APOLLO'S FOUNT.

THE VIOLET.

'Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The violet has my love;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove.

My garden was the window seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase—the fair, the sweet—
It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride—
How I did watch its growth!
For health and bloom, what plans I tried,
And often injured both.

I placed it in the summer shower,
I placed it in the sun;
And ever, at the evening hour,
My work seemed half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew
How slow they seemed to be!
At last there's tinge of blue—
'Twas worth the world to me!

At length the perfume filled the room,
Shed from their purple wreath;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gathered two or three—they teemed
Such rich gifts to bestow;
So precious in my sight, I deemed
That all must think them so.

Ah! who is there but would be fain
To be be a child once more;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before?

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown,
It is no more of flowers;
Their bloom is past, their breath is flown,
Yet I recall those hours.

Let nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nurst;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first.

From the Constellation.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN NEW-YORK.

New-York, Jan. 3d, 1831.

Dear Tim,—It is a pretty considerable time since I wrote you, but you cant say of my pistolary correspondence as one of our New-York editors said the other day of the President's Message. What do you think that was? Why he said as how 'The great vice' of that poplar document was its length. I wonder what he'd say to old Gaischeltoltom's barn which was 100 and 40 feet long the last time I saw it. I guess the old man would hop up a bit, if the *king* himself was to tell him it was a great vice in his barn 'cause he could stow more hay in't than in two common sized barns, and have room enuff for his stalks and his salt hay besides. That's my idea of messages—I say let 'em be long enuff to hold all the President has got to say and not leave any thing to be stacked out over winter.

Ive had a world of experience since I wrote you last. Ive been into almost every hole and corner in the city, all the museums, the circus sea, theatres and every other place but the jails. Ive managed to keep out of that, though one feller tried pisgy hard to put me in. This New York is a queerer and queerer place the longer I stay in't and the more I see of their manners and customs. Some of 'em are pisgy curous as you shall heer.

I was sittin down to the fire toating my shins last friday night which you know was the tale end of the year, when my landlady said to me, says she 'Enoch be you going to make any calls to-morrow?' 'Calls marm,' says I, 'I guess I don't understand you.' 'Why bless my stars!' says Mrs. Fritter' that's the name of the woman I borde with, 'you Yankees never keep new years till you come to new York.' 'No marm,' says I, 'but we keeps thanksgiven, and that's more than *you* do.' I guess the old lady was a leetle bit miffed at this, for she didn't give us nothing very marvellous last thanksgivin. However she kind of come to, and patting me on the back just as though I was a pet calf, 'I'll tell you what 'tis Enoch,' says she 'you must brush up to-morrow and go and see the gals, the gentlemen all call on them new years and you will get more good things than you ever did at a yankee thanksgivin, in your life.'

I thought the old lady was tryin to joke me, but when I went to bed I axed the feller that sleeps in the same room with me if it was a fact and he said it was and if I didn't call on every gal I knew on new years day they'd cut my acquaintance the whole year after. Just tell your Sally of that and as I can't call on her myself, give her the compliments of the season for me. I know she hates *compliments* but its all the fashion here to compliment the ladies new years day. I guess they need it a pigy site more than the yankee gals they laff at so much. Well I lay thinkin the matter over and contriving what I should wear, and what I should say, when I heard the darndest racket in the street rite under my winder you ever heard in your life.

I jumped up to see what was goin on. There was much as a hundred fellers, all sorts, sizes and colors, marchin through the street with tin pails and shovels and tongs and warming-pans and fish-horns, and all sorts of musikal implements, beating, blowing, screaming and bawling ten times louder than a consort of cats or a meetin-house full of niggers. I couldn't imagine what under the canopy was to pay, when my roommate said 'twas the Callicothumpins or some such Dutchified name, who always went round New Years eve to kick up a jollification I guess the select men of our town wouldn't allow such doings there, but they're a queer set of folks in New York. The people are the most soverein part of the community here xcept the hogs, and they run about and turn up their noses to jist whom they please. If I belonged to the Corporation I'de point a field-driver in less than no time.

When I got up in the mornin there was black Sal the cook and her 3 children all standin at my door. I axed em what the wanted, when the hole concern showed their ivory and sung out happy new yer massa! happy new yer massa! I told 'em I wished 'em a thousand—Sal said she didn't want that, but wanted a shillin a piece for her and her children. That's another New York fashion thinks I, to spunge us Yankees out of our money. They crowded round me so tight that I couldn't shave with no comfort, and so to get rid of em I gave em a cent a piece and an empty blackin bottle worth four pence hapenny. After I got shaved and dressed, I made some further inquiries about this same custom of makin calls on New Years, and being satisfied it was a varsal custom, at about 9 o'clock I started out.

There wasn't a single store open—it looked jist like Sunday, xcept the streets were full of men and no women. This I accounted for pretty naterally, the last were all at home and the first were goin round to see em. I had made a memorandum of my female acquaintance—there was jist six of em and I old made, I went to see Mrs. Muggins first, who is the wife of a grocer that keeps next door to us. She bords out like every body else in N. York. When I got there she went quite dressed, and so I set down in one room while she was riggin in the next. I looked round but didn't see nothing thanksgivinish. I began to think I was too early, for the servant gal was brushin up the floor and I had to set in all her dust and take it. I waited about half an hour longer and then told the gal I guessed I'de be off. She run into the bed room to tell her mistress, but I tho't she might come out to see me half dressed which would be horribly mortifyin, and so I sung out happy new year, and cut and run.

After waiting an hour or so, I made my second call—not on Mrs. Muggins, for I don't believe she got dressed till next day. The woman folks were all ready to see company here and had a table full of cake, wine and whiskey punch. I took a swig of the punch and drank to our better acquaintance and they all smiled and seemed dreadfully pleased. The gals were tolerable good lookin for city gals, but they looked so pisgy old I shouldn't like to marry 'em, though the old woman has said as much to me, as I might if I was a mind to. But at the next house where I went was a darned pretty gal—almost as handsum as your Sally. She was up to fun I guess, and knows a thing or 2. After I had chatted a leetle about the weather and compliments of the season, says she, 'my dear Enoch, what will you take that's good.' I told her I didn't care what and then she took up a plate full of mushrooms as I thought, and says she you shall have a kiss Enoch. By the gorry! how my mouth watered at the invitation, I sprang at her and she dropped the plate and run, but not so fast that I didn't catch her, and smack both sides her cheeks pretty considerably I tell you. You no need to say any thing to your Sally about this, for it is nothin but one of their foolish New-Year customs and she might fret about it, and make herself uneasy.

The fact is I didn't lose my heart or my senses all day long, though I saw lots of fellers in the afternoon walking Virginia fence and some at the corners holdin up a post. I made one mistake however, I got into a wrong house, though the name on the door was the same as the Mr. John Smith where I was going to call. The lady was not in the room when I went in, I thought it was best to make the most of my time and so helped myself to a glass of wine and a piece of cake. Just as I begun to eat Mrs. Smith comes in; I saw my mistake at once, but my mouth was so full I couldnt tell her of it. I slipped back my glass on to the table as sly as I could, and kept bowin an bowin to the lady till I backed my way out of the room, when I made my escape as fast as my legs would carry me.

There was one other leetle scrape I got into during the day which I will tell you. One old dutch lady where I called filled the pockets of my ropper cloack full of cookees as she called em, which are a kind of lappin sweet jonny-cake as big as a flounder. I guess she gave me as much as 20 on em. I hadnt got fur from her house afore I stubbed my toe in crossin a gutter and upset my apple cart as sleek as a whistle. I went sprawling one way, my hat another, and me cookees another. In less than a giffee, a whole lot of boys was on the spot and scrabblin for the cookees. I knocked down 3 or em, but they eat up more than half or my New-Year presents before I got em back again. These New York boys are full of the old harry, and don't know manners at all.

I believe I have told you all my adventures on new years day. I like this custom of treating once a year all round, though some of the fashionable folks here have set their faces against it and are going to try to brake it up—What do you think their reason is? cause 'tis xpensive? no, cause 'tis inconvenient? no, you couldnt guess a week of Saturdays and so I'll tell you—cause it is ungenteel. Now if this dont beat the duch my name aint Enoch.

I should like to see some of these would be quality folks who set up their Ebenezers in this style and ax em who they are an who their grandfathers were, aye, or their fathers either. We shouldnt go back far afore Enoch Timbertoes could boast as regular bilt pedigree as any on em. If my father was a farmer their's were tailers or seller chandlers. The only difference is, mr sticks to his plow and aint ashamed of his dirty hands, while some of these city geotry when they get rich, are so mighty grand, they throw off their leather aperns and sink the mechanic at once. But I'll tell you what 'tis, this sort of tagrag and bobtail nobility wont take in this publican country, or my name aint

ENOCH TIMBERTOES,

thats all.

P. S. One of the gals I went to see New Years Day, sent word to the door she want to home, and so I left my card, but didn't know there was any thing but my name on't. I went to see her again yesterday, and she looked plaguy pokerish at me which made me ask her what was the matter. She said I was an impudent fellar and didn't know hettykett, and then showed me my card. By golly! how I laffed when I saw what was on't. You know the bremen geese Nat Porter wanted me to bye for his old made ant? Well I made a memorandum of it and stuck it in my pocket book and it was that are very piece of paper I left at that gals. On one side was Enoch Timbertoes as large as life and on the other 3 geese and 1 gander. I was just upon her for trying to be so mighty genteel, wasnt it?

From the New England Galaxy.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

'Jack,' said my uncle George one morning, 'you've often asked me to tell you the name of the original of that old portrait in the tarnished gilded frame; that smug looking, remarksably handsome young fellow, with his hair in a queue, ruffles over his hands, and a blue coat lined with white silk, and laid up in silver. Well my boy, that's me.'

'Why uncle George were you ever young?' I was an unlicked cub of some six years at the period to which I allude.

Subsequently to this discovery when I attained a more mature age, I used to bore my uncle George for the explanation of a hitherto unsolved and mysterious riddle—his celibacy. One morning he was in his antediluvian red velvet chair, examining his calf supercilliously as his goodly leg reposed upon the arm of the lolling hair, and to my question (the usual commencement of a morning colloquy.) 'Were you ever in love?' he cast a furious glance at the distant tongs. I enterposed between him and the fire place, and continued the attack.

'Uncle! uncle George, were you ever in love!'

'Yes,' shouted the old gentleman.

'Ever offer?' I continued.

'Yes,' murmured he, musingly.

'Rejected?'

'No!'

'What then?'

This was coming *in medias res*—I had never got so far into the subject previously, and I pushed him valiantly. 'What then?' I mollified the old man, and after some slight and ineffectual resistance, he gave up the point and began his narration.

'When I was a young rascal, as you are now of some twenty years, I was a very dissipated fellow, (I hope you don't follow my example, Jack—eh?) and as the natural consequence of a disgust for pleasure, I believed, (as all clever Yankees do) that there was no such thing in the whole circle of creation, as a virtuous, sensible, sensitive, disinterested, modest and affectionate woman. Of course when I went to take a drive my terrier was the only breathing creature who participated in the delights of my tilbury, and shared the comforts of my rich apartment. I sported misanthropy, and became the rage. What was it to me that Miss Amelia Angelina Augusta Fitz-Wellington Merrywell, had the smallest possible foot, and walked like an opera dancer or an angel? [dont confound the two] or that Miss Appogiatura Quaverly could go two notes higher than Madame Bravura, who had been educated at the conversatorio at Milan? I could go behind the scenes and waltz to my heart's content with Mlle. Pirouette, of the Opera Francais, who out-waltzed and out-capered Miss Merrywell by chalks, and stood firmer on the fetlock beside. And then too I could listen to the Signorina Andantino, who upon my honor, could go a full half-note higher than Miss Appogiatura Quaverly.

'True, I used to frequent jams; but if a lady's eye glass rested on me for a moment, it was hastily withdrawn, for my very drooping collar seemed to mutter, 'Who are you looking at?' This was the case for three or four unhappy years, until I took to writing pastorals, and tho't there might be such a thing as 'love in a village.'—Two days after, I was rolling down to the country residence of a distant relation in a travelling tilbury, dragged slowly onward by two sleepy ponies. The family, who received me cordially, were seated in a close shaven green lawn in front of their house, which was a pretty dwelling in the English style, completely embosomed in flowery shrubbery and graceful forest-trees. After I had recovered from the congratulatory hand-gripes of some fifteen bear-like boys, I was at liberty to observe the gentler portion of the family. Miss Clementina Groverly, a real beauty, was pouring out tea under the shade of a little vine hung arbor which was further darkened by a huge ivy-twined oak tree. For a month succeeding,

I sang beneath the midnight skies,
I raved beneath the limes,
Orlando in my lunacy,
And Petrarch in my rhymes.

And then those evening walks in the twilight wood, and those little unmeaning but important attentions, that turning over of music leaves on the piano-forte, then the fierce outpourings of bombastic speeches, or to use a more genteel phrase, 'the spouting it strong on the big figure' in short I was in love with Miss Clementina Groverly and behaved like most other young persons in the same predicament, like—a fool—My fortune being a plum, the 'Old ones' favored the attachment and flattered me prodigiously—the children used to bring me nosegays, and the servants were directed to observe an unusual degree of politeness towards me, which means they were ordered not to forget brushing my coat, and to remember not to squirt water on me from the chamber windows. Whenever I entered the parlor and found Clementina there, all the others would rise and rush out into the garden, leaving us *tete a tete*. At length, after having protracted my visit beyond all reason, I was forced to leave for Boston. As I was to start at five in the morning, I resolved to take my leave of Clementina the evening previous. 'Silence is more than eloquence in love.' For a few moments neither of us spoke, but when we did the parting was heart-rending.

'Clementina, my love,' said I, 'I'll write you constantly.'

'Thank you, George,' responded the *sotto voce*.

'And you will write me, love?' I murmured, blubbering.

'Yes—yes, George,' answered Clementina.

'Co-er-tainly?' snivelled I.

'Certainly,' answered she in broken accents.

'If—

'I—I—if?' groaned I, 'don't make any reservation. If what?'

'If—if—if—*if you'll pay the postage.*'

'Need I tell you why I didn't marry her?'

SINGULAR WILL.

A young man by the name of William Knight, was lately brought before the London police, charged with having taken an active part in the late disturbances. In searching the pockets of this promising revolutionist, they found the following Will:—

'I, William Knight, of London, in the county of Middlesex, in sound health of body and mind, do will and bequeath as follows:—First, my strength I do give to support the cause of liberty in the ensuing revolution. Secondly, my body, if I fall in the fight, I give to form a barricade against the advance of the military, and then to be disposed of as any person may choose. Thirdly, my pistols I give to my father. Fourthly, one pin I bequeath to my mother. Fifthly, my clothes I give to Frederick. Sixthly, my pictures I give to Charles. Seventhly, my papers, pens, and ink, I give to George Remmington. Eighthly, I give and bequeath a gold ring to Henry. Ninthly, I give a pin to Mrs. Remmington. Tenthly, I give my pencils to the rest of the family to be divided equally amongst them, and lastly, the rest of my property I give to my mother. (Signed)

'WILLIAM KNIGHT.

'Dated 7th November, 1830.'

We think Mrs. Remmington must feel herself highly flattered with her share of the goods and chattels.—N. Y. Standard.

A HANDSOME MAN.

Our readers are aware that travellers in Europe are obliged to obtain pass-ports, which give an accurate description of their personal appearance. An English traveller had his passport returned to him at Mayence, while he was at dinner. On arising from the table he took up the bill of fare by mistake, folded it up carefully, and left his passport quietly reposing on the table, to astonish the first hungry man that might examine it for the purpose of selecting from the good things of mine host. Off he went to Cologne, where the Prussian police officer at the gate demanded Sir Robert's papers; and on receiving the substituted document, progressively satisfied himself of the identity of the party by what he took for the written description of him.—'Calf's head,'—Yes. 'Bullock's tongue,'—'Pig's cheeks,'—Sow's ears.'—Right. 'Hand of Pork.'—Yes. 'Boars ham,'—'Rump of beef,'—'Leg of mutton,—All right. 'Stuffed heart,'—I dare say. 'Fried liver,'—Been in India, I suppose. Rhine wine, Burgundy Champagne, Port wine Porter, Curacoa, Cognac.' Oh! these last are only the gentleman's travelling effects, and concern the Dousane. Drive on!' The 'been in India, I suppose,' is a glorious inference.

BOSTON, January 5.

DISTRESSING CALAMITY.

On Sunday afternoon the widow of E. Rumney, residing with her brother in-law, Mr. Richard Rumney, in Allen-street, was burnt to death in a most afflicting manner. Her brother having gone out, she locked the door as was her constant custom when Mr. Rumney was absent, and in going towards the fire-place, her foot caught in the carpet and threw her into the fire before she could recover herself, being a very stout woman. Her clothes caught, and although she shrieked for assistance it was some time before the neighbours could get to her, through the windows, when they succeeded in in extinguishing the flames, but not until she was most dreadfully burnt on the whole left side of the body. She continued in this state, suffering much excruciating agony, until Monday when she expired. Mrs. Rumney was seventy-four years of age, and has maintained, through life, a correct and unblemished character. [Transcript.

TRADITION OF THE RED SEA.

The superstition of the neighbourhood (a point in the Red Sea; which is remarkable for the furious gusts, to which it is almost continually subject, ascribes it a supernatural, and not to any physical cause) for this being, according to received tradition, the spot where the chosen people under Moses passed over, the ignorant imagine that, since it was also here that the host of Pharoh was swallowed up, their restless spirits still remain at the bottom of the deep, and are continually busied in drawing down mariners to their destruction—a notion so received among the all the seafaring people along that coast, that it would be quite in vain to argue against it. Adventures of Giovanni Finati.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.—An extract from Mr. Williams's forthcoming State Register for 1831, gives the number of Newspapers in the State at 234, of which about 90 are favorable to the present administration, and 80 against it; 46 of the latter number are Anti-Masonic. In Putnam and Rockland counties only, no papers are published.

In the city of New York, there are 51 papers of all kinds; daily 11, semi-weekly 10, weekly 24, semi-monthly 5, monthly 1. There are supposed to be 16 000 daily sheets published; 18,000 semi-weekly, and 50,000 weekly. The whole number of papers printed in the city in a year is supposed to be 9.536,000—in the whole State, 14.536,000. The paper consumed by the journals of the State, in a year, is estimated at above 33,000 reams, and the cost of it, at $4 a ream, $132,000.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

One of our subscribers, Mr. Briesler, of Quincy, yesterday exhibited to us in a phial of water, a living snake, which was taken about ten days since from the head of a cabbage about to be cooked in his family. At first it was thought to be a thread, but being seen to move it was preserved. It is perfectly white, and though not larger round than a horse hair, is full three feet in length; most of the time in an irregular coil; rather sluggish in its movements, which are most active near its head and tail. Once it protruded its tongue, which was of a dark color. [Boston Pat.

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

TO THE AFFLICTED.

THIS is to certify that I was afflicted with hæmaturia, or in other words, that I passed a great quantity of blood with my urine, by which I was weakened so as to be confined to my bed; for the removal of which disease I employed physicians both at Easton and Baltimore without receiving any benefit from their prescriptions or advice. Despairing of a cure of the disease I applied to the Indian Physician, E. Lockwood, at Easton, and in nine days my complaint was entirely removed. As witness my hand and seal this third day of January, 1831.

THOS. P. TOWNSEND, Seal.

☞As to a knowledge of the cure of Mr Townsend's disease by the Indian Physician, I cheertully put my hand and seal, this 3d day of January, 1831.

SAMUEL H. BENNY, [SEAL]

jan 11 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. 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



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 Celler, opposite the Union Tavern. Possession immediately. Apply at the Star Office.

july 20

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 24 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 24 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, Secty.

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.

dec 7 8w

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.

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