APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the New York Daily Sentinel.

TO FRANCE.

On France! 'tis in Liberty's shock,
Thou'rt beckon'd to triumph and fame;
Nor let Europe thy victory mock
But kindle the world with thy flame.
From the Seine to the Pyrennees' heights,
From thy borders still on to the sea,
Let thy children be strong to their rights,
And Gaul shall forever be free!

The light of thy freedom once more,
Like the morning is hail'd in the West;
And its dawn shall resplendently pour
A radiance eternal and blest.
In its blaze there is transport and pride,
For thy triumph untarnished and pure;
And its splendour shall burn by thy side,
Till the strife of the valiant is o'er!

The spirit that slumber'd unbroke,
Like the lion untam'd in his cage,
Hath burst from the foul Tyranny's yoke
And crush'd the dark demon in rage;
The voice that once murmur'd alone,
Now mingles with thousands in fight;
And its thunders have shaken the throne,
That was planted by Tyranny's might.

Thy clime is the nurse of the brave,
Thy land of the noble and true;
Let the flag of thy freedom then wave,
And the days of thy glory renew,
Let the crown of the Bourbons be hurl'd
Where oppression returns to her chains
And thy freedom resound thro' the world,
Till no trace of thy thraldom remains.

Let thy sons in their valour arise,
Let the tocksin of battle be heard,
Till Liberty rest in thy skies,
And nations thy triumphs accord:
Let the tri-colored banner no more,
'Neath the lily of Bourbon be seen;
For time shall its lustre restore,
As fresh as thy own mountain green.

On, France! and the triumph is thine!
In thy chivalry rise and be free;
With splendour thy freedom shall shine,
And the night of thy bigotry flee.
With thy thrice honored champion* to guide,
Let thy struggle be gallant and firm;
Nor let the proud conflict subside,
Till honor'd by Liberty's germ! T. G. S.

*La Fayette.

From the United States Gazette.

RHINOCEROS—AN EPISTLE.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 21, 1830.

Dear Sally—I've just been to see
The Rhinoceros, strange it appears,
'Tis as thick as our Mulberry tree,
And such monstrous great eyes, nose and ears.
I vow, I had like to have fainted,
Till I found out the beast was so tame,
I send you a picture I've painted,
And under it written its name.

For fear you should make a mistake,
And take the poor thing for a whale,
If I met it at large I should quake,
And perhaps (if not rouged) should turn pale.
What a capital pet it would be,
If it was not so monstrously big;
The pets I have now, (let me see,)
Are a squirrel, a lamb and a pig;—

But I'd barter them every one,
And my kitten, I lately named Sue,
For a pet like this thing, with one horn,
Till a husband I get, or see you.
O I had like to forgot the Mocoes,
What pretty sweet creatures they are,
And the monkey in reg'mental clothes,
That examines the little one's hair.

I hope you will make haste to town,
And see them before they are gone;
Pa eternally walks up and down,
And leaves me and Kitty alone.
The Theatres they are all dull enough,
And nothing is worthy of note,
Save the beast with a skin so tough,
That a razor would scarce cut its throat.

The monkeys they are dear little plagues,
For they're horrid mischievous at best,
Sometimes they will stand on two legs,
And look just like your beau, I protest.
But Dinah has called me to tea—
Whenever there's any thing new,
You shall certainly hear it from me,
But at present, I bid you adieu!

ELLEN C——.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

Suddenly starting up he turned quickly round and with his arms extended, and his fingers curved like the talons of an eagle, he sprang wildly towards his guilty commander. The motion seemed to have been anticipated, for the wretch had prepared himself a second pistol, which, as his antagonist approached, he deliberately aimed at him, and fired. Whether the ball took effect or not, it did not defeat poor Merry's object. He darted like a hungry tyger on the wretch, and with both hands seizing him round the throat, he dragged him down to the earth. In vain his victim struggled—the sinews of his antagonist seemed hardened into steel. He tried to shriek for aid, but the grasp around his neck choked his utterance, and his words died away in a rattling sound, like the gurgling in the throat of a drowning man. With a strength that seemed supernatural, Merriville raised him from the earth, and dragged him along the road. The struggling of the wretched man grew fainter and fainter, but still an occasional convulsive quivering of the limbs told that he yet lived. His face was almost black, his tongue lolled out of his mouth, like a dog's, and his eyes blood-shot and glassy, were protruded a full inch from their sockets.—Blood had started from his nostrils in his mortal agony, and a thick wreath of mingled blood and foam stood upon his lips, which, wide distended, seemed stretched in a horrid laugh.

In silence, and with a strength that seemed more than human, Merriville continued to drag his victim along, till he reached the boat. He had been met by Williams not far from the scene of the first part of the contest, but he appeared not to see him. Williams on his part was too much awed to speak. The firing of the pistols had prepared him for some fatal event; for he had a dim and dark suspicion of the object of Merriville's errand, inasmuch as he had been the bearer of several notes between him and his betrothed; and had heard, also, that his captain was a rejected suitor for the same hand. One glance at the group served to show him the dreadful nature of the burden Merriville dragged along with him; he saw that his commander was already a corpse, and besides, he was too much intimidated by the unnatural lustre of Merriville's eye, by his pallid and unearthly hue, and by his still and terrible bearing, to interrupt the silence with a word.—As they approached the boat, Williams waved his hand to the crew who were anxiously waiting on the beach, and signified by an expressive nod that they must not speak. Silently and sorrowfully they followed their young officer to the water's edge, entered after him the boat, and commenced rowing back to the ship. Poor Terry, still holding the body by the throat, took his seat in the stern-sheets, and leaned his head down on the gunwale in such a way that his garments concealed his face. The face of the corpse, however was exposed in the broad moonlight, and as the head hung partly over the seat, with its features distorted and bloody, its hair matted with clots of blood and earth, and its glassy eye-balls apparently staring at the men, a superstitious shudder crept over them, which, with all their manhood, they could scarcely repress.

In this way, and in silence they drew near the ship. The sentinel hailed them; but no answer was returned. As they came to at the gang-way, the officer of the deck called Mr. Terry by name; but still no reply. He saw by the terror painted on the countenance of the crew that something dreadful had occurred, and descended quickly into the boat, where the whole terrible truth was soon ascertained. They were both dead! By the discharge of the second pistol Merry had been mortally wounded, and his life had oozed away while his hands were still clasped with desperate energy around the throat of his victim. Even after death his fingers did not lose their tenacity. The officer tried to unlock the death-grasp, but without effect; and the two bodies locked in an embrace, which, stronger than that of love, had outlasted life, were obliged to be hoisted up together.

* * * * *

Just as Jack Palmer arrived at this part of his yarn, all hands were called to stand by their hammocks, and the bustle incident to that piece of duty put an abrupt end to his story.

THE VILLAGE MUSICIAN—BY JAS HALL.

We are sorry to be obliged to *mutilate* so amusing and clever story as this; but it is too long to be extracted entire; and we must even beg the author's pardon for liking him so well that we cannot forbear taking a few extracts.

'The Village Musician is Johnny Vanderbocker, a neat, square-built Dutch lad, who whilom was a great favorite in Herkimer, New York. The first time Johnny was enabled to think of two things at once, was when he became deeply enamored of a beautiful girl of nineteen. Lucy Atherton the young lady in question, had beauty enough to compensate for the loss of wealth and a sufficient portion of the family inheritance of pride, to enable her to hold her head quite as high as any belle in the village. Indeed she made it a point to take precedence wherever she went; and as she did it without the appearance of ill-nature, and without displaying any self important airs, it seemed to be universally conceded to her. She was the reigning beauty of the village—the prettiest, the gayest, and the most graceful of the maiden train, who danced to the music of Johnny Vanderbocker's Violin. It was a treat to behold her laughing face, her lovely form, and her light step, as she flew with joyous heart and noiseless foot, through the mazes of a contra-dance. Now it happened to Johnny occasionally, to shut his mouth and open his eyes, just at the dangerous moment when Miss Atherton was engaged in these captivating performances; and he must have been the most churlish of the Dutchmen not to have been fascinated. She was in the habit too of leading off the sets, and the choice of the air was generally dictated by her taste. On such occasions she would address our hero with the most winning grace, and in tones of the sweetest euphony, ask *Mr. Vanderbocker* for 'that delightful tune which he played so charmingly.' Accustomed to the plain appellation of 'Johnny' from every other tongue, the title of *Mister*, conveyed in such honied accents, fell pleasantly upon his ear; and whether the fair lady was actuated by self respect, or by a respect for Johnny, the effect was to make him her fast friend. Often would Johnny surprise the company, by keeping his eyes open for whole minutes together, as the lovely visage of Lucy Atherton flitted before him. The fire would flash from his eye, and the blood rush from his heart to his elbow, as he gazed in ecstacy at the loveliest dancer in the village. Then would he close his eyes, and having laid in an agreeable idea, feed upon it in secresy, as a stingy boy devours a morsel in some hidden corner. But he kept his own counsel so closely, that none could have suspected the object of his thoughts, or have pronounced with any shadow of reason that he had any thoughts at all—except upon one occasion, when Lucy Atherton having gone through a *scamper down* with uncommon spirit, he exclaimed with great emotion, that she was a 'dreadful nice dancer.'—Yet with all this devotion of heart Miss Atherton's image was unconnected with ideas of wedlock. He had seldom seen her except on holidays, when she shone as a bright particular star in the constellation of village beauty, and her name was engraven on the same tables with quiltings, fiddle-strings, minced pies, egg flip, and spiced ginger-bread. The idea of a wife entirely unsettled his thoughts which commonly moved on from point to point, with as much regularity as the hands of a watch. 'A wife!' quoth he, casting a look of silly bashfulness all around as if afraid of detection. 'A wife!' exclaimed he a second time laughing aloud at the absurdity of such a proposition—'a wife!' muttered he again—and then the image of Lucy Atherton came dancing before him. 'Me and Lucy will just suit,' said he to himself, 'She dances *prime* and I can out-fiddle the world.'

And Johnny, decked in pink silk neckcloth, purple watch ribbon, and scarlet velvet waistcoat was actually inspired with confidence to offer himself, his fiddle, a snug house, three hundred dollars in silver, and a bakeshop, all to Miss Lucy Atherton. Of course the honor was civilly, but peremptorily declined; and merely adding, 'You must excuse me, sir; I have other engagements,' the lady left the room.—'That means she is going to marry somebody else,' thought Johnny.—'What a fool I was not to speak first.' And he retired not a little puzzled that a young lady of sound discretion and not worth a cent, should refuse a neat cottage, a bake-shop and three hundred dollars, with the slight incumbrance of himself and his violin, merely because she made a previous engagement with another gentleman.

Had there been a mill-pond at the front door, our hero would undoubtedly have drowned himself, but it would have been rashness to have left the treasure vacant, and his bake-shop unoccupied; so he determined to mount his horse and take a short ride. It was nearly night when Johnny wended his way homeward; and being particularly unwilling to ride alone in the dark, he trotted up alongside a closely muffled traveller, and wished him a cheerful 'good evening,' the traveller nodded stiffly, without turning his head, Johnny gazed wistfully at the tired nag, the Mackinsaw blanket, the leggins, and other *fixens*, as we say in the West, and wondered who it could be who was too proud to return civil salutation. 'You seem to be travelling, mister,' said he. 'You have guessed right,' replied the traveller. 'Have you travelled far?' 'Tolerably.' Now this was very perplexing—'tolerably' might mean ten, or twenty, or a hundred miles; but it could not apply to a long journey. He thought he would try again.—'Well, mister, if I *mought* make so bold, where did you come from?' 'Just back here,' was the laconic reply. 'From Onedia?' 'No—further back.' 'I guess may be you come all the way from Buffalo?' 'No; further back.' Johnny scratched his head in amazement—'Why I dont know as any body lives any further off than that. If I *mought* make so free, what's back of Buffalo?' 'Ohio.' 'O-o-h! sure enough. So you live in Ohio?' 'No; further back.'—'Well, what's back of that?' 'Indiana.' 'And do you live there?' 'No; further back.' And what's back of that?' 'Illinois.' 'Oh, you live in Illinois?' 'No; further back.' 'I guess you dont live at all,' exclaimed Johnny, trembling all over. 'Well Mister, if its no harm, what's back of Illinois?' 'Missouri.' 'Do you live *there?*' 'Yes.' To make a long story short, this traveller proves to be Lucy Atherton's lover, come to claim her hand.—Johnny in very christian like temper accepts an invitation to the wedding. But he hung up his violin. 'Never,' said he, shall any other woman dance to music of mine, I have played my last tune, and I shall now do as my father did—bake bread, and lock up my dollars in the old oak chest.'

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

THE LATE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

ACTORS IN THE SCENE—NO. VIII.

LA FITTE—*The Banker and Deputy*—Among the prominent actors in the scene is Monsieur Jacques LaFitte, of the Rue D'Artois, Boulevard Italien. His character is somewhat puzzling.—He may be a sincere friend of liberty, but one transaction which we shall presently notice, has not done him credit. He is a native of Bayonne, and was born of an humble parentage in 1768.—He early went to Paris, and entered the house of Perregaux as their book keeper. His great ability as a financier promoted the interest of that establishment as well as his own. He gradually rose in favor with the principal men in office and was made judge of the tribunal of Commerce in 1813, and Governor of the Bank in 1814, by the provisional government, in the place of Jaubert. He retained his situation until 1820, when he was displaced. He had received some distinguished proofs of confidence in the interim from the mercantile interest of Paris. In 1815, when it became necessary to withdraw the French armies beyond the Loire, in compliance with the requisitions of the second capitulation of the city, no money was to be had without drawing from the bank, to the great injury of its credit. LaFitte came forward at this crisis with a generosity and patriotic feeling unheard among modern money changers; he advanced about $420,000 out of his own pocket, and saved the Parisians from the hard alternative which would have followed a non-compliance with the treaty. In 1816 he wrote a famous report on the state of the bank, and developed the beautiful simplicity of its operations, a fine contrast to the mystery, pretensions, we had almost said charlatanry of similar institutions aspiring to political influence under our own eyes. In 1816 he was elected a deputy by the electoral college of the Seine, and became at once an important member of the Chamber. From that time to the present he has retained his seat, and we perceive in the Journal of Debates, that he has not hesitated to express his opinions fearlessly on all subjects coming up for discussion.

When Napoleon abdicated for the second time, about five millions of Francs were deposited with LaFitte for his benefit. The Emperor told him he believed he was an honest man although he had been opposed to his government, and he should not take any receipt for the sum. So too, when Louis 18th was obliged to depart for Ghent, he made LaFitte his banker, for a considerable amount, which Napoleon on his return had the moral feeling to leave untouched in his hands.

The point which we alluded to in the first part of this sketch, as being unfavorable to him is this. LaFitte refused to pay over to the Emperor's legatees the amount in his hands bequeathed in his will, and a law suit was of necessity commenced by some of them to obtain their rights. We have an idea that some compromise has been made, but the first refusal to pay over the sacred deposit, discredited him with all honorable men. We have never heard of any satisfactory reason for LaFitte's singular conduct.

ACTORS IN THE SCENE—NO. 9.

DUVERNET MOUTON, COUNT DE LOBAU.

Some doubt has prevailed, we understand, as to the identity of the Count. Some writers suppose he is the Drouot who so admirably defended himself before a court martial instituted for his trial by the restored Bourbons. But as has been correctly stated in a cotemporary journal, his real name is Mouton, (not George however, but Duvernet) and he commenced his career in the storms of the French revolution.

His eminent talents and services were rewarded with rapid promotion. He was soon made a Brigadier General, and aid-de-camp to the Emperor, in which character he was in almost every battle and every march of the 'petit corporal.' It is said that he was one of his most sincere and ardent friends, and merited the confidence that was placed in him. We are informed that he became in 1807 a general of division, saw service in the war of the peninsula, and afterwards in Germany and Russia.

After the disastrous battle of Leipsic, the subject of this sketch was sent to the city of Magdeburgh, a fortified town upon the Elbe, where he remained until the close of the war. He appears to have been quiet until the return of Napoleon from Elba. And here we cannot but observe that the temporary quiet which followed the introduction of the allied armies into France was no evidence of public sentiment, and if persons of impartial judgment have not long since looked with disgust at the false inferences drawn by Sir Walter Scott in his life of Napoleon, from these and similar circumstances, inferences which were violently made to prove that the Bourbons were the favorites of the people, they must now be undeceived by the recent occurrences in France. Count De Lobau was unquestionably affected by personal considerations, to welcome the exile of Elba, but in the present instance he appears to move with that very mass of people which were so highly applauded by the 'Great Unknown,' for their loyalty to that stupid race. In 1815 the Count was at the head of the 6th corps, and if we mistake not, contributed to the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny, and at the battle of Waterloo had the right wing to sustain against Bulow and Blucher, but he was overpowered by numbers, his corps was cut up and he himself taken prisoner. In July, 1815, he was included in the ordinance directing the arrest and trial of Ney, Labedovre, Grouchy and others; but if we remember right, he was a prisoner in England, and did not take any trouble to return until after the amnesty.

He is of course a Bonapartist in feeling, and we look with anxiety to see what will be the result of the preponderating influence of Lobau, Gerard, and the other friends of the late Emperor. We hope they will attempt nothing that cannot be sustained upon sound political principles.

THE ACTORS IN THE SCENE—NO. 10.

JULES DE POLIGNAC.

Polignac is not without his private virtues, but his political education has been of that character which deadens the feelings towards the mass of mankind, and leaves the desire of control unchastened by the feelings of humanity.—After having been so many years unhappy wanderers in foreign lands, exiles from the country that gave them birth, the followers of the Bourbons as well as that family itself would, if they had not been deficient in ordinary prudence have conciliated by a kind of liberal policy those who acquiesced in their return.

The very reverse of this spirit has appeared to actuate them. They have conducted as though 'a piece of board covered with velvet,' was a *constitutional* throne, and the possession of the crown jewels (twice have the Bourbons attempted to carry them off,) was a guarantee of the popular favor.

The tempest has at last broken out, and the storm has come upon their devoted heads, and after their utter proscription of free principles in their own country, they seem forced to seek safety themselves in the only land of all others where those principles are the basis and support of government.

We believe the fallen minister is a descendant of the famous cardinal de Polignac, distinguished for his literary acquirements, although by most people suspected of being a natural son of Charles X. He was born in 1780. His mother was the celebrated Duchess de Polignac, governess to the children of Louis 16th, and the friend and adviser of his unfortunate queen. He was an exile in his youth to Russia and England. In the latter country he was aid to Charles 10th, when as the Count d'Artois he claimed and received the charities of the British nation. He next engaged in the famous conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru against the First Consul, and was with his brother tried and found guilty. Jules was condemned to imprisonment, his brother was doomed to death. The Court was astonished to hear the younger Polignac entreating to be substituted in his more unfortunate brother's place, and to receive the stroke of the axe in his stead. He pleaded that his brother Armand had a wife and family dependant on him for happiness and protection, while he was an isolated being whose life was of little consequence to any. With the feelings of Damon and Pythias, each sought to avert the punishment from the other. The generous devotion displayed by Jules had its effect on the heart of Napoleon, who changed the sentence of death to that of confinement. Both were kept in duress, and for many years were the tenants of different French prisons.

In 1813 they met at the Chateau of Usse in Touraine, the residence of M. de Duras, and a general rising of the royalists in the west and South of France upon the landing of the Duke de Berri being contemplated. It is alleged that they were concerned in a similar plot of Malet; at all events they were suspected and put under surveillance from which in 1814 they escaped. In the same year Jules joined the Count d'Artois, and was sent on a special mission to Rome. He attended Louis 18th to Ghent, and was thence despatched to the frontiers of Savoy. He once again fell into the hands of the Bonapartists, and again made his escape. At the restoration of the Bourbons he returned to Paris and was made a Peer.

He was also created Inspector General of the National Guards; a Marshal, a member of several orders, and then a Prince. In 1816, he connected himself with a Scotch lady of the name of Campbell, who died soon after, and his second wife, also an English woman, was, during the Prince's recent residence in England as the French Ambassador, a distinguished leader of the ton. The Court Journal has been very loud in its praise of this lady, and her departure for France was announced as an affair which would break the hearts of a numerous train of friends and admirers. We believe she was alluded to in the novel called the Exclusives.

It seems that Polignac has been one of the King's most intemperate advisers—indeed most blindly so. He assured the foreign ministers that no explosion would follow the obnoxious decrees, and he seems to have been as much astonished at the result as any one else. He has evidently been afraid to show himself since the troubles have commenced, and we think that some allusions made to an obnoxious minister by the liberal journals, are meant for him. If it be true that he has escaped to Brussels, he may feel happy in having shunned the fate which seems to threaten his colleague Peyronnet.

The Prince went to England in 1823 as Ambassador, and in 1829 returned to France when he was made President of the Council. His sentiments have on all accasions been in the highest grade of ultra-Royalism.

JOURNEYMEN PRINTERS.

The following just remarks are contained in an article in the N. York Courier of Thursday, on the subject of the recent election in France. Every printer will acknowledge their truth.

'There was a general feeling of hostility to the Bourbons, but until the Royal guard made inroads upon the liberty of the press, the people, even in the capital, did not show distinctive signs of rising *en masse*. There is, perhaps, no class of mechanics more intelligent, more enthusiastic in politics, and more animated in the pursuit of liberty, than journeymen printers.—Reckless of consequences—accessible to every species of intellectual excitement—they are the roving Bedouins of life, and are always the first in any revolution, or movement tending to a revolution. The suppression of the liberal press in Paris, threw many hundreds of these spirited fellows out of employment. Saturated with the political sentiments of their various offices, they, doubtlessly, went among the people—talked the news, the opinions, and the principles they were not allowed to print, and were the most efficient force that gave the impulse to the inhabitants of Paris in resisting the illegal acts of the King. They were joined by the youth of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, who, undoubtedly, felt each one by himself as a young Napoleon, and were equally supported by the students of Law, and of Medicine, who are the most enthusiastic lovers of liberty. Thus was the impulse given to the revolution.'

'MARRIED WELL.'

There is not an expression in the English language more wretchedly abused than this *married well*; it is abused because it is misapplied. When properly used it tells of a heart and hand connexion; a blending together of similar tastes and fancies for the journey of life; a giving away early in the spring of years the affections of the heart; and a joining then of the sexes in marriage, with a determination of adding a joy to the existence of each other. But this is all forgotten in the race of selfishness. We live to be happy—we ponder much upon the best mode of becoming so, yet if we wander from the true path in marriage, we get lost in a wild of misery, where the sun-light of enjoyment scarcely ever finds its way. Now I, for one, do not believe that money is the grand panacea for every ill of marriage, or that it will create a smile of joy upon the brow where affection does not dwell. Take the word of an old fellow for it—he who woos and wins modest merit—who seeks a partner for the social circle, and a helpmate for the domestic concerns of life—who uses the voice of reason, and I have no objection to his listening a little to the warblings of fancy in his choice will marry well, although he may not obtain a copper with his bride, yet he brings to him a willing heart and a free mind—and these are of infinite value—to have around us, as we journey through the world.

Umbrella & Whip Manufactory,
No. 96. BALTIMORE STREET.

JOHN H. FRENCH,

RESPECTFULLY informs his customers and the public generally, that he has on hand an excellent assortment of articles in his line of business, which he warrants to be equal in workmanship to any in the market, and offers wholesale and retail on the lowest terms for cash. He also manufactures fancy GIG AND SWITCH WHIPS, Ivory handles, carved in a superior style to any made in this city.

Country merchants and others would do well to call and examine his assortment.

P. S. WALKING CANES mounted—UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS repaired with despatch.

sep 28 3w

Farm to be Rented

TO be rented for the next year, a Farm in Banbury; also several House and Lots in and about Easton.—For terms, &c. apply to

JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

Easton, sep 7 w

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

THE Subscriber intending to leave this place, will sell on advantageous terms the HOUSE & LOT, on Harrison street, on which he at present resides—if not sold immediately, the same will be rented and possession given the first day of October next. The premises are in complete repair, with every convenience suitable to a dwelling.

G. W. NABB.

july 27 w

FOR SALE,

A Complete set of Hatter's Tools, consisting of Plank, Kettle and Dye Kettle, Bows, Herles, &c. Enquire of the Printer.

sep 7 w

HOUSES TO RENT.

TO RENT FOR THE YEAR 1831,

The Dwelling House and Premises, on Washington street, adjoining Dr. Ennalls Martin, at present occupied by Wm. Barnett.

A small two Story brick Dwelling House and Kitchen on Harrison Street, adjoining the above.

Also, the Store Room and Celler, on Washington Street, adjoining the Easton Hotel, at present occupied by James Benny.

And a small House fronting the public Square, now used by Geo. W. Nabb as an Office.

For terms apply to

WM. H GROOME.

Easton, Sept. 28 w

FOR RENT,

THE Store Room and Cellar, opposite the Union Tavern. Possession immediately. Apply at the Star Office.

july 20

TO BE RENTED

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR, the House and Lot on Aurora Street, now occupied by Mrs. Chamberlaine.

J. ROGERS.

sept 21 w

FOR RENT

FOR the ensuing year, 4 or 5 farms in the neighbourhood of the Chapel.—For terms Apply to

EDWARD N. HAMBLETON.

june 29 w

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having removed from the Union to the Easton Hotel, lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Peacock, and formerly by himself, begs leave most respectfully to tender his grateful acknowledgements to his numerous customers and friends who have heretofore honoured him with their calls, and at the same time to solicit them and the public in general for their patronage.

THE EASTON HOTEL

Is now in complete order for the reception of travellers and others, and the proprietor pledges himself to spare no labour or expense to render every comfort and convenience to those who may favour him with their custom.

Private parties can at all times be accommodated and Horses, Hacks and Gigs, with careful drivers, furnished to go to any part of the Peninsula. The public's ob't. serv't.

SOLOMON LOWE.

jan 26 6qw

THROUGH IN A DAY.

From Philadelphia to Centreville, Maryland,

Via Delaware City, St Georges, Middletown, Warwick, Head of Sassafras, and Head of Chester to Centreville.

This line is now running and will continue throughout the Season to leave Philadelphia by the Steamboat Baltimore, Captain W. Whildin, from Pine Street Wharf, on Monday Wednesday, and Friday Mornings, at 6 o'clock, for Delaware City; there to take the Canal Packet Boat Lady Clinton, for St. Georges, and from thence in Stages to Middletown, Warwick, Head of Sassafras, Head of Chester, and Centreville; arriving at Centreville the same Evening at Eight o'clock.

Returning, leaves Centreville on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Mornings, at 4 o'clock, arriving at Delaware City in time to take the Steam Boat to Philadelphia, and arriving there at 6 o'clock, P. M.

Connected with the Dispatch Line, is a line of Stages from Centreville to Easton, leaving Centreville on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Mornings, at 8 o'clock for Easton.

Returning leaves Solomon Lowe's Tavern, Easton, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 o'clock, P. M., and takes the Dispatch Line the morning following for Philadelphia.

There is also in connection with this Line a Stage to convey Passengers from the Baltimore Steam Boat Patuxent, at Georgetown, to intersect the Dispatch Line at Massey's Cross Roads, and to convey Passengers from Massey's Cross Roads to the Steam Boat.

Passengers coming in this Line for Newcastle or Wilmington, will meet a Stage from Dover at St. George's.

FARE

From Philadelphia to	Delaware City,	$1 25
Do.	St. George's,	1 50
Do.	Middletown,	2 00
Do.	Warwick,	2 25
Do.	Head of Sassafras	2 50
Do.	Head of Chester,	3 00
And Do.	Centreville,	4 25

MULFORD, BRADSHAW & Co.,
july 15 w *Proprietors.*

THE STEAM BOAT

MARYLAND

HAS commenced the Season, and will pursue her Routes in the following manner:

Leave Easton every Wednesday, and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Cambridge, and thence to Annapolis, and thence to Baltimore, where she will arrive in the evening.

Leave Baltimore, from the Tobacco Inspection Warehouse wharf, every Tuesday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Annapolis, and thence to Cambridge, if there should be any passenger on board for that place and thence to Easton; or directly to Easton, if no passenger for Cambridge.

She will leave Baltimore every Monday morning at 6 o'clock for Chestertown, calling at the Company's wharf on Corsica Creek; and return from Chestertown to Baltimore the same day, calling at the wharf on Corsica Creek.

All baggage and packages to be at the risk of the owners.

LEMUEL G. TAYLOR, Commander.

Easton, March 23

The Editors of papers on the Eastern Shore are requested to publish this Notice once a week till countermanded, and present their accounts to Capt. Taylor.

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