APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1831.

BEATING UP FOR SOLDIERS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

What little urchin is there never
Hath had that early scarlet fever,
  Of martial trappings caught?
Trappings well called—because they trap
And catch full many a country chap
  To go where fields are fought!

What little urchin with a rag
Hath never made a little flag
  (Our plate will show the manner,)
And wooed each tiny neighbour still,
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,
  To come beneath the banner?

Just like that ancient shape or mist
In Hamlet, crying, "'List O 'list!"
  Come, who will serve the king,
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead
And cut off Boneyparty's head?—
  And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,
To march with a military toy,
  And ape the soldier life;
And with a whistle or a hum,
I thought myself a Duke of Drum
  At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,
Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path
  With regimental mates,
By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs,
To siege the washhouse—charge the tubs—
Or storm the garden gates!'

From the Boston Statesman.

SONG.

Thou hast wooed me with pledges
  A princess might wear;
Thou hast offered rich jewels,
  To wreath in my hair.
Ah! deck with thy jewels,
  The halls of the sea;
Thy gold and thy pearls—
  They are not for me.
But give me love's myrtle,
  And ribband of blue;
And I'll go to the bridal
  At vespers with you.

Thou hast told of the glory
  That waited thy bride;
Thy mansion of splendour—
  Thy lineage of pride.
Ah! go to the high-born,
  In palace of glee,
And boast of thy titles—
  They are not for me.
But give me a cottage—
  A warm heart and true—
And I'll go to the bridal
  At vespers with you.

From the London Court Journal.

KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

"Open locks
Whoever knocks."—*Macbeth.*

It is a melancholy consideration to the reflecting mind, that half the eloquence of this world is wholly wasted—that half the audible sounds uttered by pains-taking christians 'are by the gods dispersed in empty air,' or at best expire,

'Vexing the dull ear of some drowsy man.'

Many, however, of the most elaborate concatenations of sound appear to be framed for no earthly purpose but that of *not* being listened to; such as the lengthy inauguration discourses of the French academicians—English charity sermons; the choruses of an Italian opera as performed in the King's Theatre, Haymarket, or those cut and dried speeches upon the Corn Laws, to which the house turns a deaf ear during the hammering-stammering process of a delivery, inasmuch as every member is aware he shall receive them in a legible shape, or pamphlet-wise on the morrow's morning.

These however serve, like the groans of Richard II., to show

'How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept.'

But there are others, harmonious as the jarring of the golden-hinged gates of Milton's heaven; others eloquent as the harangues of Mr. Charles Phillips, or the appeal of Jeannie Deans, from which we turn with a similar apathy of unobservance;—such as Judge Dodderum's pathetic and polysyllabic charges to his jury—Lady B.'s minute ichnography of the architectural conveniences of Ashbridge—the dinner-puns of Horatio of May Fair, and the supper-Platonic philosophy of Convivio of the Auld Town. But above all other neglected music, is the familiar eloquence of the knocker.

It is astonishing how much information may be conveyed to a sensitive ear, through the medium of a knock at the door! I speak not of such unintelligent auricular organs—of such Midas-like appendages to the human head—as can discern nothing in the rat-tat, tat-tatarat-tat-tat of a London standard footman—flinging his aiguillettes over his right shoulder with the energy he exerts to rouse his drowsy co-mate in the pantry below by an additional ring of the bell—but the simple announcement of 'Here we are:—open the door!'

But there are many among the civilized listeners of London, who are well aware that this damnable iteration may be taught to express, from the John without to the Thomas within, 'Her high mightiness the Duchess condescends to leave her patrician name upon your insignificant mistress;—fly wretch, and receive the card, for we are in haste!' or—'We conclude the fish and soup are off the table; but the House sits to-day, and *we* members are privileged people;' 'We trust you will not deny yourselves to an old friend; for we are come to chat this morning, and have a vast deal to say.' In short, as many bob majors may be rung upon the knocker of a fashionable door, as in the belfry of a country church. It is said that the postilions of the continent are enabled by the cracking of their whips, to convey to the post house they are approaching the number of post horses required, and the quality of the traveller's generosity in his *pourboire* or *trinkgeld*; but a considerable deal more may be said by a knock at the door.

To bring the fact home at once to the ears of my readers—the post knock!—who has not, at one period or other of his, thrilled to his very heart's core at the announcement conveyed in the post knock? Can any thing be more eloquent than that beciforous appeal to the heart and eye of an expecting correspondent? Does it not express: 'On with your spectacles!' as plain as knock can speak?

Then the knock-imperative;—*the single knock*, awful as the sound of the morning gun to the sentenced soldier—or the approaching tramp of the marble commandant in Don Giovanni! Does it not say: 'A person with a small account, who waits for an answer!'—does it not foreshow a damp wafer and a sheet of writing paper similar in texture to a school boy's cotton pocket handkerchief?—Is not the eloquence of its one harsh heavy blow, sufficient to make one

'burst all o'er
Into moist anguish never felt before!

Then the knock-deprecatory—the pianissimo of the daily governess, of the quizzy old friend living on an annuity, and the aid of an occasional dinner, or of the apothecary's assistant while his superior is recruiting at Margate—has it not a plausible gentleness in its vibration, which bespeaks forbearance?

Then we have the

'Double, double, double beat of the thundering'

Mrs. Alvarez Albuquerque Brown; whose Brobdignagian footmen are well aware that she wishes every body to think she is somebody, and is apprehensive that somebody may fancy she is nobody; does it not proclaim, 'I desired Hobson would spare no expense in my carriage; it is lined with *gros d'ete;* my horses are thoroughbred, and their caparaisons solid silver;—it is astonishing how much we all cost!'

The knock-domestic, on the other hand, is as amiable as a verse from Cowper, or a tortoise shell cat purring in the sunshine. It connects itself by association with the returning husband—the smell of roast mutton—the conjugal work box half closed, with the darning needle hastily inserted into the dilapidated web, and the nursery maid's. 'Hold your tongue, Miss Jenny, here's your pa!'

The knock-cordial proceeds from the friend just emancipated from that pillory-and-stocks-like instrument of torture—the royal mail;—or from a cousin just landed from a long sea voyage.

The knock-reprobatorical—a sort of terse compact snarl upon the knocker—foreshows the crabbed father, uncle, or guardian—bursting with the discovery of a furtive fall of timber, or sale of stock; infringing upon marriage settlements, and the rights of an increasing family.

The knock-jocose or familiar—the operation of a deuced good fellow or a bachelor friend, sounds a sort of pun-like alarum for a series of horse-laughs.

The knock *intenerata*, has a *sotto voce* murmur; as if interrupted by the delicate kid glove of the artist; a *nimini pimini* intonation, serving to convey a presentiment of *mille fleurs* to the palpitating drawing room above;—on which Julia flies in an attitude to her harp; and Sophia to the mirror to see that the ringlets are in order.

The knock civilized, which is generally perpetrated by some sinful imp of a cab-boy—a miniature Apollyon in top-boots—expresses 'We shall be too late at Tat's if you don't make haste'

The knock-importunate says, 'Take up my card—he is always at home to me.'

The knock-protracted of the *ennuye* drawls out a prayer for admittance—for as much as to yawn in company is a better diversion than a soliloquy of the the gapes.

The knock-agitated announces the fidgety dispenser of morning-visit gossip; flying from house to house in that busiest duty of idleness, keeping up an acquaintance.

The knock-*adagio* proclaims the inveterate proser, with 'a little theory of his own upon the currency; the knock-*pizzicato*, the dapper literary Lilliputian—a prodigious man in the annuals and the ballad or crow-quill lines;—the knock *sforzai*, some abrupt utilitarian friend, who flings his arguments at our head, and thumps our chairs and our patience to fragments in the energy of his philosophy. The knock-supplicational is fraught with the maudlin humanity of poor Plesdail, who has always 'a trifle to beg for an unfortunate family of six small children dying of the small-pox, in a small attic of a small alley in Little Britain, which would really be great charity.

THE QUENCHING OF THE TORCH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

'Look out for sea, quartermaster!—Mind your starboard helm!—Ease her, man,—ease her.'

On it came, rolling as high as the foreyard, and tumbled in, over the bows, green, clear and unbroken.

It filled the deep waist of the Torch in an instant, and as I rose half smothered in the midst of a jumble of men, pigs, hencoops, and spare spars, I had nearly lost an eye by a floating boarding pike that was lanced at me by the *jungle* of the water. As for the boats on the booms they had all gone to sea separately, and were bobbing afar in a squadron to leeward, the launch, acting as commodore, with the crew of a dozen sheep, whose bleatings as she rose on the crest of a wave, came back upon us, faintly blending with the hoarse roaring of the storm and seeming to cry, 'no more mutton for you, my boys.'

At length the lee ports were forced out—the pumps promptly rigged and manned—buckets slung and at work down the hatchways, and although we had narrowly escaped being swamped, and it continued to blow hard, with a very heavy sea, the men, confident in the qualities of the ship, worked with glee, shaking their teethers, and quizzing each other. But anon a sudden and appalling change came over the sea and the sky, that made the stoutest amongst us quail and draw his breath thick. The firmament darkened—the sea became black as ink—the wind fell to a dead calm—the teeming clouds descended and filled the murky arch of Heaven with their whirling masses, until they appeared to touch our mastheads, but there was neither lightning nor rain, nor one glancing flash, not one refreshing drop; the windows of the sky had been sealed up by Him who had said to the storm—'Peace—be still!'

During this death-like pause, infinitely more awful than the heaviest gale, every sound on board the voices of the men, even the creaking of the bulk-heads, was heard with startling distinctness; and the water-logged brig, having no wind to steady her, labored so heavily in the trough of the sea, that we expected her mast to go overboard every moment.

'Do you see and hear that sir?' said Lieutenant Treenail to the Captain. We all looked eagerly forth in the direction indicated. There was a white line in fearful contrast with the clouds and the rest of the ocean, gleaming on the extreme verge of the horizon—it grew broader—a low increasing growl was heard—a thick blinding mist came driving up astern of us, whose small drops pierced into the skin like sharp hail—'Is it rain?' 'No, no—salt, salt.'—And now the fierce Spirit of the Hurricane himself, the sea Azrael, in storm and in darkness, came thundering on with stunning violence, tearing off the snowy scalps of the tortured billows, and with tremendous and sheer force, crushing down beneath his chariot wheels their mountainous and howling ridges into one level plain of foaming water. Our chainplates, strong fastenings, and clenched bolts, drew like pliant wires, shrouds and stays were torn away like the summer gossamer, and our masts and spars, crackling before his fury like dry reeds in autumn, were blown clean out of the ship, over her bows into the sea.

Had we shown a shred of the strongest sail in the vessel, it would have been blown out of the bolt-rope in an instant, we had therefore to get her before the wind, by crossing a spar on the stump of the foremast, with four men at the wheel, one watch at the pumps, and the other clearing the wreck. But our spirits were soon dashed, when the old carpenter, one of the coolest and bravest men in the ship, rose thro' the fore-hatch, pale as a ghost, with his white hairs streaming straight out in the wind. He did not speak to any of us, but clambered aft, towards the capstan, to which the Captain had lashed himself. 'The water is rushing in forward like a mill stream, sir; we have either started a *butt*, or the wreck of the foremast has gone through her bows, for she is fast settling down by the head.' 'Get the boatswain to *fother* a sail, then, man and try it over the leak, but don't alarm the people, Mr. Kelson.' The brig was, indeed, rapidly loosing her buoyancy, and when the next heavy sea rose a-head of us, she gave a drunken sickening lurch, and pitched right into it, groaning and trembling in every plank, like a guilty and condemned thing in the prospect of impending punishment.

'Stand by, to heave the guns overboard!'—Too late, too late—Oh God, that cry!—I was stunned and drowning, a chaos of wreck was beneath me, and around me, and above me, and blue, agonized, gasping faces, and struggling arms and colorless clutching hands, and despairing yells for help, where help were impossible; when I felt a sharp bite on the neck, and breathed again. My Newfoundland dog, Sneezer, had snatched at me, and dragged me out of the eddy of the sinking vessel.

For life, for dear life, nearly suffocated amidst the hissing spray, we reached the cutter, the dog and his helpless master.

* * * * * * * * *

For three miserable days I had been exposed, half naked and bare-headed, in an open boat, without water, or food, or shade. The third fierce, cloudless, West India noon was long passed, and once more the dry burning sun sunk in the west, like a red hot shield of iron. In my horrible extremity, I imprecated the wrath of Heaven on my defenceless head, and shaking my clenched hands against the brazen sky, I called aloud on the Almighty, 'Oh, let me never see him rise again!' I glared on the noble dog, as he lay dying at the bottom of the boat, madness seized me, I tore his throat with my teeth, not for food, but that I might *drink* his hot blood: it flowed, and vampire like, I would have gorged myself, but as he turned his dull, grey, glazing eye on me, the pulses of my heart stopped, and I fell senseless.

When my recollection returned, I was stretched on some fresh plantain leaves, in a low smoky hut, with my faithful dog lying beside me, whining and licking my hands and face. On the rude joists that bound the rafters of the roof together, rested a light canoe with its paddles, and over against me, on the wall, hung some Indian fishing implements, and a long barrelled Spanish gun. Underneath lay a corpse, wrapped in a boat sail, on which was clumsily written, with charcoal, 'The body of John Deadeye, Esq. late commander of his Britannic Majesty's sloop Torch.'

There was a fire on the floor, at which Lieutenant Splinter, in his shirt and trowsers, drenched, unshorn, and death like, was roasting a joint of meat; whilst a dwarfish Indian, stark naked; sat opposite to him, squatting on his hams more like a large bull-frog than a man, and fanning the flame with a palm-leaf. In the dark corner of the hut half a dozen miserable sheep shrunk huddled together. Through the open door I saw the stars in the deep blue heaven, and the cold beams of the newly risen moon were dancing in a long flickering *wake* of silver light, on the ever heaving bosom of the ocean, whilst the melancholy murmur of the surf breaking on the shore, came booming the gentle night wind. I had been nourished during my delirium; for the fierceness of my sufferings was assuaged, and I was comparatively strong, when I anxiously enquired of the Lieutenant the fate of our shipmates

'All gone down in the old Torch; and had it not been for the launch and our four-footed friends there, I should not have been here to have told it; but raw mutton, with the wool on is not a mess to thrive on, Tom. All that the sharks have left of the Captain and five seamen came on shore last night. I have burried the poor fellows on the beach where they lay as well as I could, with an oar blade for a shovel, and the *bronze ornament* there (pointing to the Indian) for an assistant.'

Here he looked towards the body; and the honest fellows voice shook as he continued.

'But seeing you were alive, I thought if you did recover it would be gratifying to both of us, after having weathered it so long with him through gale and sunshine to lay the kind-hearted old man's head on its everlasting pillow as decently as our forlorn condition permitted.'

CHARACTERISTICS OF A SAILOR.

At the time of the last great earthquake in Callao, we believe it was in 1828—an American brig which for some time had been lying in the harbour, was, to use a sea term, 'thrown out,' or in other words, was careened on one side for the purpose of being repaired. Among other tools which had been borrowed from the United States sloop of war Vincennes, then at anchor there, was a hammer, which just before the first shock, was lost overboard.—The captain of the brig, who was then leaning over the quarter, where he was unperceived by the sailors, overheard the following conversation between them, respecting the loss of the hammer.

'Bloody nouns and pronouns! there goes the United States hammer overboard, Jack!'

'Well what do I care,' said Jack, 'I did'nt lose it overboard.'

'Nor did'nt I,' muttered the first knight of the marlingspike.

In the midst of this dispute the sea was seen to retire, while the inhabitants of the deep, stunned with the unusual turmoil of the water, rose in myriads to the surface. On shore, the spire of the church within the Castle of Callao, tottered and fell, and thick volumes of dust rose over the city and its suburbs.

'Hallo, Jack!' cried one of the sailors, 'what do you call that when 'tis boil'd?'

'Why man it is an earthquake—see what a dust it has kick'd up.'

'Log me! that's a good one'—ejaculated the first sailor, slapping his shipmate on the back—'We'll tell the Skip that the earthquake shook the hammer overboard!'—N. Y. Con.

PUN PUGILISTIC.

When Jack Marten, the pugilist, married Elizabeth Martin, of St. Giles, that incorrigible punster remarked, that it was too bad to knock his wife's out on the very day of her marriage.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of two writs of fieri facias, issued out of Talbot county Court, by the Clerk thereof, and to me directed, against George W. Nabb, to wit: one at the suit of William W. Moore, Executor of John W. Sherwood, deceased; and the other at the suit of said William W. Moore: will be sold at the front door of the Court-House in the town of Easton, in Talbot county, on TUESDAY the 18th day of January, 1831, between the hours of 12 and 4 o'clock of the same day, the following property, viz:—All that Lot or Parcel of Land, with the improvements thereon, situate, lying and being in the town of Easton, in Talbot county aforesaid, beginning at a stone marked XXIX, set in the ground at the intersection by the west side of Hanson street, with the north side of South-st. south, eighty-eight degrees west, four perches and eighteen links to the late Peter Denny's Lot, then with said Lot, north two degrees, west four perches and eighteen links to James Price's Lot, then with said Price's Lot north eighty-eight degrees, east four perches and eighteen links to Hanson street aforesaid, then with Hanson street to the beginning; which was conveyed to said Geo. W. Nabb on the 12th day of July, 1824, by a Deed of Indenture from a certain Ignatius Ledenham. Seized, taken, and will be sold as the property of said Nabb, to pay and satisfy the aforesaid writs of fieri facias, and the damages, costs and charges due and to become due thereon. Attendance by

J. M. FAULKNER, Shff

dec 28 4w

JUST RECEIVED,

A FURTHER SUPPLY OF

Writing & Letter Papers,

WITH

SCHOOL BOOOKS, SLATES, QUILLS, WAFERS, BONNETT BOARDS, &c. &c.

All of which will be sold low for cash, at the Star-Office, Easton, Md. nov 9 w

Collector's second & last Notice.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—

I must again call your attention to the payment of your taxes. The time allowed me by law to close the collections of the county, is drawing to a close; and you all know that it is impossible for me to pay off those who have claims against the county, without you first pay me. And I do hope, all who are the lovers of the principles of good government, will evince the same, by a speedy payment. Those who do not comply with this notice, by the last day of January, may expect the rigid letter of the Law enforced. However painful such a course may be to me, my duty as an officer will compel me to such a course, to protect myself from injury, and on account of the various interests at stake. Persons holding property in the county, and residing out of it, will do well to attend to this notice. I shall be in Denton every Tuesday, if health and weather permit.

The public's obedient servant,

JOHN A. SANGSTON, Collector, of Caroline county.

dec 28 3w

SHINGLES FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS JUST PURCHASED A LOAD OF

80,000 Cypress Shingles,

In BUNCHES of Superior Quality,

Which he will sell cheap, for Cash only.

☞Persons sending orders will be good enough to accompany them with the money, otherwise the Shingles will not be delivered.

WM. H. GROOME.

nov 2 enw8w

THE INDIAN PHYSICIAN.

EDWARD LOCKWOOD

FROM BALTIMORE.

HAVING for the last fifteen years, practised the healing art with the most flattering success in Philadelphia and Baltimore, he has appointed E. Lockwood his Agent in Easton, in whom he can confide; he having studied with me for about four years, and is perfectly well acquainted with those Vegetable substances, known to have the power of curing the worst of Diseases to which our frail bodies are liable. The administration of medicine will be confined to the practice of the Seneca Nation of Indians, which practice is particularly applicable to the cure of the following named diseases:—

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Gout,
Tetter Erysipelas, Epilepsy or Falling sickness.
Deafness, Fits, Baldness, Sore & Weak Eyes,
Female Obstruction, Cancers, Ulcers,
King's Evil, White Swellings, Stone or Gravel,
Dropsy, Piles, Costiveness Liver Complaint,
Sore Throat, Quinzy, Polypus and Mecurial Affections,
Rheumatism, Apoplexy, Palsey,

And many other diseases to which the human family are exposed. The afflicted will meet with every possible attention, and every possible exertion will be made to restore them to health, by calling on the Indian Physician, at Mr. Ridgaway's, Union Tavern, Easton.

Easton, Dec. 21 w

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

LEATHER.

THE Subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have

COMMENCED THE

TANNING BUSINESS

at the Yard formerly carried on for Messrs. Holyday & Hayward; and having purchased their entire stock of Leather, &c, they have on hand, and intend constantly keeping, at the Saddlery Shop of Mr. JOHN G STEVENS,

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Upper & Sole Leather,

which they will sell at fair prices for Cash, Hides, Sheep Skins, or Country Produce.—They will also take *Hides to Tan on Shares*, and pledge themselves to return all Share Leather in 12 months after they receive the Hides—being determined to pay strict attention to their business, they hope to receive a Share of patronage.—Cash will be given for Hides and Sheep Skins at the market price.

HENRY E. BATEMAN & Co.

Easton, Nov. 30—w



Coach, Gig & Harness Making.

THE Subscriber respectfully returns thanks to his friends and the public, for the encouragement already received in his line of business; and now informs them, that he has just returned from Baltimore

WITH A LARGE AND GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

MATERIALS;

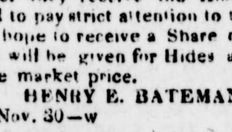
which will enable him with the assistance of the best Workmen that can be procured in the City, to have Carriages of every description finished in a very superior manner. He hopes by continued exertions to please the public, to merit their future patronage.

EDWARD S. HOPKINS.

nov 30 w

N. B. On hand and for Sale, a first rate COACHEE, warranted of the best workmanship and materials. E. S. H.

STEAM BOAT MARYLAND.



NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the Steamboat on her routes between Easton and Baltimore, will, on and after the 20th of this month and until the Spring, call at Castle Haven, in Dorchester county, for the delivery and reception of Passengers, and not at Cambridge. LEMUEL G. TAYLOR.

Easton, Oct. 12 w

TO BE RENTED

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

sept 21 w

FOR RENT,

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

july 20

CASH FOR NEGROES.

THE Subscriber, Agent for Austin Woolfolk, of Baltimore, takes this method of acknowledging the many preferences in the purchase of negroes, and wishes the citizens of the Eastern Shore to still continue their preference to him for

100 NEGROES,

From the age of twelve to twenty-five years, for whom he will give higher prices than any real purchaser that is now in the market, or may hereafter come. Any person having negroes, of the above ages, will do well in giving the preference to

SAMUEL REYNOLDS.

who may be found at the Easton Hotel.

nov 16

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



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 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.*

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND,

Faculty of Arts & Sciences.

IN conformity with the recent organization of the Collegiate Department in the University, the Faculty of Arts and Sciences beg leave to apprise the public that the classes will commence on MONDAY, the 2d of January next, before which day it is requested that all those who are desirous to enter as students in this branch of the University will register their names with the President or Secretary of the Faculty.

The College rules require that candidates for the Freshman class, should undergo an examination by the Faculty in Cæsar's Commentaries, Ovid, Sallust, and the Æneid of Virgil; the Greek Testament, Lucian's Dialogues, Anacreon, and the four first books of the Cyropedia, or the Anabasis, Mair's Introduction, Neilson's Greek Exercises, Adam's Latin and Valpy's Greek Grammar, including Greek and Latin Prosody, and so much of the Heathen Mythology, Adam's Roman and Potter's Grecian Antiquities, as are absolutely necessary for elucidating the above course. Also in English Grammar, Ancient and Modern Geography, the fundamental rules of Arithmetic, Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, the Doctrine of Roots and Powers and Arithmetical and Geometrical progression.

The Examination of the Candidates will take place in the first week in January, and as often thereafter as candidates may be presented. The Students upon examination will be distributed into the classes for which they may be found qualified.

The College Course occupies four years: each year is divided into three terms.

The first commencing on the 2d Monday of September.
The second on the 2d day of January.
The third on the Wednesday after Easterday.

Students entering after the commencement of a term are chargeable with the whole term.

The Faculty will commence their lectures as soon as the classes are formed.

The Charges of the College for instruction, including the lectures and all other expenses, are one hundred dollars per annum.

Those who desire further information in regard to the collegiate department, the studies pursued, and the ordinances of the Faculty, may obtain it by reference to any of the Trustees of the University, or to the gentlemen composing the Faculty of the Arts and Sciences.

Students from a distance may be registered by addressing a letter to the President or Secretary.

CHARLES WILLIAMS, D. D.
Prof. Ancient Languages, Prest.
JULIUS T. DUCATEL,
Prof. of Chemistry applied to the Arts, Sec'y.

P. S. The National Intelligencer, Annapolis Gazette, Easton Star, and Winchester (Va.) Republican, are requested to insert this advertisement twice a week in their papers until the 1st of February, and send their accounts to the Executive Committee of the University of Maryland, Baltimore.

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