APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the Mobile Register.

I enclose you a copy of a letter lately received by our President from his Majesty William the Fourth. The source from which I received the document, is confidential, but you may rest perfectly assured of its authenticity.

V. B.

THE KING, TO THE PRESIDENT.

To let you know that George is dead,
And I'm now reigning in his stead,
This brief despatch I send:
Assuring you there ne'er shall be
Dispute or war 'twixt you and me,
My democratic friend.

I am just somewhat in the blues,
From France I have unpleasant news,
Things are in sad confusion.
There's been, I hear, a famous stir,
The Rebels (beg your pardon, Sir,)
Have made a Revolution.

To say how far 'twill reach is vain,
It has already entered Spain,
And spreads in every quarter;
Naples must yield—perhaps the Pope,
But still my friend, I have a hope
It will not cross the water.

But mobs are changeful as the moon,
We Kings can never tell how soon,
Our heads, or crowns may go:
For should my 'faithful Commons' say,
'Your Gracious Majesty can't stay,'
I must be off, you know.

Now should the Radicals prevail,
And think that I had better sail,
But this is confidential;
Can you my worthy friend provide,
A mansion where I might reside?
The terms are not essential.

Perhaps king Joe* would like to sell,
His place would suit me very well,
There where he last resided,
If he consents—have the deed drawn,
For money you can call on Vaughan,†
He's always well provided.

And then, a king without a crown,
In rural ease I'll set me down,
Aloof from Europe's riot;
And when with me, my friend you dine,
We'll crack our jokes and sip our wine,
In calm domestic quiet.

*Joseph Bonaparte, who now resides in N. Jersey.

†British Minister to the United States.

MY FIRST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

The old proverb says, 'Once a man—twice a child.' I have no objection to urge against the truth of the maxim—none to the sage Sancho who in his wisdom indited it; but I must frankly confess that, if this rule in mortal mans existence be invariable, some villain destiny has brought the two extremes (the two childhoods) of my particular life together, and I am afraid intends to defraud me entirely of the middle term: for (shall I confess it?) I am at forty in some respects as great a child as I was at ten. Wordsworth has very truly said, after Dryden,* that

'The child is father to the man;'

and it is only to be regretted that the child-father cannot keep the man his son under more subjection in his riper years. Indeed, it would be well for us if our pursuits as men were as innocent as our pursuits as children—our crimes would then be as venial, and their punishment as merciful.

I love childish shows—those 'trivial, fond records'—and my Lord Mayor's Show usually finds me a gaping observer of the wonder of the 9th of November. But, but alas! if there is one honour more than another which illustrates the short-livedness of all honours, it is this preparatory pageant to a whole year of honour. There is something more or less melancholy in all grandeur, and more or less ridiculous in the most serious exhibition of it; if these sad deductions of sad experience are remarkable in one solemnity more than another, it is in 'My Lord Mayor's Show.' The whole design of the pageant is so incongruous, from the mixture of barbaric pomp (its men in armour) with modern refinement (its men in broad cloth)—so cheerless, from the season and its sure circumstances of fog, frost, or drenching rain, under one or more of which it yearly takes place, that, instead of being a gratification to the eye, or pleasing to our sense of the outward glory of public homage, it passes before us like the mockery and not the majesty of pomp, which should have somewhat of the poetry of pageantry or else it is duller than a twice told tale. Yet for this brief glory, good men, and therefore good citizens, have struggled 'through evil report and good report,' and having enjoyed it, have sat down contented for the rest of their lives. There are much worse ambitions: and it is well, perhaps, that this is so short-lived; the best governors of Rome were her consuls for a year.

My first 'Lord Mayor's Show' occurred in that happy period of life, boyhood, and when we are soonest 'pleased with a feather.' To be sure, a dense and thoroughly English fog, one 'native and to the manner born,'—one of unadulterated Essex home-manufacture, did, both on its going forth and on its return make 'darkness visible,' obscured the glories of the day, and accompanied with a sleety sort of a drizzle, rendered the paths of honour as slippery as the sledge of Schaffhausen. But what to me, then, were these accidental drawbacks upon the great occasion! True, I had seen what I went out to see as 'through a glass darkly;' but that which I saw not, my imagination exhibited—all the rest was 'feather and prunella.' The obscured glories of that day still 'haunt me like a vision;' and I have assisted at no Lord Mayor's Show since, without an undefinable sense of something to be seen which I had somehow not seen.

I shall not soon forget that first illusion, which if I had not studied the programme, I might now suspect I had beheld with these eyes, but in its stead, a gayer sort of funeral. Yet that foreknowing of the *dram. pers.* of that dullest of all the dolorous dramas represented on this stage, the world; that bitter fruit of knowledge, which I had intended as an olive of preparation to the wine of delight, did too well inform me that I had seen the veritable Lord Mayor's Show of November's sober seriousness, and not the Lord Mayor's pageant of my April imagination. It was an epoch in my life; for it was the first of its many deceits in which I was undeceived. The show of my preconceiving was indeed a sight to have seen; but I saw the real Simon Pure, and felt all glory here is but 'naught a thought, a pageant and a dream.' First impressions are last impressions.

It was of course a dull dirty November day. The rains which at that season usually drench one half the world, leaving the other half parching with thirst, had first washed the city and then left it one weltering kennel of mud. However, on the morning of the day big with the fate of Watson or of Staines (I forget which) the clouds contented themselves with a sleety sort of drizzle; a kind of confectionary rain, which under the pressure of powdering you all over with a sort of candy of ice, soaked your broadcloth through and through. At ten the thick air, instead of melting into 'thin air,' grew 'palpable to feeling as to sight;' it was sullenly stationary at eleven, and there was not the sixteenth of hope that it would clear off. The 'chink of hammers accomplishing the knights' (who needed it,) and 'closing their rivits up,' gave note of preparation.—In a few minutes more a foggy, half-suffocated cry was heard, 'a warning voice,' from one end of Milk-street to the other.—'They come? they come?' 'Where? where?' was the response; and the glorious vision that I was to have seen passed unheeded away, with all its banners, bannerets, bandy drummers, footmen, knights, coaches, carts, common-councilmen, tumblers, and common stage waggons, and admiring mob, equally imperceptible. The darkness swallowed all.

Having by some mysterious instinct, with which nature; when she located that people of Britain called cockneys, on the northern shore of the Thames, must have abundantly gifted, them, found their unseen way to Blackfriars, the Right Honorable and his retinue took water, and felt out their way by the piles standing along the shore, to Westminster, where landing 'all well,' the common serjeant, with an instinct natural to a lawyer, *made* Westminster Hall, and led 'the splendid annual, within its legal gates.' Certain mummeries being gone through, as well as the official labours of a hearty reflection, 'the corporative capacity' of London paddled its way patiently from Westminster, clearing the small craft with a nautical skill never sufficiently to be wondered at and admired; and miraculously westhered blackfriars-Bridge, in total safety, thanks to the pilot at the helm of city admiralty affairs, to whom the dark dangers of both shores were as familiar as posts and corners to a blind man.

Here the day, as if it relented in its spiteful attention of damping the general joy and the corporative glory, smiled a momentary smile; and the fog dissipating, within the circumference of fifty yards, it was perceived that the brave pageant was again marshalled, and Solomon, in all his glory, for some moments seemed something less than Staines. It was but in mockery of the hopes of man; for ere the word 'forward!' could be given, the Sun, who had been struggling in vain to get a glance into the city, all at once gave it up as hopeless, and retired to Thetis' lap, in the afternoon, instead of the evening.

And now all was 'dark as Erebus, and black as night.' Genius what a gift is thine! Some more enlightened citizen, darkling without, but bright within, suggested the bare possibility of procuring a dozen or two of links, and like a gallant soldier adventuring with a forlorn hope, himself led the way to the nearest oilman's. The 'ineffectual fire' was procured; and never was it more necessary, for thicker rolled the fog, dimmer and more dubious grew the way, and more and more like night became the day. 'Forward!' was again the cry, and the procession moved through the mud and mob, in a manner truly moving.

And first came, beating out the way, to keep the press at peace, the city peace-officers, breaking it all the way they went. After these followed a number of matronly old gentlemen called bachelors, in blue gowns, and in woollen night-caps of blue and white, carrying themselves under the weight of years and beer with great difficulty, but their flagging banners with more. Three times the word to halt ran along the line; but these venerables were either so deaf that they did not hear the command, or hearing it, mistook its tenor, and thought it but superfluous idleness to bid those to halt who had already halted. Next to these 'most potent, grave, and reverend' seniors, came the under city-marshal on horseback—an attendant picking out the way for him. Then a band of musicians, when their asthma would permit them, playing very pathetically (as if in mockery of those who could see nothing.) 'See the conquering hero comes!' Two trumpeters now tried to rend the air, and between them a kettle drum sounded as if muffled, for both catgut and parchment had relaxed under the moist fingers of the morn, and their mimic thunder was now mute.

After these came a juvenile as an ancient herald, bare-headed; and then a standard-bearer, in half-armour, which was no doubt exceedingly sparkling and burnished in the morning, but now, like Satan, had lost its 'original brightness,' and looked 'like glory for a while obscured.' Certain half-famished squires dogged his heels, their upper-halves perspiring to parboiling under the warmth of flannel-lined armour, but their lower-man sitting as cold in their saddles as Charles at Charingcross. Next came an ancient knight in a suit of scale-armour, looking like an amphibious fish on horseback, and just as wet as one; and two other trumpeters, exploding something like the choke-damp of mines out of their trumpets, in 'in strains it was a misery to hear.' And now, another knight in the armour of King Harry, came topling along, to shew the admiring age how much the strength of man was decreased since the days of sack and Shakspeare: for now he bent on this side, and now on the other, like a reed shaken by the wind. You might have tho't him the most courteous of knights, and these deviations from the perpendicular but knightly recognitions of the damsels he would have tilted for, if need were, in the listed field. His trumpeters tore the air to tatters about him, and he passed away, like the shadow of the strength and the youth of chivalry.

Eureka! Eureka! The crushing car of the Juggernaut of the show now rolled along, kneading the mud under its golden wheels. The mobility darted inquiring looks in at the open windows, which the mace-bearer and sword-bearer completely filled, and saw they could not see the Mayor for the most, which enveloped him as with an extra civic garment. Up went a shout, however, that seemed to stagger the state-coach; for it swaggered from the left to the right of Bridge-street, as if undecided on which side to spill its right-honourable contents; but the mace-bearer shifting his seat a little, she righted with a heavy lurch, as a broad bottomed Dutch brig adjusts herself in a gale.—Next came the retiring Mayor, some distance in the rear, and in much seeming hurry to overtake his successor, as if he felt he was too late even for the late Lord Mayor.

It was now no very easy task to tell an alderman's coach from his coal-wagon, save by the polite difference between the oaths of the driver of one and the other. The elder aldermen, were, however, distinguishable by their asthmas, the younger by their sneezing. After these came the ominous-browed Recorder; then the Sheriffs, brilliant and benighted; then that love and loathing of good and bad apprentices—the kindly, veteran Chamberlain; then the Remembrancer; and the Foreign Ambassadors, wondering every one, save him of Holland, at the climate. Then the Judges, enveloped in wig and darkness; and after them, several understood persons of distinction, who could by no means be distinguished. By the time that the head and tail of the procession had wound round St. Paul's like the serpent round the Lacoon, and had reached Cheapside; the last link was burnt out; and the finery of the first footmen was as dingy and undiscernable as the fluttering rags of the merry bootless and shapeless boys who shouted before them, as if they would have drowned the clamour of Bow-bells with their 'most sweet voices.'

Such was 'my first Lord Mayor's Show,' and 'let it be the last:' the undeceiving of all my imaginations of it I have not yet forgiven in the Lord Mayor's Shows of other years. The general impression that it was a melancholy sight, has ever since affected me; and I am not singular in this feeling; for an ingenious friend of mine, who has illustrated Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' among the other heads into which he divides that hydra-like volume, has one which he calls 'the Lord Mayor's Show Melancholy, a mental phantasme, which visits his imagination yearly on the ninth of November, at which time he is impressed with the constant passing and re-passing of a dim and half conceivable show of much supposed splendour, which gropes its way through the Rœotian fog and Stygian darkness; and then turning about, *her presto!* there repasses a long-continued line of mourning-coaches, as if to shew the serious vanity and ultimate end of all human splendour.

London Magazine.

*'The priest continues what nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man.'

From the Edinburgh Literary Journal.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

BY A LADY.

I have met with very few unmarried ladies who have not appeared to me to feel, after the age of thirty, that their existence was throughly comfortless and wretched. Many have I heard express it openly, and that such is the fact can very easily be discovered by an accurate observer of the human countenance. It is also certain, that three out of five of the young English ladies of the present day must remain unmarried; because no man can *exist* on less than two thousand a year when married; and how few young men there are with two thousand a year compared with the number of young ladies! Five, six, eight, sometimes, in one family; generally all tolerably pretty, and most of them pleasing and accomplished women—many possessing talents of no ordinary stamp—yet perhaps, in our *salons* these lovely and accomplished beings are completely neglected by the other sex, 'because (I must repeat the sentiments I have heard from thousands of young men of fashion) I never talk to girls—I dare not pay attention to unmarried women, because I am not a marrying man. My friend ——— flirted with so and so, and was accused of behaving ill—I don't like to excite false hope—I shall never marry, unless I can find a wife with at least two or three thousand a year, because I am much richer, unmarried, with the fortune I have.'

It is of no use to quarrel with the state of society as it is at present constituted, for we cannot alter it; but I think it might be beneficial to give a few hints on the education of women, which might perhaps be useful in procuring them, in a state of *single blessedness*, as it is very falsely called, a greater share of happiness, or a less load of misery than they at present appear to me to possess after the awful age of thirty.

A girl at thirty is called an *old maid*: she goes to a ball, and generally sits neglected all the evening, or dances with some gentleman who has been often asked to dine at her father's house, and who perhaps remarks, 'Miss ——— is rather *passe* a good old girl, and I must do my duty there; and now I shall dance with the beautiful Miss ———' My heart always bleeds for the mortifications I see endured by these poor old girls continually. There are certainly some single women whose talents have made them as much considered in society as they ought to be, but then, I have generally observed that they have had fortunes or have had advantages above others to bring them into notice, and to give to the natural ambition of the human species some scope of action.

I will suppose a case in which there are four girls—a moderate proportion in one family—and two sons; and I will suppose their father possessed of fifteen hundred a year. The estate of course, goes to the eldest son; the second must be a clergy if his relations have any preferment, or he must be of some profession, of course he never marries without a large fortune—unless at the age of forty-five, he has made one for himself. The eldest son having been to Eton and Cambridge, has learnt fifteen hundred a year is nothing, and, in all probability, determines not to be *taken in*, not to marry any lovely girl, without, at least, forty or fifty thousand pounds. I now come to my four young ladies. I will suppose one very pretty, one tolerably pretty, and the other two rather plain. They have been educated in all probability as the greater proportion of English girls are: first of all, they have a strong orthodox belief in the Christian religion—go every Sunday to Church—and are, as I conceive all, or nearly all; the class of moderately rich English gentry to be perfectly honorable, upright, and well principled. It is only for their own happiness that I would propose *any* change in the education of a class for whom I entertain so high a respect.

To return to the four young ladies. They have all been brought up with the idea that they will become wives and mothers, and are taught to cherish those natural affections, which if by some remote chance one out of the four ever does marry, make them so amiable and lovely as such. They are allowed to read modern novels, at least all such as are considered to have a moral tendency. Now, I maintain that there is scarcely one of these works which does not impress any young woman with the idea that happiness can alone be found in love and marriage. The heroine is very amiable and perfect, surrounded with admirers, all contending for the honor of the slightest notice, but where is the novel which represents four poor, pretty unnoticed girls, who are destined to pass ther young years without perhaps so much as one admirer amongst them? Year after year passes—their bloom and beauty fade—and my four lovely and accomplished warm-hearted beings, having seen all their youthful castles fall one by one, become listless and unhappy, they have little in life to interest them—one dies of a complaint in the spine; another lives many years on arrow root and calfs foot jelly, and is enveloped in flannel even in July; a third is under the care of Doctor S. for indigestion; and perhaps the fourth, who is made of tougher materials, and born with less feeling than the others or, perhaps, from having something to occupy her mind in preparing the arrow-root for one sister, and ordering the hard dumplings prescribed by Dr. S., for the other—outlives her sorrows and disappointments; and if she takes an interest in her brother's children, or a share in their education, or in something which gives vent to those affections which are implanted by nature in the breast of woman, she becomes happy.

This, then appears to me to be the secret too much neglected in female education. Teach them, by all means, that one great source of happiness consists in the indulgence of virtuous affection; but do not teach them that there is no affection capable of producing this happiness, except such as may be felt for a lover or a husband. If the heart be properly regulated, it may take a warm and sufficiently engrossing interest in many objects less intimately connected with it. Marriage is a sad lottery, and at the best, is a state full of cares and anxieties. Freedom and independence ought not to be lightly parted with, or set down as possessions of little value.

HOW TO CURE PROFANE SWEARING WITH POUND CAKE.

An Original Anecdote.—Two gentlemen, travelling between two important towns in Georgia, fell in with a driver, who, in the language of the day swore by note.—Every gulley or obtruding root that jostled the vehicle, called forth a tremendous volley of oaths. One of the gentlemen at length observed to his companion that it would never do—they must fall upon some plan to correct the enormity. The companion replied that it would only make the fellow worse. However, the gentleman determined to make the experiment—and hit upon the following experiment:—Driver, said he, you seem to be a pretty clever fellow, we are desirous of consulting your comfort and welfare, as travellers should do to each other—Oh, no doubt of that gentlemen—no doubt of that said the Driver. Well, now driver, said the gentleman—if you should see any thing amiss in our conduct in any respect whatever, we should take it as a great favor, if you would correct us, and permit us to do the same to you. Oh gentlemen, said the Driver, I have no doubt you will both behave like gentlemen, as you are.

By this time our swearer had become quite interested in the conversation, and very anxious to show the travellers, that he considered them too polite and genteel to do any thing that would offend *him*. Perceiving that he was in the right state of feeling, though swearing like a sailor, at every little inconvenience in the road; the gentlemen told him that on leaving his friends at M—— one of the ladies had taken care to supply him with a very large *pound cake*.—Now, said he, Driver, that our good understanding and good opinion of each other may not be interrupted, let me beg that you will grant me one small favor, and if you will, you shall have largely of this fine *pound cake* as long as it lasts. By all means, said the Driver, Sir—any thing gentlemen that I can do for you.—Then, said the gentleman, *let me swear the next oath*. It had the desired effect, and for the remainder of a considerable journey, the Driver *ate cake and quit swearing*.

Milledgeville Recorder.

However extraordinary and rare in this season of the year, we are well informed, that a notorious and undoubted case of hydrophobia has occurred, within the last few days, near the Navy Yard. The dog was owned by Andrew Forrest, Esq. So conclusive was the evidence of the fact, that the Mayor's Proclamation of this morning was deemed indispensable.

Washington Tele. Jan 22.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS hereby given to all persons concerned, that the following Order was passed by the Honorable the Judges of the Talbot County Court at November Term, in the year 1830.

JOHN GOLDBOROUGH, Trustee.

IN TALBOT COUNTY COURT,

SITTING AS A COURT OF EQUITY.

"*November Term*, 1830.

"It is ordered and adjudged by the Court here, that the sale of the Lands made to Henry H Williams by John Goldsborough Trustee for the sale of the Real Estate of Reuben P. Emmons, in the case of John Leeds Kerr, against Reuben P Emmons, as reported by him, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown, on or before the third Monday in May next, provided a copy of this Order be inserted once in each of three successive weeks, in three of the Newspapers that are weekly published in Easton, in Talbot county, on or before the first day of April, in the year 1831."

The Report of the Trustee states, that the Farm and Premises of the aforesaid Reuben P. Emmons were sold at and for the sum of fifteen hundred and five dollars current money.

R'D. T. EARLE,
LEM'L. PURNELL,
P. B. HOPPER.

feb 8 3w

MORE BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE Subscriber having just returned from Baltimore, with a full and complete winter supply of

BOOTS & SHOES,

respectfully invites his friends and the public in general, to give him a call and see his bargains. He has also a complete assortment of MATERIALS suitable for Boots and Shoes, which he will manufacture in the most fashionable style and at the shortest notice.

The Public's obed't. serv't.

JOHN WRIGHT.

jan 18 w

HILLSBOROUGH ACADEMY.

TERMS:—Grammar, Geography with the use of the Globes, History, Rhetoric, Speaking and Composition, Logic and Moral Philosophy, per annum $10 00

Geometry, Mensuration, Algebra, Surveying, Navigation, Conic Sections, Spheric Trigonometry and Natural Philosophy do. 16 00

Latin, Greek and Stenography, do. 20 00

It is intended that the above branches shall constitute a complete course of instruction at this Academy, except the primary studies which will be regarded with due attention.

J MANROSS.

feb 1 3w

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 cheerfully put my hand and seal, this 3d day of January, 1831.

SAMUEL H. BENNY, [SEAL.]

jan 11 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

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

BICKNELL'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR,

And Pennsylvania Reporter of Bank Notes, Broken Banks, Bank and Insurance Stocks, Gold, Prices Current, &c.

THE first volume of this publication having been concluded, the publisher respectfully tenders his thanks to his numerous patrons for their kind encouragements, and trusts, by renewed and persevering efforts, to render the 'Detector' a still more useful and valuable work. Since its commencement it has received a most liberal share of public favor, the subscription to the work being such at this time as to guarantee its permanent establishment, and license the editor in more extensive arrangements in the prosecution of his labors.

The 'Counterfeit Detector' is designed principally as a useful auxiliary to storekeepers and men of business generally—every number contains a carefully corrected Bank Note List, Prices Current, List of Broken Banks, Prices of Gold, Prices of Bank and Insurance stock, a description of all Counterfeit and Altered Notes in circulation throughout the United States, and all such information as is likely to throw light upon the subjects embraced in the design of this Journal. In furnishing for these various departments correct information, the editor has established a correspondence with several of the most intelligent men of commercial pursuits in Boston, New York, Baltimore, and other large cities, so that whatever information may be circulated though the 'Detector,' may in all cases be relied upon as correct.

The literary department of this journal will embrace the most racy and spirited selections from foreign magazines of merit, as well as such orignal articles as the events of the times and the progress of literature require. The latest foreign news, and all domestic items of importance, will be given as early as possible; and the entire conduct of the work will be regulated by an effort to render the 'Detector' at once one of the cheapest and most useful publications of the country.

With the commencement of the next number the 'Detector' will be enlarged and otherwise improved, and it is therefore desirable that all those who feel a disposition to encourage the work, will forward their names immediately.

Terms will remain as heretofore, TWO DOLLARS per annum.

Address

ROBERT T. BICKNELL, Broker,
119, Chesnut st. Philad. Pa.

feb 1 w



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.*

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

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

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