good order, and that the citizens may become apt and skillful in the use of the Engine; hose, and buckets—next to want of preparation in an Engine, hose, buckets and ladders, and axes, the thing most to be dreaded is *consternation* on the occurrence of a fire, which renders even preparations useless, and can only be avoided by frequent drilling, so that every man may know his place and the duty he has to perform.

Permit me now to ask, if you my fellow citizens are not equally liable, in every respect to the dreadful calamity that has overwhelmed your fellow beings in Cumberland and Snow Hill—and whether you are in any state of preparation to meet and to resist so awful an occurrence? If not—does not your own good sense, your love of your own interest and comfort, your good feeling for your neighbours all conspire, upon a moments reflection, to prompt you, without the loss of a day more, to make all human preparation against so probable an event, against so distressing a calamity? Let us, I entreat you, take this subject into speedy and serious consideration and act at once without delay—let us be warned of our danger by the afflictions and sufferings of others, and no longer sleep over the perils which surround us and may burst upon us ere the sun again rises, involving us in wretchedness and ruin. Be wise in time.—It is easier and better to guard against evil than to cure it.

A Friendly Warning.

From the Augusta (Geo.) Courier of Nov. 14.

DINNER TO MR WILDE.

AUGUSTA, 10th Nov. 1834.

To the Hon. RICHARD HENRY WILDE:

Dear Sir—A number of your friends in this city are desirous of manifesting in a public manner, their respect for your personal character and their gratitude for your public services. Acting for them, we have the honor to invite you to a Public Dinner, at such time as may suit your convenience,

We are, very respectfully,
Your friends and ob't. serv'ts.
SAMUEL HALE, &c.

Mr. Wilde to the citizens of Augusta, who invited him to a Public Dinner.

MY ESTEEMED FRIENDS:

I thank you for your invitation, and fully appreciate the goodness of heart from which it springs. Permit me to decline it, however, for many reasons, some of which you will find hereafter.

It is doubtless a kind effort to relieve my feelings and your own, by letting me drop gently from the height of my ambition to a private station.

But as my head was never turned by any elevation above my fellow citizens, I do not need an inclined plane to regain my true level. Had I been ever so much lifted up, it is too late to break my fall. The thing's done. It has been somewhat sudden, to be sure, but like Harlequin when he tumbled from the steeple, you may conceive, now it's over, the most disagreeable part of the adventure was not between the weathercock and the pavement.

By the way, if *I* had turned weathercock, the fall might have been avoided. A fair offer was made me, too—there's no denying it: but *I* am too old and stiff to shift my principles with any one's interests or resentments—even my own. I began life a TROUP man and so I expect to end it. *I* have not yet repented of my sturdiness, and should do the same thing over again, in the same way, though perfectly sure of the same consequences.

Let us see what have been my offences. This is as good a time as any for plenary hearing. Being condemned already, it can do nobody any harm to listen; and may help you my good friends to digest your disappointment as well as a speech and a dinner. I am but an indifferent trencher-man, not much of a wine-bibber, and no great hand to sing or say my own praises. If you will spare me the dinner and the wine, I will struggle with the lesser infirmity rather than become obnoxious to the proverb against preaching in one's cups, and you can read what *I* have to say at your leisure, without risk of a headache. Only favor me so far, as to fancy it all said, at the middle of a long table, towards the bottom of the second bottle. This will best excuse the egotism unavoidable on such occasions. Thus *I* shall have had all the advantage of a dinner I did'nt eat, and you of a speech you didn't hear. Neither of us will be a hair the worse, and both will escape part of the pleasantry of our adversaries—you, the suspicion of making merry to hide your chagrin; and *I*, the ridicule of getting a dinner to console me for the loss of a seat.

We shall have another advantage—that of reckoning without our host, as we did before the election.—We shall reckon briefly too, as becomes old friends: the account can't be of more than two years' standing.

It is only that long ago since I was in high favor with the people of Georgia, at least as far as favor is indicated by a large vote. As the people can do no wrong, and are presumed to do every thing with due deliberation, it is not to be supposed they have done any thing without a cause, or from a wrong cause. Neither are we permitted to imagine that there was any mistake in the matter—The people never make mistakes. Still less is it allowable to conjecture that they act under delusion produced by those who abuse their confidence. *In* this there would be two indecencies. One in supposing the worthy gentlemen who are the people's friends, would mislead them; the other, that the people can be misled, or indeed led at all. Suppositions truly inadmissible. The cause of my defeat, then, is to be sought for in myself, and in something *I* have said or done within the last two years. Because, at that time, being re-elected by a large majority, it is not lawful to presume me in any manner delinquent; such delinquency implying error in the people re-electing me, and the people never err. Here then, at least, is a point gained. We know where to begin posting our books. What is objected to me in the last two years? Without being sure of having heard, or being able to remember all, let us go through the accusations as far as possible, beginning with the least important, as orators do in their discourses.

"They say that you are not a resident of the State."—If not, I must be very unlucky, having lost my residence here without finding one any where else.—A domicil once gained, I thought, continued until death or removal, and it is certain I had not *removed* on the first Monday in October We won't say anything about my *death* at present; one objection at a time.

All the property I possess is in Georgia, (unless she claims narrower limits than she used to do,) here I have passed two and thirty years of my life, and seen committed to the earth the ashes of more than half my family: here is my house, my brother, my sisters, my children.—How many persons in Georgia can give stronger proof of domicil? "O! but you are never at home, and a representative who does not return to his constituents."

Let us see how this is: going back to our grand era. In the last two years I have been *ten* months engaged in my attendance on the House of Representatives; *nine* months at home in the city of Augusta, or on the Sand Hills, and *five* months travelling, recruiting my health, or endeavoring to gain useful information. That makes *twenty four* months, if there's no fault in my arithmetic. So that I have been at home nearly as much time as *I* have been at Congress, and *nineteen months* out of the *twenty four* have been either at home or engaged in public business, where a man does not lose his domicil. The remaining *five* months have been passed in going to and from the Seat of Government, or travelling elsewhere, examining public institutions, visiting libraries, dock yards, manufactories, &c. &c. I venture to presume five months absence out of twenty four does not deprive a man of his residence: therefore, mine is not lost; consequently I continue to reside here.

It would be as easy for me to prove *I* was alive on the day of election, as it is to prove my residence; but, luckily, no one has yet thought of disputing it. If they had reported me dead, as Bickerstaff did Partridge, it would be in vain for me to deny it. Any political fib will serve, provided it is told only once. I am very much obliged to them, therefore, for permitting me to be alive. To be sure, the most certain method of being thought *right* by all the world to day, is to have died yesterday, yet at last, it may perhaps be better, to live and be deemed *wrong*, than die and be found *right*. Meanwhile my obituary will answer hereafter; that is—if I should ever be a candidate again—a thing out of my mind at present, as you may readily conceive, though it is prudent not to affirm more positively, for fear somebody should say "sour grapes."

Some of my constituents who forgot to vote for me, will no doubt be very much surprised I was at home so long, and unable to conceive how such well informed persons as themselves did not know it.

Nothing can be more natural. A solitary student, who passes more of his time with books than men, is of no sort of consequence, and never assumes any, may be much at home and nobody the wiser.

All who are acquainted with my habits, know I deny myself to no one, and always glad to see any of my fellow citizens, and happy to give them any information or render them any service in my power.

If my means of usefulness are limited, or more do not choose to avail themselves of my good dispositions, it is not my fault.

About the period in question, however if my memory does not fail me, I gave some, for me, extraordinary proofs, not merely of life and residence, but of interest in what was going on. I ate my first and only public dinner, and wrote a long letter on the famous project of the Convention for reforming the representation of the State, by putting all power into a few safe hands. Now of two things one: Either these remarkable events attracted some attention, and then it must be known I was at home, or else they were entirely overlooked, and therefore can't be counted among my faults The paper of the Convention indeed having been crossed by the People, no longer finds any one to acknowledge it.—Did they utterly forget I had previously pronounced it "counterfeit?"

"But remaining at home is not enough You should have shown yourself, made interest, and requested votes."

Now, indeed, you have hit upon a weak point! It can't be concealed.—No defence can be made for me. 'Tis but too true: I have no passion for greetings in the market place, and am not gifted with the eloquence of street corners What would you have? No man is without his faults. One of mine is an impatience of the arts of popularity.—Believing the nobler study was how to serve the People, rather than how to *please* them, I devoted myself to their service with the sincerest zeal; & though they may not be *well pleased* they have been *well served*, at least to the utmost of my poor ability. Besides, no prior experience had taught me there was a surer "art of pleasing," and, let me add, success could not reconcile me to its practice, nor can defeat induce me to lament the want of it.

I have been accustomed to boast, that with my constituents it was unnecessary. One will boast of something, though it's a bad habit. Yet I was mistaken only in some twenty-five hundred, while twenty-eight thousand voters make good my eulogy.

"Then you had the less to do, and are therefore the more inexcusable."

True. I don't pretend to excuse myself. My plea is only natural incapacity and invincible repugnance for the task. The popularity I prize, is not that which is coursed for, and never lost sight of, like a hare by the grey hound. You may quote me the Old Roman. (I don't mean Gen. Jackson,) who sued for the Consulate. It was not by any means the best thing he did, and they preferred Vatinius to him, the greatest scoundrel of his time.* If I had canvassed like Cato, I should have been thus much more fortunate than him. Messieurs, the representatives elect, are all honest men, and were no doubt elected by very honest men also There is another consolation. It would be somewhat mortifying to have taken great pains and yet failed to make myself acceptable. As it is the election did not cost me above twenty visits and forty bows, at the rate of two to each visit, which is a very moderate expenditure of civility, even for a defeated candidate. Pass me to some other count in the indictment.

"They say you're a *Nullifier*."

Indeed! Who? Assuredly I was not a Nullifier once. By what magic did *I* become one unknown to myself? Is it reasonable to imagine I changed my creed after the orthodox got possession of the church, & were in full communion with its visible head upon earth, the only infallible expounder of Republican doctrines? St. Martin himself, if he were guilty of such folly, would hardly pass for a conjuror.

But even now in the ranks of the "greatest and best," good and true liegemen sworn—firm believers in every thing (as he construes it) from the Apocrypha of AMOS to the Apocalypse of JOHN, (the United States' Bank being the beast with seven heads and ten horns) even among such, have been found my unsolicited compurgators, who absolve me of this sin. "Let's own" then, "since it can do no good on earth," that I am not a Nullifier.

"But you are a STATE RIGHTS MAN, and that's as bad. *State Rights* is only *Nullification* in disguise" Patience my friends! let us distinguish. I am guilty of believing that States and individuals have *some* rights: rights secured by the Constitution, and not depending on the pleasure of any President or majority in Congress, any Governor or State Legislature. I believe, moreover, the rights of the States are just such as the people have not granted away, all others being "reserved:" and I hold that in questions of mere private liberty or property, where the construction of the Constitution is drawn into controversy, the *Supreme Court* is the ultimate arbiter; but in questions purely political, tho' involving the true interpretation of that instrument, the Court has no jurisdiction. *I* won't affirm positively, but *I* have my reasons for believing, that this is the opinion of the Court itself. *It* is not yet a crime in the eyes of the *Unionists* to be a *State Rights* man, at least as far as the *Federal Judiciary*. The time is coming, unless the omens deceive me, when it will be a great crime *not* to be a State Rights man much farther.

Our present Governor, who I presume is to be considered the head of the Union party, proposes to the Legislature, in his late message, to make it highly penal for any inhabitant of this State to bring what is usually called the "Indian Question," before any tribunal of the United States.

That question I understand has already gone there. Unless the Governor and the Vice President, and Secretary of State, can *negotiate* it out of Court, it must be decided. If the decision should happen to be against his Excellency, what shall we do? You can all tell as well as I, so begging pardon for this dull digression, which the Governor led me into, let us talk of something else. "Don't forget the United States Bank." By no means. "How do you reconcile your State Rights doctrine with your support of a Bank?" Because I think the Constitution gives the control of the currency to Congress and forbids it to the States, & the States have no right to violate the Constitution any more than others. The Constitution says "no State shall emit bills of credit." Is a bank bill a bill of credit? Can the State authorise others to do what it cannot do itself? This is the whole question in its smallest compass. It is now before the Supreme Court. 'Tis a *judicial*, not a *political* question—a question of constitutional law, but also of private right.—We will see how they decide it. We will see how the Governor and his party take the decision.

But my good friends, all for *Union* like myself, and like every one else I fancy, as long as they think it can endure or be endured—my good *Union* friends, so solicitous for my *State Rights* consistency, may I venture to catechize through you, that portion of the Union party who are *not* my friends.

Is not your Senator for *a* Bank, not *the* Bank? Yes. And your Ex-Senator, now Secretary of State? Yes. And did not your Governor vote for *the* Bank?—Yes. And are not a large number of yourselves for *a* Bank or *the* Bank?—Yes. Now if you support all these gentlemen who are for *a* Bank, and have been for *the* Bank, in both which respects many of your party agree with them, though they vote against *me*, I ask, if my political consistency on this point may not be left to the guardianship of my State Rights friends, who pardon it they do not justify me? They *know* that the chief fault of the Bank was, not being a New York-Jackson-Van Buren Bank; and that, by and by, those most clamorous against it, if they find it to their interest, will not hesitate to make another Bank, which, *being* a New York-Jackson Van Buren Bank, will consequently be a very good one. But on this subject to you, whom I especially address, I need say nothing.—READ YOUR OWN MEMORIAL. On the currency question, *I* appeal to TIME.—SUFFERING and EXPERIENCE will at length do me JUSTICE. WISDOM has already acquitted me. But my rejection on that ground if you choose. I am satisfied. Fifteen lines in my possesion, from one whom I will not name or designate, are worth more to me than the seat of any member elect. They contain no promise of any kind, and are not signed by NICHOLAS BIDDLE either Indulge me in this little piece of vanity: it is probably the last with which I shall trouble you.

"But why were you so *imprudent* as to reject the nomination of the Union party?" *I* did not reject it, for they did not nominate me. "But you refuse the pledges they demanded." My answer was the same to both parties, and has ever been the same to all:—"I prefer relying on the confidence of my fellow citizens, *without distinction*, to procuring the support of particular combinations, by *'assurances'* that I will *'act with them!'* "I will pledge passive obedience and implicit faith to no party; for as yet I have found none which did not at times exact of its members what no honest man ought, and no gentleman can do?" The *confidence* on which *I* rested failed me But at least I escaped pledging myself to the Union party, "*to act with them*" in turning out all the Judges, and my reasons for refusing pledges are just as they were before. The position is undeniable. You will readily concede its truth as to your adversaries. Your adversaries admit it as to you. Each party believes it of the other—and *I* of all Here is my great offence. "No! no! you are against Van Buren as President." *I* am.—Are you for him? I have found scarcely and one here out of office who says yes. "But who are you for, then?" It matters very little. *It* will not be my duty to vote for you in any event. You have already chosen those who will. *If* you wish to keep him from getting the electoral vote of Georgia, however, *I'll* tell you my opinion. HUGH L. WHITE, of Tennessee, is your man.

But this is talking *politics*, and I intended to abstain from them. 'You mean, then, to abjure politics hereafter?" By no means, my friends. There are certain politics I expect to carry with me to my grave. I deem honesty the best policy, though I have not tried both ways. *I* think the *compromise* better than *civil war*, though CLAY made it.—I hold the straightest road to be the shortest. *I* reckon two and two for four; and think Nullification the same thing both sides of Savannah river. *On* the two last points I am not quite certain: if there is any error, it will be detected in this enlightened age, when all the world argue, and every one can count five on their fingers.

Let me beg you to keep those opinions to yourselves. It is time I was cured of my mania for reasoning with *power*; and you should be aware, there is no disputing with thirty-three thousand voters, who, saving five hundred, all think alike with respect to two tickets of nine members each, presenting at least *seven hundred and twenty nine* distinct questions of comparison and preference, none of them depending on arithmetic or geometry.

If this should happen to leak out through any indiscretion, I trust ten thousand of the thirty (Xenophon's ten thousand—who made the famous retreat—may we see it repeated in our day!) will take me in good part. When a SOVEREIGN turns an old friend into a *subject*, by the *cut* direct, should excuse a joke in return.

I don't quote the anecdote for fear my taste should be thought exotic, or lest some of the ten thousand might suppose I compared them to the most perfect gentleman of his day in Europe, or myself to the King of the Dandies, which would be great presumption. I only mean to hint, it's dangerous jesting with sovereigns, and, accordingly, I shall abstain from it hereafter, intending shortly to be a sovereign myself. Let no one take alarm I don't mean to dethrone Mr. Kendall and usurp "the Government." My purpose is merely to become—voluntarily or involuntarily, as you please—"one of the people," but there will be nothing foreign in my politics, and no danger from them to any one but myself.

And now my good friends, who, by this evidence of your regard and patience, have afforded me an opportunity of pouring out what the wittiest and most indulgent of our adversaries may consider, a little subacidulated bile—since you see I do not need quite so much sympathy as you thought, let me offer you a word or two of consolation in return. Your regrets are, in part at least, for me. Believe me they are unnecessary. Whatever causes of despondence I may have—if I have any—the loss of place can hardly be counted among them I know it is whispered, I seclude myself, and bear defeat badly. Pray don't contradict it. The charity of the world will instantly discover a worse reason for my real or supposed blue devils. To those who have few thoughts they can endure, retirement is insufferable. You cannot convince them that any one finds it otherwise. Consider, if you please, however, that public office, with all its care and fame, is either a burthen or a benefit. If a burthen, I have borne it long enough.—If a benefit, 'tis time some one else should share it. *I* have spent nearly a fifth of my life and fortune in your service. A few years longer might consume the residue of both. My children will profit more by what's left than my country. I do not state the *per contra* of the account. Every body will rate the *honor* I have acquired at what they please. If no greater than our opponents assert, it may be represented by a cipher.

Receive the assurances of my gratitude for all your kindness, and allow me to add to them the good old parting salutation—FAREWELL! GOD BLESS YOU!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

Augusta, Nov. 11th, 1834.

*Courier. Not the Augusta—Paul Louis

MARRIED

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hazel, Mr. Daniel White to Miss Ann McMahan, both of this county.

On the same evening by the Rev Mr. Humphriss, Mr. Martin Willis to Miss Ann Coburn, both of this county.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Humphriss, Mr. Levin Blades to Miss Julia Ann Layton, both of St. Michael's, Talbot county.

PRICES CURRENT—BALT. Dec. 3.	
Wheat,	$1 00
Rye	68 a 70
Corn, (new)	50 a 52
do. (old)	52 a 54

Agricultural Notice.

THE Trustees of the Maryland Agricultural Society for the Eastern Shore, will hold their next meeting on Thursday next, at "Coler Point," the residence of Horatio L Edmondson, Esq. Punctual attendance is requested. By order,

MARTIN GOLDSBOROUGH, Sec.

dec. 6

Public Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's court of Talbot county, will be exposed at public sale, on, *Wednesday* the 17th December inst. if fair, if not, the next fair day, at the late residence of William Shehan, late of Talbot county deceased, all the personal estate of said deceased, consisting of Household and Kitchen Furniture, Farming *Utensils*,

HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP,

and *Hogs*, and a variety of other articles too tedious to mention.

Terms of sale—on all sums over five dollars a credit of six months will be given, the purchaser or purchasers giving bond with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale—& on all sums of & under five dollars, the cash will be required before the removal of the property.

SUSAN SHEHAN, Adm'rx.
of Wm. Shehan, dec'd.

dec. 6

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, Issued out of Dorchester County Court, and to me directed, in the name and on behalf of William Tiffany, George Tiffany and Henry Tiffany, assignees of Thomas White, against William Vans Murray, I will sell at public sale, on Wednesday the 10th day of December next, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock, at the jail door, in Cambridge, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, three as likely NEGRO MEN as any in this county, by the names of Bob, George and Adam—The above negroes are taken as the property of the said William Vans Murray, and will be sold to satisfy the above writ of fieri facias and the costs due and to become due.

JOHN G. BELL, Shff

Dec. 6

NEW FALL GOODS.

WILLIAM LOVEDAY,

HAS just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and is now opening at his Store House in Easton, a very

HANDSOME & GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

FALL AND WINTER

GOODS.

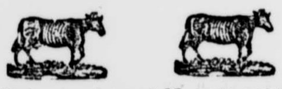
Among which are a handsome variety of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & CASSINETTS.

He thinks he has purchased his Goods at low prices and can offer them on the same terms, and solicits an early call from his friends and the public generally.

Easton, Sept. 27th 1834. (W

CATTLE



Taken to winter at 50 cents per month—Enquire of the Editor.

Nov. 29 4t

TO RENT,

For the ensuing year, the *Houses* and lots in Easton, now occupied by Mrs. Chamberlaine, on Washington street, For terms apply to Wm. Loveday, Merchant in Easton.

Sept. 27.

For Sale or Rent.

A small farm, adjoining the town of Easton Also a lot of about 30 or 40 acres, to be divided into 4 parts, as nearly as possible. If the latter is not previously disposed of, at private sale, it will be offered at public sale on TUESDAY the seventh October. For terms enquire of the Editor.

Sept. 20

MARYLAND

Talbot County Orphans' Court.

19th day of September *A.* D. 1834.

On application of Benjamin *Parrot*, administrator of Rachel Wilson late of Talbot county, deceased—it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that he cause the same to be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in one of the newspapers printed in the town of Easton.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of proceedings of Talbot county Orphans' court I have hereunto set my hand & the seal of my office affixed, this 19th day of September in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty four.

SEAL

Test

JAS. PRICE, Regr.
of Wills for Talbot county

In compliance to the above order,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That the subscriber of Talbot county hath obtained from the Orphans' court of Talbot county, in Maryland letters of Administration on the personal estate of *Rachel* Wilson late of Talbot county dec'd. All person having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof to the subscriber or to *Thomas C.* Nicols, his agent on or before the 8th day of *August* next or they may otherwise by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of *September A* D eighteen hundred and thirty four.

BENJAMIN *PARROTT*, adm'r.
of Rachel Wilson dec'd.

Sept. 20

NEW FALL GOODS.

Wm. H. & P. Groome

Have just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with their fall supply of goods, comprising a very general assortment of

ENGLISH, FRENCH AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS.

Hardware, Cutlery, China and Glass, Groceries and *Liquors*. Among which are a variety of Cloths, Cassinetts, Merinoes and Blankets, superior old Godard brandy and Holland Gin, old L. P. Madeira, Sicily Madeira Pale Sherry, Lisbon and Tenerriffe Wines, Fresh Teas, Java Coffee, Cheese, &c. all of which will be offered at a small advance.

oct. 25 6t

FALL GOODS.

SAMUEL MACKEY

HAS just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore, and is now opening at his store opposite the Court House, an elegant assortment of

Choice Fresh Goods,

selected from the latest arrivals, consisting of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, &c &c.

all of which will be offered very cheap for Cash or exchanged for wool, feathers and country Kersey. The public are respectfully invited to give him a call.

N. B. S. M. has also, at his lumber yard, a general assortment of Pine Plank, &c. &c. which he will dispose of very low for Cash.

Easton, Nov. 15

AN OVERSEER WANTED.

Wanted for the next year an overseer, to manage a large farm. A man of family who can produce satisfactory testimonials of sobriety, industry and a general knowledge of farming, may obtain an advantageous situation by applying immediately to the subscriber.

To rent for the next year the dwelling house and Garden with the privilege of fire wood; at my farm adjoining Perry Hall. A country carpenter would be preferred as a tenant—Also to hire several young negroes of both sexes.

MARIA ROGERS.

Perry Hall, Nov. 29

NOTICE TO GUNNERS.

The Subscriber hereby forbids all gunning whatsoever upon any part of her land *and especially upon Royston's Island*. It must & shall be understood by those who have been in the habit of frequenting her shores, and the public generally, that any visits henceforth for the purpose mentioned, shall be regarded as trespasses and proceeded against accordingly.

Eliza C. Skinner.

Nov. 29.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber wishing to devote his undivided attention to the management and improvement of his Lands in Bailey's and Oxford Necks, offers for sale his real estate in the Chapel district, about 6 miles from Easton, and near the "Old Chapel," consisting of three farms contiguous to each other, viz:

No. 1. The lands of the late James Patton, commonly called the Patton farm, now occupied by Mr Thomas Harwood as tenant, containing near

Three hundred Acres.

No. 2. The lands of the late John Garey, to which is added a small farm purchased of the heirs of the late Parrott Kirby, containing about

Four hundred Acres,

now occupied by Mr. James Vinson as tenant.

No. 3. The farm late the property of Wm. Ferguson, now occupied by Mr. J. Whitby as tenant, containing upwards of

Two hundred Acres.

No. 4. The undivided moiety of a farm adjoining the lands of Thomas Henrix, now occupied by Mr. Warner as tenant, containing

One hundred and fifty Acres,

No. 5. A Lot of WOOD LAND, part of the estate of the late James Nabb, adjoining the Methodist meeting house, containing 41 1-4 acres, well covered with white and red oak wood and timber.

Also, the following property in the town of Easton,

No. 1.

A house, yard & garden,

on which is a Black-Smith's shop, Carpenter's shop, meat-house and table, fronting on Port and West streets, formerly the property of Mrs Bell.

No. 2.

A house and garden

adjoining the above formerly the property of Isaac Atkinson.

No. 3.

A house and garden

on the corner of Port and West sts. now in the occupation of Mr. David Kirby as tenant.

No. 4.

A house and Lot

on Washington street, running through to West street, between the property of Dr. Theodore Denny and Dr. S. M. Jenkins.

No. 5.

The two-story house

on South and Washington streets, the lower story now occupied as a Female Academy, and the upper story as the Lodge of the "Independent Odd Fellows."

No. 6.

The house and garden

now occupied by Mr. James Smith fronting on South Street.

No. 7.

The House & Garden

adjoining the above, now occupied by Mr. John W. Blake.

No. 8.

A House and Lot

adjoining No. 7, now occupied by Mr. Edward Hale. The above Town property is situated in the most healthy and pleasant parts of Easton. The whole or any part of the above property will be sold on a liberal credit and on accommodating terms

EDWARD N. HAMBLETON.

Easton, Nov. 15

PRINTING

Of every description neatly and expeditiously done at this Office.

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