POETRY.

From the Christian Gazette.

'TIS SWEET TO BE WITH GOD.

'Tis sweet to be with God, when morn
Glows with her rosy charms;
When the young sun-beams light the dew,
And sport a thousand forms.

'Tis sweet to be with God, when noon
Inspires the tepid air;
What time the languid flocks demand,
The rippling brook to share.

'Tis sweet to be with God, when eve
Cheers with the cooling breeze;
When sinking Phoebus paints the skies,
And nature's prospects please.

'Tis sweet to be with God, when night
Hers widow robe assumes;
And darkness with tyrannic sway,
A silent world entombs.

'Tis sweet to be with God, at home
Amid the social band;
Where hearts with hearts together knit,
And hands join hand in hand.

'Tis sweet to be with God, when far
From home's endearing joys;
Amid the world's applauded din,
And mind-distracting noise.

'Tis sweet to be with God, alone
In nature's deepest shade;
When every leaf its maker speaks,
And every rising blade.

'Tis sweet to be with God, when tost
On ocean's foaming waves;
That vaunting, hide their slaughtered dead
Within unfathomed graves.

'Tis sweet to be with God, aye sweet,
Within his temple's walls,
Where cheerful piety adores,
And meek devotion calls.

'Tis sweet to be with God, below,
But sweeter far above,
There endless pleasures bless the sight,
And all is lost in love.

In every time, in every place,
With filial fear o'erawed,
With peerless blessedness to hold
Sweet converse with our God.

From the New-Yorker.

THE FATAL PASSION.

"Thank heaven!" said William Harding, as he threw himself on his bed—"thank heaven, I am not a gambler!" and after a day of extraordinary exertion he composed himself to rest.

William Harding was a young man—a lawyer—and had attained to considerable eminence in his profession. He had been that day engaged in defending a client whose crimes had brought him under the cognizance of the law, from the penalties of which no talent and no effort had been sufficient to save him. And yet but a few years had elapsed since that very man had been an ornament of society, the pride of his friends. To what, then, were all his follies and his vices traceable?—To an inordinate and invincible thirst for gaming: that demon that once having fixed its vulture claws upon the human heart, maintains its seat until it drags its victim to perdition.

When the young lawyer awoke on the following morning, his thoughts naturally reverted to the scenes of the preceding day. He thought of his client, now a convicted criminal, as he was in the days of his boyhood, when at school—the first in their studies as he was in their amusements. He thought of him in after life, admired by the young, respected by the more advanced in years, courted admired by all. He traced him as he gradually descended from that proud eminence to which his talents and his worth had raised him, till he found him, as he had so lately witnessed, pale, trembling, and speechless, in the presence of an assembled court; and he said to himself—"It is not possible, with such an example before me, that I shall ever become a gambler!"

But the recollection of the calamities of others is as evanescent as the dews of the morning; and he who is uninstructed by parental precepts, and unstrengthened by religious feeling, will scarcely be deterred from error by the punishment of those who have wandered from the path of rectitude.

Business of a professional character called William Harding to Natchez, and in less than twelve months after the above mentioned occurrence, we find him on board one of those moving palaces, the steamboats of the Mississippi. To one who has travelled on the Western waters it is needless to say, that on board those boats the voyager will meet many of the luxuries, as well as many of the vices, of our larger cities; and among the rest, gaming is permitted to an almost unlimited extent. From Pittsburgh to Cincinnati our lawyer had resolutely withstood every temptation to play, and had as positively refused to join with those who rioted in the inebriating cup. Yet the force of example, the effect of ridicule, and the comparative solitude in which he found himself at length overcame him; and theugh he still avoided the tables where vast sums were continually passing from the possession of one to that of another, yet before he reached Louisville, he found himself for the first time in his life a drunkard.

But who does not know that in crime, as almost every thing else, it is the first step that is most difficult or painful? And who does not see that to yield once to intemperance is to deprive one's self of the only safeguard—an habitual, as invariable abstinence? Alas! when this barrier is passed, we have laid bare our weakness to the enemy, and are at his mercy. How imperceptibly are links in the great chain of crime connected, and yet how firmly! The drunkard is almost always a gambler, as the latter is ever, to a certain extent, intemperate; and thus, during the artificial excitement of a fresh debauch, our traveller made his first offering at the shrine of fortune.—The shrine of Fortune?—No, the practised sharper plays a surer game. He is the arbiter of fate—and if he trifles for a time, it is because he has his victim in his grasp.

The vessel arrived at Natchez, and it was with a feeling of satisfaction that our hero reflected that the state of his funds varied little from what it was before he entered on the hazardous enterprise; and he inwardly vowed that no consideration should ever tempt him to risk one cent at any game of chance, or put the incarnate fiend into his lips to steal away his senses. The business that had called William Harding to Natchez was to settle the estate of an uncle who had died suddenly, leaving his affairs unarranged, and an only child—a daughter—as his heiress, with no other relative than the young lawyer, who by her father's last request, had been sent for immediately after his decease.

He had never seen his cousin, and indeed had scarcely ever heard of her, so that it was with no other than the merest professional feelings that he sought out the residence of Emily Worthington. But it is well known that cousins are dangerous creatures, especially when young, and beautiful, and amiable, and wealthy. The slight relationship gives license to a certain degree of familiarity, which almost always ripens into a feeling warmer and more endearing than that of mere kindred. And thus in the present instance it proved, for Emily Worthington was a girl of no ordinary character, and the heart of William Harding was threatened, stormed, and conquered, long before the affairs of his deceased relative were adjusted: while his cousin, to whom the addresses of a northern suitor were as new as they were interesting, soon learned to count the hours of his absence, with a sickness of the heart from hope deferred, and catch the sound of his approaching footsteps with a thrill of joy that told the secret of her virgin breast—*she loved.* Had the affections of Emily Worthington ever been engaged by another, her cousin might have spent some time in discovering how much they were fixed upon himself. But woman, in her first love, is so wholly won—so little does she care to conceal the depth of her attachment, that even when she first whispers to herself—'I love,'—her lover reads the secret in her eyes. It was thus with them.

"Cousin," said he, "how do you like your Vili?"

"I do not like him," replied Emily, "he is proud and overbearing, vain of his person and a professed duelist; and worse than all, he is a gambler."

A pang shot to the young man's heart as she spoke—it was but momentary, for tho' conscious that he too had played, he thought upon his vow, he remembered the fate of his client, and he had no fears for his future forbearance.

"True; cousin," he replied in a few moments, "true, he is all you say; and yet the world"

"The world! and do you too join the world against me?; she exclaimed.

"Why, as to that," replied her cousin, half jesting, half instigated by a feeling of jealousy, which spite of himself he had ever entertained of the young Spaniard; "as to that, I can't exactly say. Vili's a proper man, a marvellous proper man, and women love to have their eyes delighted; then he's a rich man, mighty rich I am told, and wealth and equipage have conquered many a female heart; and more than all, he boasts himself a universal favorite—and where was there ever a woman yet that didn't love a gallant, gay Lothario? Besides," continued he, "I've seen it in your eyes."

"Never!" cried Emily as the blood rushed to her forehead, 'never has eye beheld me look upon that man with any feelings but of abhorrence and disgust. I tell you, were Augustus Vili all that man can paint or woman dream of manly beauty—were all the wealth of both the Indies his, and I reduced to want, to beggary, and he a suitor at my feet, I would not be his wife; and for the rest, to any one but you I would not dign reply; but to you, to *you* I can but call it cruel, very cruel."

"Forgive me," cried William, seizing her hand, "forgive me, dearest cousin. I did but jest; believe me, my heart could never sanction words to wound you.—My heart—it throbs and thrills when near to yours, 'tis yours—ah! do not turn away—will you not speak to me? will you not pardon me Emily?"

She was not inexorable—what maiden in love ever yet was so?

The affairs of his uncle required some few months longer of his attention—they elapsed—and twelve months after her father's death, William Harding led his heiress to the altar, and proceeds to New Orleans, where they had determined to fix their abode.

The description which Emily Worthington had given of Augustus Vili was true to the letter, his figure was not more perfect than he was himself aware of. Descended from one, of the oldest Spanish families of New Orleans he was naturally proud; accustomed from his childhood to be obeyed, no wonder that he was overbearing; and his temper having been frequently exercised on those unwilling to tolerate it, and having been so often obliged to give them what the world calls satisfaction as to render duelling to him a pastime; finally, having spent the greater part of his life in New Orleans, it would have been strange indeed had he been other than a gambler. It was no less true, as her cousin said, that Augustus Vili was, or boasted himself, universal favorite among the gentler sex; it was certain that he was a general admirer of female beauty, and few of the reigning belles had not at some time had the homage of his heart, though of the heart itself he took especial care never to make an offer.—His attentions to Emily Worthington, though he could not but preceive they were received with reluctance, were marked and manifold; the more perhaps that he was piqued at her coldness, and determined to overcome it. When therefore the increasing attachment between the cousins became apparent, his first thought was to rid himself of this rival, as he had frequently done in other cases, and with this view he would gladly have fastened a quarrel onup him; but the coolness, firmness, and the uniformly gentlemanly manners of the young lawyer had always prevented such a result; and when at last the mariage actually occured, he abandoned all thought of such attempt, but inwardly resolved to punish Emily for her disdain, and her husband for interfering between him and one on whom he had fixed his admiring eyes. How he contemplated accomplishing these ends, as well as how he suceeded, will be disclosed in the sequel.

It has been said that the newly married cousins proceeded to New Orleans.—The proprietorship of several extensive cotton plantations and mills made a residence in that city expedient if not absolutely indispensable; and Harding reluctantly abandoned the practice of a profession to which he was devotedly attached, that he might attend to those duties which, relating to property, his only by right of his wife, he did not consider himself at liberty to neglect. Here months passed in the enjoyment of domestic pleasures; each day discovered new beauties and new excellencies in his wife, at least in his eyes; and he in hers was all the heart of woman could desire.—Alas, that man should have the power to mar such happiness!

It chanced that returning home from Wheeling, where he had been on business, William Harding found himself in company on board the steamboat with Augustus Vili.—Their former acquaintance was renewed, and as they were both on their way to New Orleans, and were constrained to journey some days together, they became more really intimate than they had ever been. For Vili, when he chose, knew how to please, and few could withstand his efforts when he had an object in rendering himself agreeable. He talked of the growing, the qualities, the values and the prices of the different kinds of cotton as though he had been a planter or a merchant all his life. He regretted his unfortunate lot, that kept him an isolated being, a miserable bachelor; he protested it was actual lassitude that drove him to artificial excitements for relief; he complained that his feelings were misconstrued and his character misrepresented; and while he did not attempt to make himself appear a saint, he showed that nature had not intended him to be a villian. In short he so won upon the goodwill of his former rival that the past was forgotten, and he invited to become an inmate of his house during his stop in New Orleans.

But even previous their arrival at that city, the seeds of future ruin were sown; the prudent resolutions of our hero were broken, they both drank and played, and though he had indulged in each with the greatest moderation, yet the charm was lost, the spell was over. In fact it may well be doubted if the very little injury he experienced from this dereliction was not more dangerous than had the consequences been more appalling, inasmuch as it led him regard that as a harmless recreation now which he had formerly considerd as the worst of evils.

Arrived at New Orleans his *friend* introduced him to several societies and clubs to which he had hitherto been a stranger; but though drink and play were their great objects, yet they were apparently indulged in as genteel amusements merely, and were not calculated to alarm the fears of the most timid, or the newly initiated. By degrees the visits of William Harding, which had been but occasional at first, became habitual; he was restless, unhappy if accident prevented his filling his evening seat at the club; there was then a blank in his existence which the society of his wife could no longer fill: while she, as beautiful and yet more fond than ever, scarce lived but in his presence.

But these *evening* visits gradually advanced far into the night, and morning sometimes found them still engaged at their unholy vigils. At such times the bottle did not fail to circulate with double freedom, and then might that misguided husband have been seen staggering to his home so sleep off the inordinate debauch. This transformation could not long remain a secret to his wife.—Did she remonstrate? No. At first she wondered at, and then mourned the change, and with a woman's credulous devotion to the man she loves, she hoped, she trusted all would yet be well. But as yet the conspiratiors—for such in fact they were—had not thrown off the mask; and their intended victim, although ruined in peace of mind and greatly impaired in health, was scarcely a sufferer in a pecuniary point of view. The time was fast approaching, however, when the projects of Vili—for it will be readily believed that he was the plotter of the conspiracy—were to be put in motion; the scenes were to be hurried thro'; the curtain was to fall upon the last act of the drama.

The club met—there were but four members present. Vili moved that they adjourn—Harding objected. He had lost, he said several hundred dollars the night before, and revenge

"It is but fair—it is but fair," responded the other two.

"Well, if it is but fair," said Vili, "let us begin."

The scene of "the using up of a victim" has been too ably portrayed by other pens for me to attempt its decription. Suffice it that night succeeded night of deep and ruinous play, and the end was, what every one would guess, our hero was undone.

Sleepless and watchful were the weary nights that Emily passed during this fatal period. What heeded he? He saw not the tears that bedewed her pillow, nor heard he the sound of her sighs and lamentations. Nor knew he that he burst the last fibre of her gentle heart, when, with fury in his eye and madness in his brain, he told her in a voice of thunder that he was a beggar. It was not that Emily would not gladly have retired to the most lowly hut, and labored like a menial for him on whom she had fixed her affections; it was not the memory of the luxuries she had lost; it was not the thought of what she might have been, that broke her heart;—but it was the horrible conviction which the maniac look, the voice, the manner, brought her that her love, her only love, was lost for ever. But

"Many a cheek has lost its bloom;
And many a brilliant eye grown dim,
Man heeds it not, the silent tomb,
Soon shrouds the heart that broke for him,'

and the shrinking form, and pallid cheek, and decreasing brightness of his victim's eye, were unregarded if not wholly unnoticed. But a great, a mighty truth was destined to awake him, not alone to the certainty that his Emily was lost for ever but the terrible conviction that he her husband, he, in whom she had confided, he who had promised to protect, had murdered her.—She died—and then the cloud that hung before his moral vision was rent asunder—then the seducer, the arch tempter, the destroyer of his peace, appeared before him in his true deformity—then, when his murdered wife was laid within the tomb, when all but he had left, the silent sepulchre of death, he knelt upon the cold and senseless sod, and swore, that sleep should be a stranger to his eyes, and food and drink should nourish him no more, till he had sought and found revenge or death.

It was on the third morning after the event that has been just narrated, a number of young men were assembled in one of the principal hotels of New Orleans. They were all well acquainted with Harding, had watched his course, and most of them know that he was a ruined man. This under ordinary circumstances would probably have caused them to shun him; but the death of his wife, and the wretched state of mind in which he appeared at the funeral, joined to the fact that he had not been seen since that time, led many to commisserate who would probably in any other case have laughed at him. Several indeed were loud in their censure of Vili, and the proud bully found that he had taken one step beyond what even the licentiousness of that city would justify.

"I tell you Vili, you have gone too far," said one af the company, "you have striped him of his last cent, you have killed his wife and I doubt much if you have not driven him crazy; have some pity now and challenge him and put him out of his misery or else restore him his property."

"I call God to witness," said Vili, who was no doubt touched by the extent of the desolation he had caused, "I call God to witness that no man regrets this unfortunate transaction more than myself, and if the loss of half my fortune would recal it, I would freely give it.—But what could I do? He would play, and whenver I proposed to stop, and I did often, it made him furious. As it is, I would make any reparation in my power, I would give any satisfaction he could ask."

"I ask it now!" cried a wild maniacal voice as the haggard and savage figure of the ruined gamester entered the room. "Look on me, Angustus Vili! Food has not passed these lips, nor has sleep visited these eyes since the cold corpse of my poor wife was laid within the tomb! Augustus Vili, I have sworn to have your blood! Upon the grave of murdered Emily I knelt and swore to revenge her or die—and I will keep my oath. Come sir!—Morton you'll go with me?"

"Certainly," replied the young man thus addressed.

"William Harding," said Vili, my character is well known, and I can therefore tell you that I will not fight with you—I have done you injury enough already."

"Coward as well as villain!" muttered Harding. "But that will not do sir. I challenge you to fight me!—Will you do so?"

"No!" exclaimed Vili, "I repeat it—no!"

"Then, by the light of Heaven, you shall die!" replied his victim, drawing a pistol from his bosom—"will you fight me now?"

"Be it so," returned the other. "On two conditions I will meet you: that we fight with pistols, and we load for ourselves."

"Make your own terms," cried Harding.—"Come Morton—on the old ground.—"Sir, follow us!"—and he left the room, followed by his second.

They entered a carriage and drove to Harding's now deserted home. The pistols were procured and they hurried to the place of meeting.

They were soon joined by Vili and his companion. The ground was measured, the parties took their stands, and each prepared to load his weapon—at the appointed word they fired, but to the surprise of both the seconds neither fell. Vili was known as an unerring shot.

"Are you satisfied?" he said coolly.

"No!" shouted his adversary. "I tell you sir, we cannot both leave here alive"

"You *must* be satisfied," said Vili, "for I consider the matter at an end."

Harding approached as he was speaking.—"You will not fight me," he said calmly, for *my* cause, fight me then for this;" and he dashed his clenched fist into his face. The blood gushed from his mouth, but he moved not.

"It is enough," he said, after a moment's pause, "your blood be on your head—make peace with God, for in five minutes you will be before his throne!—Malone," he added, turning to his second, "come here."

His second joined him.

"Pity for that madman induced me to spare his life.—You will find my ball beneath my foot."

He moved from the spot as he spoke, and the mystery was explained. He had dropped his ball on the ground instead of putting it in his pistol.

"Now then," he said when he was ready, "William Harding, your hour has come."

"Be it so!" said Harding, and they took their ground.

The seconds and a number of people who had by this time collected, looked on with intense anxiety. There was a fixed determination about Vili's eye that foretold his adversary's fate.

"You loose time, gentlemen," said he, the word—we wait for the word, sirs."

The seconds looked for a moment at each other—the word was given, "ready! fire!" and both pistols were discharged at the instant.—Harding drooped dead without a struggle or a groan. Vili struck his hand upon his breast, drew one long sigh, and the Victim of Gaming and his Destroyer lay dead on the sward together!

FEMALE SEMINARY,
EASTON.

MISS NICOLS AND MRS. SCULL'S SEMINARY will be ready for the reception of pupils on the 22d September. The course of study to be pursued, will be as heretofore, with the exception of some ornamental branches, for which they propose employing an assistant as soon as circumstances will authorise.

For the better regulation of the classes, and for the facility of learning, they propose dividing the year into two sessions, six months each, hoping, thereby, to render a public examination both practicable and interesting. Public examinations have been much neglected in this Institution, owing to the fact, that the classes are so fluctuating, it would have derogated both from the Teachers and pupils. We hope the friends of science will take this into consideration, and if not assist us directly in the execution of our plan, will throw no obstacles in the way. sept 2 3w

ATTENTION.

THE Subscriber expects in about a week or ten days to leave Easton, and earnestly requests all who are indebted to him to call and settle as speedily as possible; by so doing they will confer a great favor on their obedient servant JOHN HARPER.

P. S.—The shop now occupied by me will be carried on by Mr. THOMAS J. EARICKSON, who is an experienced workman and has done business very successfully in Centreville for the last two or three years. I doubt not but that the public will find in him a man that will suit them. J. H.
sept 2 eo3w

TO RENT.

TO RENT, for the ensuing year, the Upper Hunting Creek Mill, comprising a Grist-Mill, Saw-Mill and Carding Machine, all in complete order; together with a Dwelling and Lot. This Mill enjoys the advantage of being eligibly located and of having an excellent stream of water. It is probably one of the very best establishments of the sort on the Eastern Shore.

Also, the property formerly belonging to the late William Haskins, likewise at Upper Hunting Creek, being two Dweilings and Lots, with a Blacksmith Shop, &c.

Also, the two story brick Dwelling, in Easton, now occupied by John Stevens, Esq. beautifully situated and in fine condition.

Also, two Dwellings and Lots, with 1 Store House, at Crotcher's Ferry.

To good tenants, the above property would be rented on reasonable terms, if early application be made to

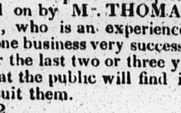
JACOB C. WILLSON.
sept 2 tf

Property to Rent.

WILL be rented until the end of the year, and possession given on the 15th of September, the House in Washington street, now occupied by the Miss Goldsboroughs. Also for the ensuing year, the House on Dover street, at present occupied by P. F. Thomas, Esq. For terms apply to N. G. SINGLETON.

Twelve or fifteen cords of good seasoned wood, may be had on accommodating terms; also 2 milch cows, by applying to
aug 19 N. G. S.

THE STEAM BOAT



MARYLAND

WILL as usual leave Baltimore every Tuesday and Friday morning at seven o'clock, for Annapolis, Cambridge (via the company's wharf at Castlehaven) and Easton; returning will leave Easton every Wednesday and Saturday at 7 o'clock, for Cambridge, (via Castlehaven) Annapolis and Baltimore. Passage from Baltimore to Castlehaven or Easton $2.

On Monday the 21st inst. she will commence her routes from Baltimore, to Corsica and Chestertown, leaving Baltimore every Monday morning at 6 o'clock and return same day. Passage as heretofore.

All baggage, packages, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.

By order,
N. G. TAYLOR, Commander.
april 15

OFFICERS' FEES.

ALL persons indebted for officers' fees, will please take notice that they are now due, and that it is my duty to collect them as speedily as possible; therefore lookout for a visit from my brother Thomas Graham, jr. who has positive instructions to levy in every case, if the fees are not settled by the first day of September next. Likewise, those persons indebted to the subscriber on *executions*, will please bear in mind that the abovementioned time will be the extent given on any execution in my hands as Sheriff or late Deputy Sheriff, and if the plaintiff directs, I shall be compelled to advertise sooner. Therefore, I say again, LOOKOUT!

JOSEPH GRAHAM, Shff.
july 22 tf [G]

GEORGE WINSLOW,

Grocer & Commission Merchant, No. 10, Light street wharf,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public that he has taken the above well known stand lately occupied by Mr. A. B. HARRISON, and has just received,

15 hhds. St. Croix, Porto Rico and N. Orleans Sugars,
14 hhds. Porto Rico and New Orleans Molasses,
25 bags Laguira, Rio, Java, and St. Domingo Coffee,
Imperial, Gun Powder, Young Hyson, and Pouchong Teas,
10 boxes of white and brown Havana Sugars,
Box and keg Raisins,
Soap and Candles,
Whiskey and N. E. Rum, in hhds. and bbls.
French Brandy, in half pipes,
Holland Gin and Wines,
Coarse and fine Salt,
Flour,
Herrings and Mackerel,
Stone and Wooden Ware,
Cotton Yarn,

And many other articles too tedious to mention, which (in order to receive a share of public patronage) he offers for sale very low for cash or in exchange for country produce.
Baltimore, Aug. 12th—aug 19 8w

Easton and Baltimore Packet

Sloop Thomas Hayward,



GEORGE W. PARROTT, Master.

THIS splendid new coppered and copper fastened sloop, just launched, and finished in the most complete and commodious manner for the accommodation of passengers, (with dining cabin and state room,) has commenced her regular trips between Easton and Baltimore, leaving Easton every WEDNESDAY morning at 9 o'clock, and the Maryland wharf (Corner's) Baltimore, every SATURDAY at the same hour.

This packet has two ranges of commodious berths, furnished with the best beds and bedding—the table will be supplied with every article in season calculated to minister to the comfort of the passengers—and every attention will be given to the wants of those who may patronize the packet.

Freights will receive the same prompt and punctual attention as ever, and the smallest order thankfully received and strictly fulfilled, as far as practicable.

SAMUEL H. BENNY.
Easton Point, may 6

STEAM BOAT NOTICE.



THE STEAM BOAT

GOVERNOR WOLCOTT,

Captain William Virdin,

WILL leave Baltimore every THURSDAY morning at 9 o'clock for Rockhall, Corsica and Chestertown, commencing on the 27th inst.—Returning will leave Chestertown on every FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, Corsica at 10 o'clock, and Rockhall at 12 o'clock, noon

The WOLCOTT has been much improved since last season in every respect, and the proprietors solicit for her a share of public patronage.

WM. OWEN, Agent.
march 3

JOHN W. MILLIS

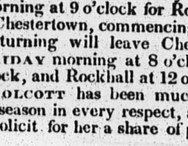


Coach, Gig, and Harness Maker,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public of Talbot and the adjacent counties, that he has taken the shop on Washington street near the shop of Mr. R. Spencer and John B. Firbank, and immediately fronting the Saint Michaels road, where he intends carrying on the above business in all its various branches; and having employed some first rate hands in their different branches, together with his own knowledge of the business, he flatters himself he shall be able to give satisfaction to those who may favour him with their work.

All kinds of repairing done to order, and when ordered, and the prices made to suit the pressure of the times, as he is determined to do his work as low as is possible, to enable him to live. And he is also determined his work shall not be surpassed either in strength or style of finish, by any other establishment on the Eastern Shore.
aug 12 eo3w G3w

CLOCK AND WATCH



MAKING.

The subcriber having recently returned from Baltimore with an additional supply of materials in his line of business, which he will manufacture at the shortest notice, and on very reasonable terms. He has also on hand a variety of

Fancy Articles,

which he will sell for a small advance. He particularly invites his old customers and the public generally to give him a call, and thinks there is but little doubt but what they will be induced to purchase. He returns his thanks for the many favours received and still hopes to receive the patronage of a generous public.

The Public's humble servent.
JAMES BENNY.
June 21.

MILL FOR SALE.

Having concluded to leave this state; I offer at private sale, my

Mill, Mill-seat and Farm

adjoining, containing upwards of two hundred acres of land, with a considerable bed of Iron Ore thereon. On the premises are a two story DWELLING, with two rooms and a passage below, and four above, well finished, nursery and kitchen adjoining, with a pump of good water in the yard; milkhouse, meat house, barn, stables, carriage house, all in good repair; two excellent springs of water, and one spring house convenient; storehouse, a small dwelling for a miller; the mill and mill-house are in good repair, the mill in prime order for both merchant and country work, with a stream of water constantly flowing in all weathers, surpassed by few if any in the state. I presume this property possesses more real advantages than any of the kind I am acquainted with, which can be explained to any person wishing to purchase an excellent stand for grist work, merchant work, and a country store. Terms of sale will be accommodating; for further particulars apply to the subscriber, living on the premises.

THOMAS HOPKINS,
Spring Mills, near Denton,
Caroline county, Md.
aug 5 tf

N. B. A clear and undoubted title will be given to the property

WILLIAM LOVEDAY

Has just returned from Baltimore with an additional supply of

NEW GOODS,

which he can offer to his friends and the public generally upon fair terms.
June 21.

WOOL.

LYMAN REED & Co.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS No. 6, South Charles Street Baltimore, Md.

DEVOTE particular attention to the sale of WOOL. All consignments made them, will receive their particular attention, and liberal advances will be made when required.
Baltimore, April 26, 1834—may 6

THE EASTERN SHORE JOCKEY CLUB



RACES

WILL commence, over the Easton Course, on the last Wednesday in September next, (the 24th) and continue three days. The course is beautifully situated on the farm of A. C. Bullitt, Esq., about half a mile from Easton, and will be in first rate order on the days of running.

FIRST DAY.—A Colt's purse of $260, two miles and repeat.

SECOND DAY.—purse of 300 dollars four miles and repeat, free for any horse, mare or gelding, foaled on the Eastern shore of Md. Eastern Shore of Va. or in the State of Delaware.

THIRD DAY.—A Handy cap purse of 100 dollars best three in five, one mile heats.

A. GRAHAM, Sec'y.
Easton, july, 22 tf

POST-OFFICE,
EASTON, July 1st, 1834.

Persons indebted for postage are requested to call and settle without delay. There are many accounts of long standing, which the undersigned is determined shall be closed at once.—He is always desirous of accommodating his neighbors, as far as he can do so consistently with his duty, but he must insist upon punctuality in the payment of postages.

EDW. MULLIKIN, P. M.

Lumber for Sale.

FOR SALE, at Easton Point, a vessel load of Lumber, among which is some nice Chestnut fencing and flooring plank. It will be sold low for cash, if taken away immediately.

GOLDSBOROUGH & LEONARD.
Easton, july 8

WAS Committed to the Jail of Baltimore City and County, on the 8th day of August, 1834, by Abraham De Grofft, Esq a Justice of the Peace, in and for Baltimore county, as a runaway, a dark mulatto Woman, who calls herself HARRIET ADDISON, says she was born free, and was raised by her aunt, Judy Nelson, who lived in Hyatstown, eight miles from New Market, Maryland. Said mulatto womman is about 25 years of age, 5 feet 4¼ inches high, has a small scar on the left of her nose, small mole near the corner of her right eye, and one over her left eye, scar on the middle finger of her left hand. Had on when committed, a blue calico frock, linen apron, yellow cotton handkerchief on her neck, light striped handkerchief on her head, and pair of old stuff shoes. She has a child with her called Mary Jane, about 6 years old, a bright mulatto.

The owner (if any) of the above described mulatto woman is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away; otherwise she will be discharged according law.

D. W. HUDSON, Warden
Baltimore City and County Jail.
aug 26 3w

NOTICE.

WAS committed to the Jail of Montgomery county, Maryland, on the 17th inst. as a runaway, a negro man who calls himself JOHN PURLEY, who says he was raised in Westmoreland co. Va. He appears to be about 40 years of age, five feet, six inches high; has a scar over his right eye that extends through his eye-brow—he is of tolerable dark color, and has very small hands. He gives a very imperfect account of his place of nativity. His clothing when committed was an old black fur hat, pretty much sewed with white cotton, an old blue coat, old linen shirt, old striped linsey vest, much patched, cotton and yarn twilled pantaloons of fustian colour, and old patched shoes. The owner of the above describe negro is requested to come forward and release him, otherwise he will be discharged according to law.

R. R. WATERS, Sh'ff.
August 27, 1834.

The Globe, Washington City, Whig. Easton, and Citizen, Frederick, will insert the above four times and charge this [Free Press] office.
sept 2 4t

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