APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the Torch Light.

You may travel the road from Missouri to Maine,
If 'twere all the way fenced 'twould make a long lane;
Yet from one end to the other you'll find every day
Men, women and children are turning to Clay.

The people now see there's a star in the West,
On whose influence and power the country may rest;
Would you have it to rise and its influence display,
There's naught will effect it but turning to Clay.

Even Martin Van Buren, who by cunning and trickery,
Thinks to ride into power on the back of old Hickory.
His schemes will all fail, and at some distant day,
The old King of terrors will turn him to Clay.

John Crawford Calhoun who presides in the Senate,
And insists he has no right to keep order in it—
His vaulting ambition has led him astray,
He'll be cool, calm and silent, when he's turned to Clay.

The Northern lion who once shook his mane,
And broke all the threads in the story of Hayne,
In the Cabinet, perhaps, his great powers may display,
If the country goes on thus in turning to Clay.

Though our national glory awhile may be veiled,
And our rulers still act with their reasons concealed,
Those dark deeds will, e're long, be all wiped away
As truth shall prevail and we all turn to Clay.

Then may the old Hero, I wish him no harm,
Retire in good health and in piece to his farm—
Look into himself and prepare for the day.
When he will be call'd on and must turn to Clay.

THE HARVEST HOME.

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the fruits of all thine increase;
So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall bust out with new wine.
Proverbs.

Shout, reapers, shout your 'harvest home;'
Shout praises to the glorious Lord,
Who pour'd the rain, who warm'd the sun,
Whose bounty has our garners stor'd.

He bade the Spring with zephyr breath
Blow mildly o'er each frozen glade,
Till bursting from the bonds of death
Uprose the green and spiky blade.

In vernal showers His goodness flow'd
On every hill, on every plain,
His Providential, care bestowed
The early and the latter rain.

He beckon'd to the farthest south,
And call'd young Summer into birth,
Then crown'd with blessings sent her forth
To shine upon the gladdened earth.

And bade, beneath her genial heat,
The soil her varied riches yield,
That man might from his labors reap
The income of each fruitful field.

And next as onward roll'd the year,
Brown Autumn, with her plenteous horn,
Shook from her lap the ripen'd ear,
The bearded grain, and yellow corn.

And when, by fruitful increase spent,
The land from labour sought repose,
Old Winter from the north He sent,
To wrap her in her hoary snows:—

And bade him in his icy chain
Bind earth and air and field and flood
Till balmy Spring should breathe again
Her fragrance o'er each flower and bud.

Thus all the Seasons in their turn
At his command their treasures pour,
That man with grateful heart might learn
The bounteous Giver to adore.

Then turn each eye, and bend each knee,
In praise to heaven's eternal throne,
While every heart swells grat-fully
Thanksgiving for your harvest home.

And as ye raise your gladsome voice,
And higher grows the solemn tone,
Oh! let your thankful hearts rejoice
To the glad shout of harvest home.

From the July No. of the London New Monthly Magazine.

MY COUSIN'S TOILETTE.

Why art thou thus attired?—*Titus Andronicus.*
See'st thou not what a deformed thief this Fashion is?—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

LONDON, May 20th, 1830.

My dear Cousin: * * * I proceed to redeem my valedictory pledge of pointing out a few habilimentary incongruities into which, during my rustication among you, the practised vision of a metropolitan eye failed not to discover you to have been betrayed. First and foremost, off with that Man brino's helmet which you are pleased to dignify with the appellation of bonnett; we live in the nineteenth century; in times inimical to check-by-jowl greetings in the market place; such salutations went out with the farthingales of antiquity, and yet you walk beneath the shade of a regular 'kiss-me-if-you-will:' cast it off forever, for wherefore lag behind the world? wherefore be the lady in the straw, while Louise breathes, and Girat walks the earth? * * * * * *

Your head, Dorothy, is good: physiognomically, phrenologically, calliginomically good: Nature has done much, but art must do more; it is not enough that 'your alabaster forehead is hung with locks that glitter like Hyperion's,' if those locks straggle as if 'wooed by each Ægean wind,' and float upon the gale, wild and ungovernable the emblem of your own buoyant spirit. Think not that I would commend 'that truculent distortion of the tresses' lately prevalent, the atrocious frizzing and giraffing of a deluded people; but I 'applaud to the very echo' the simply elegant, the exquisitely graceful style, called the *toque;* the more general adoption of which would save us many a painful enumeration of 'the various ways of dressing a calf's head.'—'Will this, then, become all?' methinks I hear you exclaim 'By no means: ringlets are endurable occasionally:' a few, the Junos of the creation, may emulate Pasta in Medea, and some almost venture upon a—no, not a crop; Hebe herself could not dare that with impunity. Oh! that 'Croppies lie down' were the stirring cry of vengeance to ears polite!—oh! that it were the tocsin of 'war even to the knife!'—oh! that mine enemy would wear a crop!* Heads *en toque* become not all shoulders; but I recommend the style—albeit rejoicing most in the gloriously fronted—as a kind of refuge for the destitute,—a sanctuary to which your sex may fly from the visitations of depraved taste originally and aggregately not a little. * * * * *

Strong as is my creed upon this point, there is another which I would maintain at the stake itself; namely, that ear-rings are an idolatrous and heathenish abomination. As the sun shineth, I believe them to be unsightly relics of a barbarous age. If we are to retain the customs of savages, why exempt the nose from its annular appendage? Why subject so delicate a feature as the ear to the tormentor, after the emancipation of its more obtrusive neighbor? The ear, independently of its abstract beauty, is no mean index of character: a bad one never hung from a good head: the path of the lop-eared, whether in the quadrille or the forest, I cross not willingly: be it mistress, or be it friend—be it woman, or be it man—the mark of the beast is there, and I flee it incontinently!

The stream of narrative bears me to the *corpus delictum,* the delinquences of your body corporate. 'A sleeve,' says Johnson, 'is the part of a garment that covers the arm.' Narrow-minded lexicographer! little guessed he the capacity of that portion of attire when he defined it thus: *certes* the mighty moralist took but confined views after all. 'The part of a garment that covers the arm,' quoth! say rather a thing that eclipses the figure from collar-bone to hip, falling below the finger-tips, as if to show, like a mandarin's gloves, that the wearer 'does nothing;' scaring symmetry from the front, and when viewed *au derriere,* resembling the trailing wings of a fatigued fowl in full retreat. * * * * * *

The sleeves being out of the way, I am enabled to get a glimpse of your waist. How unlike that of Prior's Emma, 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' Intestines are not to be trifled with, and time, which 'at last sets all things even,' will exact a fearful expiation for such outrages upon nature as you are now guilty of; remember the objurgatory innuendo of the poet,

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph has laced it;
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.

Not satisfied with injuring, you would actually destroy the mould. Think not, however, I am for 'leaving every beauty free, to sink or swell as Heaven pleases;' no no, Nature is far to loose a character to be trusted entirely. * * * In the glare of the world, keep a tight, though not a torturing, hand upon her. Partial attenuation is indispensable in woman as well as man, and, from the bottom of my heart, do I pity the wretch whose musenteric habiliments run to convexity.

So much for latitude; now for longitude. 'As you love me' exalt that band two inches. At present it is to you what the artificial horizon is to a globe, it cuts you into two equal parts, and, however convenient as a geographical arrangement, renders humanity somewhat abominable. The exaltation, moreover, will withdraw it from the disreputable vicinity of your downward peak, the exact point of which, by all that's unsophisticated! I never could for the life of me discover.

* * * * * *

I am firmly convinced that attention to dress in woman is, at this moment, a paramount duty, the neglect of which cannot fail to prove detrimental to society. Mistake me not; I see no moral turpitude in its disregard; I mean not to rank its observance with intellectual or religious cultivation; but I feel that the time is arrived, in which all the energies of your sex must be exerted for the maintenance of your dominion; you must put forth all your beauty and your bravery to neutralize the pernicious attraction of Clubs—those selfish and unsocial enemies of society—that threatening constellation, beneath whose lurid influence the delights and elegances of domestic life are already withering away. We surround ourselves with splendor, we repose in luxurious indolence, we are becoming independent of our sway; your supremacy totters to its base; and will you not strike one blow for empire? Under the slavish banner of Fashion you have been worsted; quiet her camp, and unfurl the standard of Taste! For what do you mingle with the world? in whose eyes do you desire to shine? whose approval to ensure?—Prudery herself must answer, *man's* And man be assured, is no omnifarious digester; his appetite palls with the same eternal banquet; he seeks for variety in the ball room as well as at the board, he sighs for appropriateness, and find it not: long and short, thick and thin, dark and fair, are arrayed by the same rule—the absurdity is absolutely too glaring for serious exposure. Adieu, yours, &c. A. C.

*I would observe once for all, that these remarks are general—every rule has its exceptions. I knew one becoming crop, but the wearer of that would reconcile us to any thing: she is lovely in spite of her crop.

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

We make the following extract from an article under this head, in a late number of Flint's Western Review. The article is copied into Mrs. Hale's Magazine for April:

'There are in the United States one hundred thousand young ladies, as Sir Ralph Abercrombie said of those of Scotland, 'the prettiest lassies in a' the world,' who neither know how to toil or spin, who are clothed like the lilies of the valley—who thrum the piano, and a few of the more dainty the harp—who walk as the Bible says, softly, lest brisker movement might snap tapes drawn to their utmost tension; who have read romances, and visit the interior of the theatres—who have been admired at the examinations of their high schools—who have wrought algebraic resolutions on the black board—who have shown themselves no mean proficients in the casuistry of Paley—who are in short the very roses of the garden, the otter of life—who, yet can never expect to be married, or, if married to live without—shall I speak or forbear?—putting their lilly hands to *domestic drudgery.*

We go into the interior of our recent wooden country. The fair one sits down to clink the wires of the piano. We see the fingers displayed on the keys, which we are sure never prepared a dinner, or made a garment for their robustious brothers. We traverse the streets of our own city, and the wires of the piano are drummed in our ears from every considerable house.—In cities and villages from one extremity of the union to the other, wherever there is a house, and the doors and windows betoken the presence of the mild months, the ringing of the piano wires is almost as universal a sound as the domestic hum of life within.

We need not enter in person. Imagination sees the fair, erect on her music stool, laced and pinioned, and bishop sleeved, and deformed with hair torn from another's scalp, and reduced to a questionable class of etymology, *secundo more,* dinging, as a Sawney would say, at the wires, as though she could in some way hammer out of them music, amusement, and a husband.—Look at the taper and cream colored fingers. Is she an utilitarian? Ask the fair one, after she has beaten all the music out of the keys—'pretty fair one canst talk to thy old and sick father, so as to beguile him out of the headach and rheumatism? Canst write a good and straight forward letter of business?' Thou art a chemist, I remember at the examination.—'Canst compound, prepare, and afterwards boil a good pudding?' 'Canst make one of the hundred subordinate ornaments of thy fair person? In short, tell us thy use in existence, except to be contemplated as a pretty picture, unless it have a mind, a heart, and we may emphatically add, the perennial value of utility.'

It is a sad and lamentable truth, after all the incessant din we have heard, of the march of the mind, the talks about Lyceums, and the interminable theories, inculcations and eulogies of education, that the present is an age of unbounded desire of display and notoriety, of exhaustless and unquestionable burning ambition; and not an age of calm, contented, ripe and useful knowledge for the sacred privacy of the parlour. Display, notoriety, surface, and splendor, these are the first aims of the mothers, and can we expect that the daughters will drink into a better spirit? To play, sing, glide down the giddy dance, and get a husband, is the lesson, not to be qualified to render his home quiet, well ordered and happy.

It is notorious that there will be no intermediate class between those who toil and spin, and those, whose claim to be ladies is founded on their being incapable of any value or utility. At present we know of none, except the little army of martyrs, yclept school mistresses, and still smaller corps of editorial and active blue stockings. If it should be my lot to transmigrate back to earth, in the form of a young man, my first homages in search of a wife would be paid to the thoughtful and pale faced fair one, surrounded by her noisy and refractory subjects, drilling her soul to patience, and learning to drink of the cup of earthly discipline, and, more impressively than by a thousand sermons, tasting the bitterness of our probationary course, in teaching the young idea how to shoot. Except as aforesaid, school-mistresses and blues, we believe, that all other damsels, clearly within the purview of the term of *lady,* estimate the clearness of their title precisely in the ratio of their uselessness.

A WEDDING.

There is something in the ceremony of a wedding that excites mingled emotions. The youthful pair pledging reciprocal fidelity and affection—the complacent smile of a parent in the act of yielding to the protection of another, a daughter—the joyous faces of youthful friends convened to witness the ceremony—the solemn accents of him who pronounces before high heaven the irrevocable words of union between kindred spirits; the sacred stillness that pervades the assembled guests in the act of plighting mutual faith at the hymenial altar; all combine to soften down the passions that rankle in the breast, and beget a feeling that partakes of the serenity and calmness of a fairy paradise. When the ceremony is over—when the 'twain' are made one, how changed the scene! the mutual interchange of salutations—the cordial expression of gentle and happy wishes for future felicity—the smiling countenances while partaking of the social cheer of the hospitable board—the witching tales of youthful loves, riven hearts and hair-breadth escapes from 'Cupid's filmy web'—all unite to neutralize the sullness of a previous moment, and to introduce the bustle of youthful gaiety, and the din of a happy convivial party. Under the influence of such hilarity of feeling, one could almost wish that the occasion which gave its birth were perpetual—at least, that a wedding with its accompaniments would continue, as in some eastern countries, for 40 days Why are not weddings more frequent?—Surely they are joyous seasons, and there are rusty bachelors and musty maidens enough to prevent their being so unfrequent. But ah! here is the rub—the honey moon lasts not forever—there's a second edition of matrimony in press that often frightens timorous souls into fits of the *blues* at the prospect of wading through a concern so voluminous. The after part, at least a view of it in the mind's eye, haunts the imagination—spoils the relish of a story, and like developing the secret of a well written novel of romance, prevents a further advance than a bare peep at the threshold, a view in perspective of the doings of others. In looking down the vista of succeeding years, the *substantials* are imagined necessary to supply the expenditures of a matrimonial journey. The *cold blooded* think so—and as well might you undertake to thaw with a breath the ice of the poles, as to kindle to a flame affections that have lain dormant for years, and become case-hardened by imaginary wants and fanciful predilections and prejudices.

JACK AND HIS WIFE.

A curious application was made on the 23d June, to the Superintendant of Police, at Covent-Garden, watch-house. A jolly-looking weather-beaten tar came tripping along with true sailor like step, and inquired for the Captain. He was immediately introduced to Mr. Thomas, to whom he detailed his grievances almost in the following terms:—'Your honour, I am an old seaman, and am come to you for redress. I served 15 years on board the *Asia,* and was at Navarino with her: besides, I have been in plenty of other battles, and as I have served my country well, you ought to do what you can for me. You must know, I have not long been ashore, and as I had nothing particular to do, I thought I would go to Windsor and see the King, Lord protect him! Well, your honour, you must know as how I felt very dull, and so I thought I would get some sort of wife. I hadn't been cruising about long afore I met with a jolly wench, as they called 'Fair-haired Poll.' I don't like to be under any obligation, so I thought I'd buy her out and out. We soon struck a bargain, and I bought her for fifteen pounds. We went on very comfortably together for a bit, but as I had had enough of Windsor, thinks I we'll go back. So we tacked about and got on board a coach for town. Well, we comes to a place they call Piccadilly, or some such name, but my Poll thinks proper to bolt while I was treating the Jarvy and she not only takes herself off but also 60*l.* of my money, and all my toggery. Now, you know, Captain, I'm not going to stand this 'ere; and therefore you must find out Mrs. Poll, and make her hand over my property.' Mr. Thomas, when acquainted with the sailor's story, took him to Bow street, where he repeated it to the magistrates, who were highly pleased with the *native* style in which he reisted it, and condoled with him upon his misfortune.—He exhibited several certificates to prove that he was a sailor, which, however, were not at all necessary, as he completely embodied the appearance of a regular-built tar. The magistrates then advised him to go back to Windsor, as he would be very likely to meet Poll again there, and in the meantime Mr. Thomas assured him that he would be on the lookout and endeavor to get him his money again. The sailor said they must get him his money by all manner of means, and in the mean time he would bear up again to Windsor, and keep his weather eye upon any suspicious craft, for he was sure Poll would be among'em.

Taking the Bull by the Horns.—A correspondent of the Concord, N. H. Statesman writes:—

'As a young man was driving a four year old bull along the Banks of the Pemigewasset, at New Hampton, last Monday, the animal turned and attacked him. The man snatched a stake from the fence and stood manfully upon his defence. The bull pushed violently at him, now receding, then renewing the attack with redoubled fury, endeavoring to dash his adversary to the earth. In a few minutes the battle became so warm that the man beat a retreat and plunged into the river there three or four feet deep. The bull followed, but the man reached the opposite shore before him. He had not time to escape, however, before the bull was at his heels. He again retreated; plunged into the stream, but by this time he had become so much exhausted that the animal overtook him in the middle of it. Still the young man, fertile in expedients, eluded the attack by constant turning in the water. As the animal could not turn so rapidly as the youth, the latter succeeded in seizing upon his tail—thence he leaped upon his neck and grappled him by the horns. By main strength he forced his head under water and drowned him!

A young man of 20 years of age seized a four year old bull by the horns and drown him!—Exactly so.—The moral of the above is this; in time of danger be cool, firm, resolute, active, and you will generally escape unhurt.

Had the above come from a less respectable source than the Concord Statesman, we should have inclined to the belief that it was a cock-and-a-bull' story. [Bos. Pat.

EASTON FEMALE
Classical Academy.

MR. HART & MISS PENNELL,

RESPECTFULLY inform the public that their vacation commences this day, and that the duties of their School will be resumed on MONDAY, the 13th of September. Miss Pennell, whose health is in a great measure restored, hopes to be able to give her uninterrupted attention hereafter to her pupils. To enable them to do ample justice to the *younger* members of the School, they have engaged the services of a young lady most advantageously known in Easton, who will assist them in the juvenile department of the Academy, and thus give the principals a more extended opportunity of rendering themselves useful to those who are older and more advanced Amidst interruptions arising from causes beyond their controul, their school has received a most liberal share of public patronage—grateful for the past, and determined to secure the good will of the public *by deserving it,* they pledge themselves, (in addition to their own untiring exertion) as soon as the income of the school will permit, to procure such efficient aid as will enable them to afford to the Young Ladies of Talbot county, an education as liberal and accomplished as they can procure elsewhere, at an expense comparatively trifling. Young Ladies desirous to learn Music will be taught in the *best manner,* by a lady who will remove to Easton on the 1st of October, and will hereafter give instruction to the members of this Academy, who may wish to learn this branch, on the most reasonable terms, The terms of tuition for all the branches taught in the Academy (exclusive of Music) are from 12 to 28 dollars per annum. Parents residing at a distance, desirous of sending their daughters to this school may hear of situations where they can be boarded on the most reasonable terms, by enquiring of S. Lowe, Esq. or Messrs. Rhodes, Kennard & Loveday. Mr. Hart avails himself of this opportunity to return his most sincere thanks to the public for the encouragement given to himself and daughter, in their well meant exertions in communicating knowledge to their pupils, to his friends and neighbours for their hospitable and kind attentions to his family, and particularly to *his pupils,* for their strict attention to the regulations of the Academy, their devotion to their studies, their ladylike deportment and affectionate intercourse with each other.

Aug 14—7 w

Easton Female Academy.
MRS. SCULL,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Parents and Guardians of youth in Talbot and the adjacent counties, that the duties of said Seminary will be resumed on the 13th September next—wherein will be taught the usual course of Literature, viz:—Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, (ancient and modern) History, Composition, plain and ornamental Needle Work, &c. &c.

Those who may think proper to patronize this institution, may be assured that every exertion will be made to facilitate the moral and literary progress of those entrusted to the care of the instructress.

aug 24 w

Commission Business.

I HAVE taken the *WAREHOUSE No 87, BOWLY'S WHARF,* where I am now transacting a general COMMISSION BUSINESS. I offer my services particularly *for the sale of Grain,* having had considerable experience, for several years past, in the purchase and sale of all kinds, when in the employ of Messrs. Bradford & Cooch.

WHITLEY M. BLOCH.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Wm. McDonald & Son, } Baltimore.
" Keller & Forman, }
Baltimore, 2d August, 1830.

The Telegraph, Chestertown; Times, Centreville; Star, Easton; Herald, Princess-Anne; and Messenger, Snow-Hill, will please copy the above to the amount of $2, each; forward me a paper containing the same, and charge to Cambridge Chronicle. W. M. B.

aug 10 7w

FOR RENT.
The Union Tavern in Easton,

Having been thoroughly repaired and all the premises put in complete order for the reception of a tenant who was expected to enter it immediately, but has been prevented by circumstances from removing to Easton, is again offered for rent. Possession may be had on the first day of January next, or at any time before, and a tenant entering at any time during the present year shall be free from rent till the 1st of January next on taking any reasonable lease of the premises.

JOHN LEEDS KERR.

Easton, August 31 w

SHERIFFALTY.

JESSE SCOTT respectfully presents his thanks to the free and independent Voters of Talbot county, for the liberal support extended to him on a former occasion; and now solicits their suffrages for the next Sheriffalty.

june 29 w

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTERS OF TALBOT COUNTY.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

Through the continued solicitations of my friends in the different districts of this county, and in accordance with my own wishes, I am induced to offer myself a candidate for the SHERIFFALTY, at our ensuing October election.—Should I be so fortunate as to obtain so much of your confidence as to give a majority of your votes, I should ever feel grateful for the same; and do pledge myself to discharge the duties incumbent on said office to the best of my ability, with fidelity, impartiality and justice.

The public's obedient servant,

JOSHUA M. FAULKNER.

St. Michaels, June 22—w

SHERIFFALTY.

TO THE VOTERS OF TALBOT COUNTY.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

Being solicited by a number of my fellow citizens to become a candidate for the office of Sheriff of this county, at the ensuing October election: I take this method of informing you that I am a candidate, and solicit your support for that office, and pledge myself, should I be so fortunate as to be elected, to discharge the duties of the office to the best of my ability.

GEORGE STEVENS.

Trappe, Talbot co. aug 10 w

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTERS OF CAROLINE COUNTY.

Fellow-Citizens:

At the instance and solicitation of my friends in the several districts of this county, I am again induced to offer myself as a Candidate for a seat in the next Legislature of Maryland—should I be so fortunate as to obtain so much of your confidence as to get a majority of your votes at the next October election, I pledge myself to discharge the duties thereby reposed in me to the best of my ability.

The Public's obedient servant,

WM. M. HARDCASTLE.

Near Greensborough, July 27 w

$30 REWARD.

WAS stolen out of the pasture of the subscriber, on the night, between the 16th and 17th inst. (August) a SORREL HORSE, the colour rather pale, 3 years old the Spring past, fifteen hands or upwards high, close and compactly made, fine looking for his age, a very handsome blaze in the face, and it is believed, the two hind feet are white, switch tail, a natural trotter, has been rode but very little, not so much as to make him bridle-wise, but is very coltish in the bit,—part of his mane inclines to hang on the near side, has very little foretop.

A reward of Ten Dollars will be given for the Horse, and all reasonable charges paid, if bro't home, and twenty dollars for the thief if lodged in any jail, and can be convicted of the crime.

Any editor of a newspaper seeing this advertisement, and copying the same into his paper, provided it be the means of giving the first intelligence, so that the owner gets his horse, shall receive a reward of ten dollars.

ROBERT MAXWELL,
Near Middletown, Del.

aug 31 *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. 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 Steamboat Baltimore, Captain W. Whildin, from Fine 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

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

FOR RENT,

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

july 20

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