APOLLO'S FOUNT.

The following original ballad was sung at the late celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims, by the New England Society in Charleston, South Casolina. It is one of the best Yankee Doodles we have seen—high toned and earnest.

[Troy Sentinel.

TUNE, '*Yankee Doodle.*'

The honest sons of Pilgrim sires,
Where'er their lot is cast, sirs,
Will ne'er forget their childhood's fires;
Nor blush to view the past, sirs.

We ask no nobler pedigree
Than that which history owns, sirs,
The sons of men who would be free,
In spite of Europe's thrones, sirs.

Old Plymouth's frowning rock bound coast,
For years some twenty score, sirs,
Has been our chief ancestral boast,
And will for ever more, sirs.

For there, when all was desolate,
Save hearts that beat no free, sirs,
Our fathers form'd their little State,
And planted Freedom's tree, sirs.

The tree whose leaves are healing, now,
Nations in sorrow sunk, sirs;
But who would all the virtues know,
Must seek them at the trunk, sirs.

Forever live in memory's trust,
New England's parent stock, sirs;
Forever sacred be their dust
Who first trod Plymouth rock, sirs.

They who unshrinking met distress,
Amid the desert snows, sirs;
And made a cheerless wilderness
To blossom as the rose, sirs.

And learning, there, and piety,
On sure foundations laid, sirs;
And Europe's wave of tyranny,
By Pilgrim's valour staid, sirs.

Their errors now we will not name,
Though soon the task were done, sirs;
They ne'er can dim their honest fame—
Mere spots upon the sun, sirs.

Let him who doubts their wisdom go
And view the States they founded;
No matter whether friend or foe,
We guess he'll be astounded.

Our brethren of the sunny South,
Our foibles may e'en joke, sirs,
But frankly they will own this truth—
We never wore the yoke, sirs.

And when they laugh at Yankee trade,
We hold retort no sin, sirs;
If we have wooden nutmegs made,
We made their cotton *gin*, sirs.

In learning, arts, or arms, we yield
Our Yankee fame to none, sirs;
For in the Senate or the field,
We ne'er lack'd tongue or bone, sirs.

Go search our country's history,
For soldier, tar, or sage, sirs;
New-England's children you may see
Almost on every page, sirs.

Our spangled banner on the main
Our sons have made respected;
And if by foes assailed again,
Again 'twill be protected.

Perish the son of Yankee seed,
Who would that banner mar, sirs;
And perish all who would not bleed
Beneath the stripes and stars, sirs.

Our fathers, North and South combined,
And bled, in Seventy-six, sirs;
And each invading foe shall find
Their blood again will mix, sirs.

In best of families we know
Some little strife may rise, sirs;
But who in ours dares strike a blow,
By heaven! the traitor dies! sirs.

Then be our chain of union bright,
The only chain we wear, sirs,
Save that whose golden links unite
And bind us to the fair, sirs.

WHEN, AND WHOM IS IT SAFE TO MARRY?

1. Young ladies not to marry at 15 or 16 or 17, they are too young—know nothing about house keeping and providing for a family, &c.

2. They ought not to marry until they have got the consent of their mind to give up tight lacing—because the married state should be free from 'bondage and compression and oppression, &c.'

3. A young lady should not marry until she has got the consent of her mind to obey her husband. Because if she cannot, and will not obey her husband, she does not love him—obedience is the strongest evidence of love. These are some of the times when young ladies ought not to marry. Now I say,

1. They ought not to marry a young man who when he comes to address them can stay a week or two—such an one will be likely to love the fire and the house too well—will not go to the 'barn—and the new ground, and the cornfield, &c.' often enough.

2. Never marry a young man without some occupation by which he could support a family. —He will be apt to need the proceeds of such occupation, when the trade must be learned. Say, if you marry him he must be a Doctor, not a Quack—a lawyer, not a 'pettifogger'—a merchant, on his own capital, not a borrowed one —a 'shoemaker not a cobler; have the thing itself'—'a farmer,' or a mechanic of some order, if he be a 'basket maker,' have the 'profitable occupation' in the bargain, don't marry without it.

3. Never marry a young man who wears fine clothes and swears profanely—because if he will not treat his Maker's laws with reverence, he is very unapt to treat you kindly and with respect—moreover he who *swears* will *lie*, and of all characters a liar is to be detested and avoided and not chosen as a companion.

4. A young lady should not marry a young man who is in the habit of gambling, attending 'horse races and theatres'—because he will ten to one, spend every cent of his, and his wife's estate, and bring her at last to beggary. Reformed gamblers are not safe—I would advise no young lady to marry one at least under ten years reformation.

5. A young lady will be very unsafe in marrying a young man who uses ardent spirits either temperately or intemperately—because more women have been rendered wretched on account of drunken husbands than any one thing else. Don't marry a reformed drunkard, as a man hardly ever gets clear of his awful disease. If you want to be miserable—if you want bab-blings—if you want wounds without cause—a husband with red eyes, &c. marry a man who drinks, 'who takes a little,' and you are more likely to have the above enjoyments than in marrying any other character. If a man can give up his dram, he can sacrifice the happiness, or property of any woman, by 'taking a little.' But methinks I hear some one say by this time —'Where are young ladies to get husbands? You lop so close you leave us none?'—O yes—look for them in the honest, virtuous walks of life. Don't marry a profane *swearer*—a gambler —an infidel—one who *takes a little*—a debaucher—a man without an occupation—you had better die an *old maid* than marry either. Young ladies, remember your soul's salvation is involved in your marriage—then to God for direction.

[Rich. Tel.

THE MAGICIAN.

A BARZ STORY.

In a small town which possessed the right of holding criminal courts, there was once a famous Magician caught, the country being at that time infested with such sort of people. He had been forced to make a free confession of his crimes by torture; and therefore the court found itself at full liberty to sentence the wicked wretch to be burned alive.

The day fixed upon for the execution drew nigh; the pile stood already erected before one of the gates, and all the inhabitants of the adjoining country were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the hour of executon, for the little town had never been so dull and desolate as for some months before. During all that period they had neither drowned a single witch, nor even flogged a pickpocket; so the whole country had been longing for an execution to diversify the monotony of their existence, and now hands and feet got enlivened, and for several days all who could wag their tongues talked of nothing but the burning of the Magician, and all who could move their limbs skipped twice a day round the pile.

Well the great day arrived. Long before dawn hundreds of small wagons came pouring into the city from fifty miles of the surrounding country, and swelled the numerous company who had arrived the night before, and were spending the time till the hour of execution in various gossip. With daybreak all was crowd and bustle in the town; and in less than half an hour streets and houses were deserted, and the large field around the pile so crowded with spectators, that had one tossed an apple into it, it could not have reached the ground. Every eye was fixed upon the pile, and upon the motions of the executioner and his assistants; while from time to time a distant observer heard a loud noise, resembling the rushing of the storm through a pine-wood, caused by the rustling of the crowd, which again sunk down into an awful silence.

During one of these pauses a gloomy whispering was heard,—deep gravity spread over every face,—and after the lapse of some minutes a universal shout arose, 'The Magician has escaped!'

Nobody could believe it, nobody could think it possible,—yet every one shouted it the louder for his disbelief, and thousands were about to run off to storm the prison: for was it not quite insufferable thus to have their excited expectations deceived,—to have been kept awake the whole night for nothing!—to have endured hunger and thirst, and all for nothing!

A wild outcry of fury and rage was already heard throughout the field, when the judges made their appearance, and partly to confirm the sad news that the impatient criminal had not chosen to await his burning, and partly with the prudential motive of saving themselves from a shower of stones, desired the whole assembly to pursue the Magician, who must, undoubtedly, as they affirmed, still be lurking about the neighbourhood, and could not escape the scrutiny of so many thousand eyes. They also invited the whole assembly to attend on the following day at a still more solemn execution of the wizard.

In the twinkling of an eye the whole crowd were in motion, galloping over and against one another with as much confusion as ever distracted Babel. Not a few were induced, by the mischances they met with, to desist from the chase, and took their way back to the town in no very good humor, though not quite without hope; but hundreds of them scattered themselves over the country in search of the Magician.

The constables, well provided with arms, hastened, according to orders, towards a wood where it was thought the criminal could most easily hide himself. On the road thither they met a man with a long beard, whom they at first took for a wandering Jew, and accompanied part of the way to learn if he could give them any information about the Magician. Hereupon the stranger showed them a bow and an arrow, and assured them that he never failed in shooting with them, and could, with these weapons, keep off a thousand enemies. The constables stared upon him, and fancying that they could perceive the features of the Magician under the mask of the Jew, began to tremble in all their limbs; the wish to lead him back in triumph to the town struggled with their fear of the enchanted arrow; but all of them fell a few inches aside at every step, and thus a wide circle was gradually formed around the pretended Jew.

He looked around him and discovered a falcon soaring high in the air above him; it now appeared like a little black speck in the heavens, but he bent his bow and presently the bird fell, transfixed by the arrow, into a marshy ditch all overgrown with thorns. 'Fetch me the falcon and my arrow!' called he out with a commanding voice to the constables, who hesitated long, but at last the terror with which his voice inspired them conquered, and one of them proceeded with faltering steps towards the place where the bird lay. Whilst he was yet picking his way over the marsh, the archer drew a little whistle out of his pocket and commenced playing a waltz, when lo! the poor fellow began to waltz about, and stretched out his hands as if to invite his companions, who stood gaping in astonishment upon him, to join him. Presently they all rushed like mad people into the marsh, where they danced and waltzed till their senses reeled and their hands and feet were grievously torn by the briers. Often they implored the Magician to spare them, and to allow them a little respite; and at last, when their strength was nearly utterly exhausted, he ceased to play, and they left off dancing.

All breathless and exhausted, they crept out from among the thorns and the marsh; but one of the constables had sufficient presence of mind left, secretly to carry off the arrow and the bird along with him.

The archer received them laughing; he now wore another beard and garment, and no longer seemed a Jew, but in truth the very Magician they were in search of: 'Do you not know me?' inquired he. 'You were all active enough, however in torturing me; and this morning you would doubtless have been very well pleased to have assisted at my burning The pile is yet standing, and you wish to prepare for to-morrow the feast which has been spoiled in the cooking to-day; well, I will return with you, provided you will promise to dance to my whistle, for I suppose you are come to fetch me back.'

The constables could not deny it; but declined very earnestly the honor of invitation to the dance. Their protestations were, however, of no avail; the Magician took his whistle, and they felt themselves constrained to obey. Fortunately he was this time, content with playing a slow Polonese, and thus they escaped skinning for the present.

When they reached the field before the town, the Magician greeted the executioner, who, happy at the return of the Magician, but not without considerable sensations of alarm, made what arrangements he could, by beckonings and signs, to prevent the criminal again escaping.

The magician mounted the pile, and sat very contentedly down upon it; upon which the constables hastened, as fast as their weary feet could carry them, into the town to proclaim the unheard of news, their own great deeds, and the deliverance of the country. They proceeded, attended by a crowd of many thousands, to the court-house, where the tribunal was yet assembled, and with loud complaints brought forth fresh accusations against the knave, who, in their persons, had affronted the whole citizens. They were complimented on their good services—The arrow was placed as a *corpus delicti* among the criminal proceedings,—and as there seemed to be some difficulty in keeping the rogue in prison, it was resolved to fire the pile without farther delay: especially as the auspicious burning of the Magician had been already engrossed in the protocol of the proceedings as having happened that day, and, according to an ancient and wise law, nothing which had once been recorded could be afterwards altered in any wise.

Three councillors marched in solemn and high judicial array, to the pile, with the constables, preceded by the assistants of the executioner, bearing burning torches, and followed by all the people who had remained in the town in expectation of the issue.

When they approached the gate they heard from afar a shouting as of ten thousand tipsy people; and soon, oh marvellous! their own feet began to skip under them, and skipping they went out at the gate, and saw a numberless crowd of spectators, every instant swelled by the crowds which streamed towards them, all leaping with the greatest exertion around the pile.

Upon the pile stood the Magician—to whose whistle they danced—beating time with his feet. All danced who had feet to dance,—children, and grandmothers,—and grave-looking men who never had dreamed of dancing in their lives before,—and old men, and nuns, and noble knights, and fisherwomen—all in the most motly crowd. Sometimes the Magician led them through a reel, and sometimes through a waltz,—now he allowed them to recover breath in a minute,—and presently he set them a-dancing with increased vigour at a Swabian jig or a Cossaque; even the executioner and his assistants were footing it upon the pile itself, and streams of perspiration flowed down their limbs at every *sout perilleux*.

The torch-bearers also approached dancing, their leader incessantly calling out:

"'Lack a-day! Lack-a-day! Did not I say:
"'Let not the rogue take his whistle away!'"

'Bravo! Bravo!' shouted the Magician, making a short pause in his playing—welcome relief to the feet of the dancers—when he saw the van approaching with the torches intended to light the pile: 'Bravo! Bravo! Now comes the torch-dance.* Courage! Courage! The torch-bearers first; and after them every one of you, according to his dignity! Only a few hours more of it! But you must sing also.'

Instantly all the thousands who were dancing around the Magician began to sing:

"Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day! Did not I say:
"'Let not the rogue take his whistle away!'"

'Da Capo! Da Capo!' exclaimed the remorseless Magician; and every body screamed and danced, and danced and screamed, till one sank here, and another there, perfectly exhausted, and yet again leaped up and danced more furiously than ever.

Forgotten was prison and execution. They danced till deep in the night, and in the morning—each one lay groaning in his bed,—and Magician, and arrow, and pile, had vanished.

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*The Torch-dance seems to have had its origin in a custom of the Greeks—afterwards adopted by the Romans—who had a torch carried before the bride, at their weddings, by a youth representing the god Hymen. Constantine introduced the Torch-dance at his own court, when he transferred his residence from Rome to Byzantium. It was consequently known in the 14th century as a court and ceremonious dance. In later times it became a part of the merriments with which emperors and kings celebrated their weddings; and when tournaments had ceased, the Torch-dance yet remained as a memorial of ancient times. The Torch-dance was solemnly danced at Berlin on the recent occasion of an illustrious marriage.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE.

M. de Foy, the proprietor of a 'Bureau de Mariages,' at Paris, brought an action in the Tribunal of the First Instance against M. Berchaud, a little cutler, for neglecting to pay him 600f., the price at his agency in procuring the said Berchaud a wife. The little cutler, it seems, not finding trade go on so briskly as he could desire, and being besides, in debt to the amount of 1400f., thought he might manage to retrieve matters by making a prudent marriage, and so applied to M. de Foy, 'the matrimonial agent, 'who gallantly receives nothing from the ladies who employ him, making it a rule only to charge the men. The little cutler would be well satisfied, he said, to get a wife with 3000f, but the gallant matrimonial agent was so obliging as to find him one worth 12,000., and for such a kind service the little cutler promised him 600f, to be paid after the celebration of the marriage. That promise he had, however, refused to fulfil, alleging that the bargain was a scandalous and unlawful one. Besides, if it were lawful, it had not been fulfilled, he contended, on the part of the matrimonial agent. 'Of the wife herself,' said his counsel, 'I shall say nothing; my silence will, no doubt, be properly interpreted; but her fortune, instead of being 12 000f., was found after marriage to be only 300f.' The Court decided in favour of the matrimonial agent, as a distinct bargain had been made between him and the cutler, but, in consideration of the latter's disappointment, reduced the sum to be paid from 600f. to 300f.

ANECDOTE.—A few months since, at a justices court in this county, the lawyers who managed the case happening to differ far more in corporeal dimensions than intellectual, the larger, after having endured the passadoes of the Lilliputian till he had lost his temper, threatened to put the Lilliputian in his *pocket!* To this the other replied with great sang froid, 'In that case you have twice the law in your pocket that you have in your head.'

[Vermont paper.

An action for slander was tried last week, before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in which a young lady, whose employment was that of a teacher, was plaintiff, and a man of the district in which she taught, who attempted to defame her, was defendant. After a patient hearing of the cause, and a very lucid charge from the judge, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for $866 *Tres bien.*

A Sea Horse—The captain of a West Indiaman wished to buy a horse. After the purchase was made, the captain said, 'Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are.' What do you mean to do with him?' said the other. 'Why to take him to sea,' answered the captain. 'Then, I will be candid,' replied the dealer; 'he may go very well at sea, but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him.'

'You are the very person I wanted,' said a lady at a ball the other day to an officer; you must dance with Miss N— . Come, I'll introduce you to her.' 'Excuse me, I am no dancer.' 'Oh, but you can't refuse now.—She's a pretty girl, and has a fortune of thirty thousand dollars' 'Why, really, I am not a marrying man myself—but if your lady ship pleases, I'll mention her to our mess.'

Anecdote.—The late Mr. Townsend, walking down Broad st. Bristol, during an illumination, observed a boy breaking every window that had not a light in it. Mr. T. asked him how he dared to destroy people's property in that manner. 'Oh,' said the urchin, 'it's all for the good of the trade,—I am a Glazier.' 'All for the good of the trade is it,' said Mr. T raising his cane, and breaking the boy's head, 'there young rascal, that's for the good of my trade—I am a Surgeon.'

Reading Papers.—An honest farmer was asked why he did not take a paper. 'Because,' said he, 'my father when he died—heaven rest his soul—left me a good many papers; and I have not read them all through yet.—*Quite excusable.*

Mrs. Royal was at Charlottsville last week—she was disgusted with the place. She sent up from Charlottsville a letter directed to the *Professors*, stating that she wished to see the place, and expected to be attended to; lo! and behold on her coming up, she was received not with the attention that she expected would be paid to a lady of *her distinction*, but with the shouts of a large party of Students who *cheered* her at every corner.—She did not get out, but rode on to her lodgings, threatening to reward them for their behaviour in her "*Black Book*." She calls the Professors a set of *brutes*, and the Students a parcel of ignorant *boobies*.

[Richmond Com.

A newly commissioned magistrate sent the following note to a bookseller—"Sir please send me all the ax of the Legislater that belong to a Gustis of the Peas as I am now one.—Yours &c."

Massachusetts House of Representatives.—The Boston Patriot states the occupation of the members of the House, to be as follows—

Farmers, 205; Merchants and Traders 126; Lawyers 60; Mechanics 44; Manufacturers 25; Physicians 15; Clergymen 11; Gentlemen *10; Deputy Sheriffs 4.—Total 502.

*Having no particular profession.

Capt. Crocker, of the New York packet ship Pacific, has now completed *one hundred and fifty-two passages* across the Atlantic, without having ever met with a serious accident at sea.

A blacksmith in England advertises that 'he irons wheels and *steel* axes.

PROPOSALS

For publishing by subscriptions a new Weekly Periodical to be entitled the

Temperance Advocate,

AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

ON the subject of Temperance, there appears but one opinion entertained at present by the intelligent and respectable part of the community Not only the minister of the gospel, and the zealous professor of christianity; but the merchant, the legislator, the tradesman, the mechanic, the public functionary and the private citizen,—patriots and philanthropists of every name and profession, have in the most solemn and unequivocal manner expressed their friendliness to the cause of temperance, and publicly pledged themselve to use their united efforts in its aid. The great and increasing number of Temperance Societies, even in the most remote sections of the union, proclaim the rapid advances of public opinion, in regard to this important national concern.

In order to furnish an appropriate channel through which these societies, and the friends of temperance in general, may communicate their ideas, and extensively disseminate their principles and plans, it is thought proper to establish a journal devoted to these objects. Such a periodical rightly conducted, cannot fail to become a source of great and permanent usefulness.

Under this impression, the Publishers offer to the Public *The Temperance Advocate;* sensible that they cannot discharge the obligations they owe to society, or subserve the interests of humanity better, than by exposing the many enormous evils resulting from the intemperate use of *ardent spirits;* thereby endeavouring to check the desolating progress of this moral pestilence.

A part of the Temperance Advocate will be devoted exclusively to the cause of Temperance. It will consist of the Papers, Reports, Addresses, Communications, &c. of the different Temperance Societies in this and other states.

The remaining part will contain selections from the standard literary Journals of the day, together with original communications from some of the best writers of this country.

Well written Original Essays, Tales, Sketches and Poetry, of a strictly moral tendency, will at all times be thankfully received.

Our readers will also be supplied with the latest and most interesting News, both Foreign and domestic. In short, no pains or exertion will be spared to render the Temperance Advocate a useful and interesting paper; and that it may be instrumental in effecting greatest possible share of good, it will be issued at so cheap a rate as to place it within the immediate reach of every family in the United States.

The influence and patronage of every friend of humanity are respectfully solicited towards this paper, to give it the circulation necessary to sustain it at the present price of subscription

CONDITIONS.

The Temperance Advocate will be published weekly, on a fine sheet of super royal, paper with beautiful new type, at $2 per annum, payable *invariably in advance.*

Post Masters and others, ordering nine copies and remitting $18, will receive a tenth copy gratis; and so in proportion for a larger or smaller number.

Persons having subscription papers will please forward them by the 1st of April next.

Address, post paid.

E. B. ADAMS. Editor,
Kensington Post office, Pa.

*** Editors throughout the United States are solicited to give the above a few insertions; which favor will be cheerfully reciprocated.



COACH, GIG & HARNESS MAKING.

THE Subscriber respectfully returns thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal patronage he has met with, in the above line of business; and now wishes to inform them, that he has purchased the entire stock of Mr. John Camper; and having lately returned from Baltimore with an additional assortment of the

BEST MATERIALS,

and also, having procured the *most experienced and best WORKMEN*, that he will be enabled to manufacture all kinds of *Four-Wheeled work* or *Gigs* in superior manner. All orders for new work will be thankfully received and promptly attended to, at the OLD STAND, foot of Washington street, or at the subscriber's stand, nearly opposite the Market-House, and repairs done in a neat and satisfactory manner.

EDWARD S. HOPKINS.

N. B. From the difficulty the subscriber has experienced in collecting money to meet his demands, he will be under the necessity of requiring the Cash on the delivery of work, or to punctual customers a short credit.

nov 3 w E. S. H.

ALMANACS

FOR SALE AT THE STAR-OFFICE.

Premiums for the Ariel.

Any person who will procure *sixty* subscribers to THE ARIEL, and remit the subscription money in advance to the Editor, shall receive a copy of *the Waverly Novels*, complete in 45 volumes illustrated by 45 splendid engravings, and warranted to be perfect—together with a copy of the Ariel.

Any person who will procure *twenty-three* subscribers, and remit $35 in payment therefor, shall receive a copy of Hume, Smollet and Biget's *History of England*, in 9 royal octavo volumes, illustrated by 9 fine engravings—and the Ariel.

Any person who will procure *ten* subscribers, and remit the subscription, shall receive a copy of the *Remember Me* for 1829, containing 8 fine engravings, and a copy of *The Pearl* for 1829, containing 7 engravings—together with the Ariel.

The above works are warranted perfect in every respect, and are published by well known booksellers. The Editor is prepared to supply any demand that may be made for them. He will deliver them to the successful competitors, free of cost, in Pittsburg, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Richmond, and at his own office. Competitors must say where they wish their copies delivered, and a written order will be forwarded them for the same: as no more copies will be sent to any place than are ordered. It is necessary that all orders for THE ARIEL be received by the first of April.

For three years past THE ARIEL has been supported by 4000 subscribers, to whom the Editor appeals for the fidelity with which all his promises have been fulfilled. He stakes his reputation that the Fourth Volume shall equal the promises above made, and that the premiums offered shall be satisfactory to those entitled to receive them. Gentlemen disposed to compete for any of the above valuable works, shall, on application to the Editor, (if by letter, post paid) be furnished with a specimen of THE ARIEL, and its embellishments, for exhibition among their friends. The premiums will be delivered at the above named places, or sent in any way as directed, but in that case, at the risk of whoever so orders them. Address

EDMUND MORRIS,
Jan. 1830. 95, Chesnut St. Philadelphia.

☞If those Editors to whom this paper is sent will insert the above once in two weeks until the first of May, the favor will be reciprocated whenever demanded.

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 6q

Collector's Last Notice.

ALL Persons indebted for County Tax for the year 1829, are informed that no longer indulgence can or will be given; my time is nearly at a close—I have therefore given my Deputies positive orders to proceed against all persons in arrearage for the same.

SOLOMON MULLIKIN, Collector.

feb 2 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 Steam Boat BALTIMORE, Captain W. Hilldin, 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 a 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.*

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE Subscriber most respectfully begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has just returned from *Baltimore* with

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF

MATERIALS;

and having taken some pains to procure the *best of Workmen* from the City, he hopes that he will be able to please all those who may favor him with their custom, as he is determined to have his work done in the most fashionable and best manner.

The public's obed't. serv't.

JOHN WRIGHT.

Easton, may 19 w

For Rent and Possession,

A SMALL TENEMENT, a few doors above the Union Tavern, on Washington street well calculated for an Office. For terms apply at the STAR OFFICE.

sept 1 w

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