the office door, still the culprit's face retained its wonted composure and its rather mild expression. A stranger, casting his eye over the crowd, would be at a loss to recognize, by an outward sign, among the group in front of the bar, the actor in so bloody a tragedy. Little would he suspect a genteel, pleasant looking young man, of 22 years, to be the demon who had carried woe and desolation to so many hearts.

The judge will probably pronounce the sentence of the law on Saturday next, when it is likely the same hardihood and indifference will be exhibited by the convict, which he has invariably displayed.

MANY SERMONS FROM ONE TEXT.

It was a custom in years past in New England, when a minister wanted to make a display of his learning, to preach ten or twelve sermons on the same text. A judge of the county of Fairfield court, informed me that the first minister settled in the town of St——d, was a young man educated at Yale College, who took a notion to make a display of his learning, and at the same time to make some obscure things plain.—Therefore he choose for his text, Mat. viii. 14.—'And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his *wife's* mother laid, and sick of a fever. He informed his hearers that his design in choosing this text, was to convince them Peter was a *married man*. On this text he labored for six sabbaths forenoon and afternoon; and as he frequently quoted part of his text; viz: *Peter's wife's* mother laid sick of a fever. He would then say, 'Note, it was *Peter's wife's* mother.' 'Therefore, Peter was a *married man*' Thus he laboured to prove that Peter was a married man until he finished his eleventh discourse in the forenoon of the sixth Sabbath, and on closing his sermon, he informed the people that he should finish his discourses on this text in the afternoon; so that on the next Sabbath he should have a new text; for he perceived that the people were tired with his arguments to prove that Peter was a *married man*. But a circumstance occurred that put the blush upon the minister and prevented his preaching his twelfth sermon on this text. An infant child had died and was to be buried in the time of the intermission. The friends of the deceased had desired the Sexton to commence tolling the bell just as the meeting was dismissed. He did so—and the minister not knowing for what or why the bell tolled, asked a gentleman in a pew, 'who was dead, that the bell was tolling?' The gentleman replied, 'I dont know, but I guess it is *Peter's wife's mother*, for I hear she has been sick this five or six weeks.' B. H.

LAST NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted for officers' fees for the years of 1828 and 1829, are hereby notified that no longer indulgence can possibly be given, as I am determined to close the collections of said fees as the law directs. I have given my deputies the most peremptory orders to execute every person who may neglect this notice. I would also take the liberty to inform those persons who owe fees for the present year, (1830) that the same has been due for several months past, and payment is expected immediately for the same.

WM. TOWNSEND, Shff.

july 20 w

LATE BANK OF CAROLINE.

JULY 3, 1830.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Stockholders in this Institution, that an Election for seven Directors to manage the affairs, in closing said Institution for the ensuing year, will be held at the Court-House in Denton on the first Monday in August next, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, P. M.

By Order of the Board of Directors:

JOHN BOON, Agent.

july 6 4w

BALTIMORE
Tin Ware Manufactory,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND,

Tin Ware, Tin Plate, Wire, &c.

JAMES CORTLAN, would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he still continues at No. 10 Baltimore street, Baltimore, where he is now permanently established, and having enlarged his store and manufactory, he hopes to be enabled to keep the most extensive assortment of all kinds of TIN WARE, BLOCK TIN WARE, TIN PLATE, 1-3 X, IX, IXX, SDX, SDC, DX, DC, and WIRE, from No. 6 to 16, constantly on hand. He hopes to be enabled to fill the most extensive orders without delay. He would particularly invite country merchants to an examination of the prices and quality of his tin ware, &c. all of which he is confident will please. He will use every exertion to give satisfaction to his customers, and all orders punctually attended to, as if on personal application.

☞Pittsburg Gazette, Cincinnati American, Wheeling Compiler, Richmond Enquirer, Norfolk Beacon, Easton Star, Cambridge Chronicle, Elkton Press, Frederick Examiner, will publish the above once a week to the amount of one dollar, and charge this office.

july 20 w

A CARD.

A YOUNG LADY is desirous of obtaining a situation immediately, as governess in some respectable private family.

N. B. For further information, enquire at this office.

july 20 w

General Camp Meeting
FOR TALBOT COUNTY.

THE General Camp Meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Talbot Circuit, will be held in Haddaway's woods on the Bay Side, in said County, three miles above Haddaway's Ferry: to commence on Thursday Evening 19th of August.

The Camp Ground is situated within a quarter of a mile of the Bay, affording peculiar conveniences to those who may come by water,—the situation is very healthy,—and arrangements are making for a sufficient supply of excellent water.

july 20 w

KINGSTON TO RENT.

TO RENT for the ensuing year, and possession given on the first day of January next, that well known Farm called 'Kingston,' situated in King's Creek hundred, Talbot county, and immediately on the great Choptank River, together with the buildings, premises and appertenances to the same belonging. Kingston has long since been established as a depot for grain and other articles intended for the Baltimore market, and is considered one of the most eligible situations on the river for conducting Boating Business and a Grocery Store, and has been successively used for the above purposes. An investment of a very moderate Capital, conducted with industry and enterprise, would no doubt yield a handsome profit. The situation is healthy, the soil productive and the buildings in tolerable repair and will be made completely so in the early part of next spring. Terms made moderate to an approved tenant. Persons desirous of renting are invited to view the premises and apply to the subscriber.

ENNALLS MARTIN, Jr.

Dover Bridge, July 20 w

TO BE LET
THE UNION TAVERN,

In Easton;—possession to be given either immediately or at the commencement of next year.

ALSO,—The Dwelling House on Washington street opposite the Point Road, lately occupied by George F. Tompson:

ALSO,—Two Farms in Oxford Neck, and several other farms in Talbot county, of various qualities and sizes:

ALSO,—That Farm in Caroline county, called Poplar Neck:—Leases, on advantageous terms, will be given to substantial farmers with good stock.

JOHN LEEDS KERR.

Easton, june 8 w

FOR RENT,

THE Store Room and Cellar, opposite the Union Tavern. Possession immediately. Apply at the Star Office.

july 20

FOR RENT

FOR the ensuing year, 4 or 5 farms in the neighbourhood of the Chapel.—For terms apply to EDWARD N. HAMBLETON.

june 29 w

TAILORING.

JAMES L. SMITH,

RESPECTFULLY takes leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has recently furnished himself with the *latest fashions from Europe*, and having obtained some *first rate Journeymen*, is prepared to accommodate those who have heretofore so generously patronized him in the Tailoring business.

Easton, June 15 w

JOHN L. JONES,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the Frame House opposite the Miles River Road, formerly occupied by Joseph Parrott as a Carriage Shop, and has supplied himself with an

Excellent stock of well

SEASONED TIMBER

AND A FIRST RATE WORKMAN,

And is prepared to execute all orders at short notice, in the following branches:—Cartwheel Wright, Plough Stocking, or Cradling of Scythes.

may 4 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.

jan 26 6qw SOLOMON LOWE.

THE STEAM BOAT

MARYLAND

HAS commenced the Season, and will pursue her Routes in the following manner:

Leave Easton every Wednesday, and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Cambridge, and thence to Annapolis, and thence to Baltimore, where she will arrive in the evening.

Leave Baltimore, from the Tobacco Inspection Warehouse wharf, every Tuesday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Annapolis, and thence to Cambridge, if there should be any passenger on board for that place and thence to Easton; or directly to Easton, if no passenger for Cambridge.

She will leave Baltimore every Monday morning at 6 o'clock for Chestertown, calling at the Company's wharf on Corsica Creek; and return from Chestertown to Baltimore the same day, calling at the wharf on Corsica Creek.

All baggage and packages to be at the risk of the owners.

LEMUEL G. TAYLOR, Commander.

Easton, March 23

The Editors of papers on the Eastern Shore are requested to publish this Notice once a week till countermanded, and present their accounts to Capt. Taylor.

THROUGH IN A DAY.

From Philadelphia to Centreville, Maryland,

Via Delaware City, St Georges, 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 Steamboat Baltimore, Captain W. Whildin, 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.*

CASH FOR NEGROES.

The Subscriber, Agent for Austin Woolfolk,

WISHES TO PURCHASE

100 NEGROES,

OF BOTH SEXES,

From the age of twelve to twenty-five;

For whom the highest prices in cash will be given. Any person wishing to sell will please call at the Easton Hotel.

SAMUEL REYNOLDS.

may 18 w

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