APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the Baltimore Minerva & Saturday Post.

THE TRI-COLORED BANNER.

Again thou art waving, proud banner of France;
Where the shrill trumpet brays, and the nodding plumes dance,
Again thou art waving—and flap in the air,
As true as the strong arm, that unfurled thee there.

While in the glad sunbeams thy rainbow hues shine,
A tumult is heard from the Seine to the Rhine;
The nation awakes, and the hymn of the free,
Peals loud from the lips of the proud Marseillee.

The lash has been torn from the grasp of the foe,
The crown and its myrmidons both are laid low;
The word has been spoken—the soul of the free
Flashes bright from their eyes as they gaze upon thee.

Proud banner!—like thee our flag streamed on high,
A rainbow whose tints were impressed on the sky;
It rose—and the injured quick rallied around,
It waved—and the tyrant was hurled to the ground.

We hail thee, bright ensign of red, white and blue,
Be twined with our own round the hearts of the true,
But may thy deep tints, like the blending of light,
Ne'er mingle together to form the pure *white*.*

H.

*The concentrated rays of the sun form white; the royal standard of France is white.

From the New York Mirror.

EARLY DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MISS E. BOGART.

'In aught that tries the heart
How few can stand the proof!'

The first disappointment of the heart is the hardest to be borne. It is that which falls like a blight on the warmest and best affections of which human nature is susceptible; and though the young and elastic spirits may sometimes rise beneath the pressure, and perhaps recover their wonted tone, amidst the pleasure and gaities of life, there is still a cold and barren place on the mind, where hope will not blossom, nor expectation put forth her powers, nor fancy spring again into beauty and fertility. Love is, doubtless, in youth the strongest passion. It takes entire possession of the heart and tho'ts. It is the root on which happiness is grafted, and on which memory is engraven with its most indelible print. The historiest of its power are spread over the whole earth.

They are taken from every station and condition of life, and painted in all the variety of form and colouring of which the invention of the mind is capable. We behold in infancy its Eden-like paradise of bliss, its wild tornados of destruction and violence, its morbid melancholy, its sullen pride, its shrinking timidity, its remorseless vengeance; all these have been portrayed to the imagination in vivid colors, and in thousands of instances; still there are other thousands yet unrelated, and shades of difference in each, which arise continually in changeful hues to the mind, like new lights cast on old and faded pictures. The first disappointment of love is the poisoned arrow of life. Its effects are visible, according to the character and disposition of its object. Many sink beneath its influence, and never recover from the shock. Others seem to rise above it in their boasted strength and pride; but while they laugh with the gay, and glide along apparently, on the surface of the stream of pleasure, still,

'The cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.'

The gloomy misanthrope, the reckless votary of dissipation, the miserable victim of the demon of intemperance have often been caused by some early disappointment of the heart; where, perhaps 'many a withering thought lies hid,' of which the world knows not, thinks not, cares not. They were too dream-like in their existence among those other thoughts,

'All outward bound,
Midst sands and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure.'

These reflections were suggested to my mind by the circumstances of meeting lately with an old friend whom I had not seen for several years—but I have written a long preface to a simple story.

Cecilia Moreland, as I first remember her, was one of the gayest and happiest of human beings. To me she was the animating spirit of all my juvenile pleasures and enjoyments. Our friendship commenced early, and was early brought to maturity, for it needs not years to awaken the feelings of affection in the heart; they spring up spontaneously wherever they find any thing around which to entwine themselves, and time has nothing to do with their growth or their decay. I have frequently wondered that we should have been so very intimate; and can only account for it on the principle that extremes sometimes harmonize.

It is certain that we were totally unlike in character and disposition, yet I loved her as I have loved but few others. I know not how to describe her as she was at sixteen years of age, for there was never two days or hours in which she appeared the same. Lively, imaginative, unaffected and affectionate, she was one of the most versatile and fascinating of nature's children.—She was not very beautiful; but the glow of health and exercise imparted a brilliancy to her complexion, which charmed away the minor faults of form and feature. There was also an expression of gladness in her soulbeaming eye, and a clear wild ring of such heartfelt mirth in the sound of her gay laugh, that one might truly have imagined that happiness was the very essence of her existence. It was a source of deep regret to me that almost as soon as I was capable of appreciating her real worth, we were separated by the changing destinies of life. Still our attachment was faithfully nursed in a constant intercourse by letter which was supported on both sides with undiminished ardour for the space of a whole year; but at length shared the fate all similar youthful correspondence. The dates of our epistles began to grow more 'few and far between,' till in each lengthened interval of silence there was something lost of former ease and familiarity. Our thoughts, and feelings, and pleasures, and pursuits, became strange to each other; and as the common topics of discussion between us were divested of their interests, the pen by degrees was entirely neglected.

Thus it was that for several years I knew nothing of Cecilia Moreland; nothing but that she was married—and according to the opinion of the world, 'married well.' Her husband was said to be rich and handsome; and as beauty and wealth are the two things most sought after in the selection of a husband, who could presume to suppose that she had not been fortunate or happy in her choice? I believe from report that she was both happy and fortunate, and rejoiced at hearing it, as I would have done in former days. There are moments of delightful reminiscence, when the happy scenes of childhood and the power witchery of early feelings come home to my heart. Indeed our first impressions of love, or friendship, or happiness, or misery, are perhaps never entirely erased from our minds; however they may be sometimes carried away, and apparently lost in the whirlpool of the world; there are still lucid intervals of calmness and reflection, when they are thrown back upon the memory, and resume their triumphant though transitory reign.

It is not many months since I met with the friend of whom I have been speaking. We were passing accidently through the same place, and before I knew of her being there, I heard that she was coming to see me. In an instant, the image of Cecilia Moreland arose in fancy,

'As bright to my heart as 'twas to my eyes.'

I saw her as she was when I last beheld her. I forgot that she was no longer Cecilia Moreland, and knew not that with a change of name there was scarcely a trace remaining of her former self. I awaited her arrival with the utmost impatience. Every knock startled me—every sound approaching steps fixed my eyes on the door. It was at length opened, and a lady entered, leading by the hand a little boy of three years of age. I sprang forward to meet her, while the exclamation involuntarily escaped my lips. 'Oh, Cecilia, how you are altered!' She burst into tears. The answer was eloquent, and needed no explanation. We sat down and spoke of the length of time which had intervened since our last meeting: of the changes which had taken place within that period, and the different destinies by which each had since been followed.

I gazed on her face, and sighed as the picture of memory vanished. I wanted to ask her if she had been happy, but could not. I felt that if it was a chord that would not bear vibration.—The question was involved in too many delicate associations, which I knew could not be separated in her mind. It was evident that her once buoyant spirits had been crushed and broken, and her light heart divested of its gay and blissful feelings; and I was sure that there must have been some deep and undermining cause which had produced those effects; something too near *home*—which worked daily and hourly, and could not be cast off. Our brief intercourse was both pleasant and painful. We renewed our protestations of friendship with sincerity and interest, and once more parted to pursue our course in opposite directions. We were never to meet again. I spoke afterwards of our interview, and the impression it had left upon my mind, to one who had known Cecilia from her childhood.

'Ah,' replied she, 'Cecilia has seen her best days. She has got a husband who will harrass her to death with his teasing and irritating temper. He possesses one of those fault finding dispositions which can never be suited with any thing; and his wife, with all her efforts, can seldom succeed in pleasing him. Her spirits have at length been worn out by 'a continual drooping,' and her health suffers in consequence. That is not the only cause either; but every body does not know what I know. Between ourselves, she never loved the man she married. Her heart was given to one whom her parents thought no match for her, but they have reason now to repent their ambition. Of what use is wealth, if we must sacrifice peace to obtain it? The one who would have been her choice was every way calculated to make her happy, but her parents refused their consent to the union, and she gave him up. He has wandered away, nobody knows where, and she is fast descending to the grave.'

Here the narrator ceased her history, and her closing prediction was but too soon verified. She is gone to her last rest. I read an account of her death in a newspaper but a few days ago. It was stated that she died of consumption and the world will believe it was so. None, perhaps, will contradict it, though there may be a few who will know that it was disappointment which preyed at first upon her spirits, and at length produced the hectic flush and wasting weakness, which eventually destroyed her.

There are two portraits drawn in lasting colors on my heart and memory; the portraits of the two Cecilias. The one representing the young orignal in all the brilliant hues of hope and happiness; the other, after some few years, reflecting in her countenance the shades of care and disappointment.

CONNUBIAL.—We received the following letter through the Post Office, addressed to the 'gentleman who advertised for a wife in the New York Enquirer.' The manuscript is in a very beautiful small chirography—evidently a female hand, and with few orthographical errors, which our 'devils' will correct. She must be a charming, pleasant, witty creature, and if she does not suit the 'gentleman,' he deserves to be sent to Siberia. [N. Y. Enq.

BOSTON, Sept. 4th, 1830.

My Dear Sir—I hope you have not found a helpmate, as I should have written before if your advertisement had been in a more conspicuous part of the paper; being in one corner I did not perceive it until I had nearly read it through; when I ran up to my writing desk to indite, with all the haste that the importance of the subject requires, hoping that this will reach you before you have made up your mind, and that you will not be actuated by the old maxim 'first come, served.'

I am a young lady of the respectable age of twenty-two. *On dit*—I am not very handsome or homely—but I think myself handsome, notwithstanding other people do not; I am not very tall, but a very genteel figure, beautiful chesnut hair, and intellectual black eyes—

Whose very glance,
Would dissolve your soul in a thrilling trance!

Rather long metre, but very good rhyme *nonobstante*.

My nose, O! my dear sir, is rather chubbish, but answers very well for the purpose it was designed—my teeth are not naturally remarkably white, but by brushing and scrubbing, I have brought them to a tolerable state of perfection—coral lips of a most bewitching thickness, complete the *tout ensemble of my visage*—as to my temper, I have considerable, and is rather too easily ruffled:

'But though the sky is oft o'ercast,
A pleasant sunshine comes at last.'

I have been thus particular in my person, that you may get a correct idea of it, and not be disappointed when you see me, as I shall expect you every day. If you are seriously in pursuit of a *good wife*, you will not mind the trouble of a trip to Boston.

You must not raise your expectations too high, as I might possibly not like you—if I should not, you will not be the first gentleman I have served in the same manner. One gentleman came two hundred miles 'down east,' entirely on my account—but then I was not as poor as I now am, or I should have accepted—besides, he did not 'exactly suit me.'

I am, to use an old Yankee phrase, as poor as poverty. At present I am engaged in 'teaching the young idea how to shoot;' but to me it is far from being a delightful task; although in this situation I belong to a very respectable family:

'My name
Is linked with beauty and with fame.'

As to my education and accomplishments, it is not for me to speak of them, I leave that for your discrimination. But this, in justice to myself, I must say, notwithstanding my modesty, that

'When time's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers'—

Yet I am confident I possess that which will never fade—

'*The virtues of the mind.*'

I wonder what your name is? You know women will wonder. I hope it is as good sounding a one as mine is, and I should dislike to exchange for a worse one; but, however, I shall not be particular about that, for, as Juliet says—

'What's in a name?
That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.'

I shall now sign a fictitious name to this letter, but if you feel interested enough to send one with your *real name*, I shall be happy to inform you of *mine*, and also exchange it for *your excellency's*, hoping to hear from you soon. I have the honor to be your very affectionate servi-
teur. GULNARE WILLIAMS.

P. S. I send this by an old beau of mine, on purpose to plague him.

'The following anecdote, strongly illustrative of eastern superstition and eastern tyranny, is related in the MS. of Bishop Heber's journal. Some circumstances induced the editor to omit its publication, the principal of which was, that as the King of Oude was then living, and was in the habit of making his aides de-camp translate English books into Hindostanee for his information, she apprehended that the engineer whose history it relates, might again fall under the power of the favorite. That fear having been removed by the king's death, and the immediate dismissal from power of Kukeem Mende, the prime minister, she no longer hesitates to relate it. 'Many whimsical stories are current in Lucknow respecting the foibles and blindness of the poor king, and the rascality of his favorite. His fondness for mechanics has been already mentioned.—In trying some experiments of this nature he fell in with a Musulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent as well as considerable though unimproved, genius for such pursuits.—The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word; 'if he were wise, to leave Lucknow.' The poor man did so; removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera; ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children—and no more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war as far as the place where the new shop stood: he was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing—made his men draw into shore, and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands to receive him.

After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board—returned in high anger to Lucknow—and calling the minister asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. 'Undoubtedly!' was the reply. 'I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your Majesty's bounty to the widow and children.' 'Hurumzada!' said the King, bursting into a fury—'Look there, and never see my face more!' The vizier turned round and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance which the King could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter, then, turning again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of 'God be merciful! Satan is strong! In the name of God' keep the devil from me!' he said 'I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object?' 'Touch him!' said the king—'the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality.' 'Istufirullrh!' said the favorite; 'and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?'

The king still stormed; but his voice faultered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. 'It is certain, refuge of the world!' resumed the minister, 'that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen the body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened he may enter in again peaceably.' The king confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore with a horrible oath, that if he did not put himself on the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning—if ever he trod the earth again, it should be as a vampire indeed.—This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his senses.'

As great deceptions are performed at courts nearer home; all are alike, and the independent mind must laugh to scorn the affected imbecility of the cunning tribe who know that the appearance of talents would be a certain bar against rising in their line of life. The silk threads in Gulliver are the truths of sycophantic exhibition.

ANECDOTE.

The New York American furnishes the following Anecdote from a Parisian paper.

In the moment of danger, and in the midst of fire, there were about 80,000 combatants in the streets of Paris. There are now more than 100,000 office seekers in the anti-chamber, and God knows that the working men, who flew with such alacrity to the defence of the country, are not among the solicitors: they have returned to their peaceful labors. It was the turn of patriots to shew themselves when the grape-shot was flying; it is the turn of the greedy office hunters to shew themselves when the pillage of good places is at hand. In contrast with the above remarks, from the Journal du Havre, that paper presents this story:—'A friend of ours, an old officer of grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, created a colonel on the field of Waterloo, commanded a considerable assemblage, which he had managed to get together on the morning of the 28th. This brave man for three days performed prodigies of valor. All the old remnants of the Guard, who in other days had seen him amidst fire, sprang to his side on again seeing him in the midst of it. The tricolored standard in one hand, a musket in the other, it was he who first went to seek out and acknowledge Lafayette. Well, after three days of such dangers and fatigues, this gallant soldier returns to his brush, by which he lived, and sets himself quietly at work to paint portraits. His friends all insist upon his going to shew himself to the members of the government which he so powerfully aided in establishing. 'Shew myself!' he replied, 'I shewed myself enough yesterday; there is no more fighting, and therefore no more for me to do;' and he began again to retouch a portrait before him, humming the while the Marseilles hymn. He is told the papers are about to mention him. He hastened to beseech the editors to be silent respecting him, and to reach them was obliged to force his way through crowds who were soliciting to be named. The National, notwithstanding his heroic modesty, has spoken of our friend, but carefully saying that it was without his knowledge. They might have added that it was in spite of him, as we do know. We only yet venture to name him among ourselves.'

Wild Horses.—The Halifax Novascotian of the 6th inst. states that 18 horses were brought to that place a few days since from the *Isle of Sable*, and were soon to be sold on account of the owners. It is also said, that there are about 300 of these animals on the island—that they run wild, are very hardy, and have no shelter from the inclemencies of the weather—and that when broken, they make hard working, serviceable creatures.

CINCINNATI.

The subjoined description of Cincinnati is taken from a traveller's letter, published in the Newark Sentinel.

"The city is situated on the north bank of the Ohio river; the bank is about 60 or 70 feet high above low water mark. This, however, does not detract from the appearance, or so far as I perceive, from the convenience of the place; for the hill or bank all along the front of the city, is graded or graduated, so as to form an immense inclined plain—the whole of which is paved from low water mark to the front of the houses, constituting the first or front street along the river. The plain or tract of country in which the city is built, is in the form of an amphitheatre, surrounded in the distance, by what in our country, we should call mountains, but here are only considered hills or eminences; so that standing and looking in any part of the city, and looking to the right or left, before or behind, the long and wide and beautiful streets appear to terminate at the foot of these hills, covered with dark green foliage. Judging from the extent of the city in comparison with Newark, and supposing the latter to contain 9,000 or 10,000 inhabitants, I should think this place must number 28,000 or 30,000. We have often been astonished at the rapid increase of buildings and improvements in Newark; but in reference to this place it bears no comparison. I never have seen so many buildings going up in any place as in this, (I think I may safely say 500 large, substantial and many of them elegant mansions, principally of brick, with basements of marble or very handsome stone.) The ranges of stores, three or four stories high, in the business part of the city, are equal to any in New York—and while the dwelling houses are generally superior to any we have, the smaller buildings throughout the city, are in a style of neatness equal to those in the most favored town. I think I may venture to say that there are in this city two or three hundred buildings, private residences, that are far superior in size and elegance of structure to any we have in Newark. A number of the churches and the public buildings are also very superb and imposing in their appearance. The city is laid out in squares like Philadelphia, the streets in general wider and paved to a great extent. And while I sit writing here, the sound of the hammer and the saw, the rattling of carts and carriages, and the hum of business, almost make it impossible for me without an exertion of the mind to realize that I am near one thousand miles from the Atlantic. Immediately opposite this city on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, are two towns, Newport and Covington, divided by the river Licking that here forms a junction with the Ohio. These places being also situated on the high banks of the Ohio, add very much to the appearance of this place, for looking in that direction down any of the streets running towards the river, the streets seem to extend across the river, and corresponding with the streets in those places, gives the appearance of one continued city. In our passage down the river, we passed some pretty flourishing villages or towns, the principal of which is Marietta, on the Ohio side, and Maysville, on the Kentucky side. The distance between these places and a few smaller towns along the shores, is filled up with heavy wood, down to the water's edge, except here and there, at the distance sometimes from each other of 5, 10, 15 or 20 miles, a log house and cultivated fields relieve the sight, which would otherwise render the passage down the river rather monotonous.

NOVEL CORRESPONDENCE.

A singular correspondence has been commenced in Boston, between 'the living who are yet alive,' and the unborne of the third generation yet to come. The circumstances are as follows: At the late Centennial celebration in Boston, after the procession had been dismissed, General William Sullivan, wrote a letter to his *successor*, which he enclosed together with his TRUNCHEON, in a roll of parchment, and sealing it securely, he directed it in the following manner:

The CHIEF MARSHAL of the
Centennial celebration, 17th September, 1830.

To the CHIEF MARSHAL of 17th
September, 1930.

The package was delivered to the Mayor, with a request that he would cause it to be preserved, and transmitted as directed. Mr. Sullivan has also suggested to the proper authorities that an Iron or Tin Chest should be procured, and placed in a safe and secure situation, in which as many memorials of the day should be deposited as can be procured, including every thing that may be of interest to those who shall live indeed, whilst we live only in the memory.' We presume Gen. Sullivan does not anticipate an answer immediately. [N. Y. Com. Adv.

NEW FALL GOODS.

WM. CLARK

BEGS leave to inform his customers and the public generally, that he has just returned home with an extensive assortment of

NEW GOODS,

Selected with much care in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, from the latest importations, embracing almost every article in the

Staple and Fancy Line,

WHICH IS NOW OPENING,

And will be offered at a small advance for CASH, or on time to old *punctual* customers.

sep 28 w

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the Subscriber has been appointed by the Levy Court of Talbot county, Keeper of the Standard of Weights and Measures for said county, and will attend for the purpose of Inspecting and Adjusting all Weights and Measures, Scales and Scale-Beams, used in vending of Articles, from the date hereof until the 6th of October at his Shop in Easton—on the 6th and 7th at St. Michaels—at the Trappe on the 11th—Wye Mills on the 13th, and Lonckerman's Mill on the 14th.

WILLIAM BECKLEY, Standard Keeper.

N. B. All persons who stand indebted to the subscriber are earnestly requested to call and settle their accounts by the 15th of October, as he is determined to have them settled by Note or Cash; and all who fail to settle their accounts by the first of November, they will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

FOR SALE,

4,000 lbs. of PRIME BACON, and
50 bbls. of MACKEREL.

Apply as above. W. B.
sep 21 3w

TO BE RENTED

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR, the House and Lot on Aurora Street, now occupied by Mrs. Chamberlaine. J. ROGERS.
sept 21 w

TO RENT

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR,

The White House and Premises at the corner of Court and West streets opposite the new Methodist Church.
sept 28 w WM. CLARK.

HOUSES TO RENT.

TO RENT FOR THE YEAR 1831,

The Dwelling House and Premises on Washington street, adjoining Dr. Ennalls Martin, at present occupied by Wm. Barnett.

A small two Story brick Dwelling House and Kitchen on Harrison Street, adjoining the above.

Also, the Store Room and Celler, on Washington Street, adjoining the Easton Hotel, at present occupied by James Benny.

And a small House fronting the public Square, now used by Geo. W. Nabb as an Office.

For terms apply to
WM. H GROOME.
Easton, Sept. 28 w

FOR RENT,

THE Store Room and Cellar, opposite the Union Tavern. Possession immediately. Apply at the Star Office.
July 20

Farm to be Rented.

TO be rented for the next year, a Farm in Banbury; also several Houses and Lots in and about Easton.—For terms &c. apply to
JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.
Easton, sep 7 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 SALE,

A Complete set of Hatter's Tools, consisting of Plank, Kettle and Dye Kettle, Bows, Herles, &c. Enquire of the Printer.
sep 7 w

TO PRINTERS.

THE Proprietor of the 'Chestertown Telegraph,' being desirous of relinquishing the Printing business, will dispose of the establishment, on accommodating terms. Letters, post paid, addressed to the Chestertown Telegraph, will meet with punctual attention.
sept 21.

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 6qw

THE STEAM BOAT

MARYLAND

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

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.*

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