# APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the New York Constellation.

## THE BELLES OF BROADWAY.

What a concourse of rosy-cheeked dears
Come thronging along by my door,
Each one with a beau by her side,
When the clock of St. Paul strikes four;
Then I love to enjoy my segar
And gaze at the damsels so gay,
And the dandies that dangle beside
The numberless Belles of Broadway.

I admire a Dunstable bonnet
With a taper like Trinity steeple,
On the point of which flutters a ribbon,
Like a flag streaming over the people;
I admire short petticoats too,
That her ancles the fair may display,
As she walks with a soldier-like stride,
To show she's a Belle of Broadway.

If, reader, you're curious to see
What folly there is in the world,
Just wander away to this scene,
Where streamers of gauze are unfurled;
Frail Folly, you cannot but see
Is dancing with Fashion away,
And you'll see they've combined to make fools
Of the beautiful Belles of Broadway.

Yet I love to look out on the crowd,
And see the fair creatures go by,
Though I know that the beautiful ones
Are each an embodied *lie!!*
They flirt with their butterfly beaux,
In the streets every sunshiny day,
But when it is cloudy you get
Not a glance of the Belles of Broadway.

I said they were beautiful all,
But their beauties are purchased I know,
And nature has little to do
With making their rosy cheeks so;
Ask Papa where he paid a long bill,
For rouges and paints t'other day,
And you'll know where the blushes were bought,
On the cheeks of the Belles of Broadway.

Their teeth are so perfectly white,
That Scudder, the maker is proud
To acknowledge his own handy work
Fills the roseate mouths of the crowd;
Oh yes, 'tis the artists that make,
And the wealthy Papas that pay,
For the blushes, the teeth, and the curls,
That are worn by the Belles of Broadway.

BENEDICK.

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From the Torch Light.

## THE COTTAGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ORPHAN.

*Henry Erskine* was a youth of respectable connexions. He was endowed by nature with talents of the highest order which joined to a lively and highly cultivated imagination rendered him at once interesting and agreeable. Deprived in early life of those parents on whom he looked with rapture and delight, it may be imagined he clung to his only sister the young and amiable Maria with more than a brother's tenderness.

Maria Erskine was not beautiful, but nature ever equalizing her gifts had given her all those virtues which are capable of rendering a female admired and beloved, in place of that beauty which in youth is fleeting and is seldom seen in old age. To the cultivation of those talents with which she was bountifully gifted by nature, she had paid a special attention. The cultivation of the mind is one of the most laudable as well as one of the most useful pursuits of life.

It serves in youth to while away and render agreeable to all around us, that time which would otherwise appear dreary and unsupportable. And it also amasses a store of knowledge to enliven our declining years, and to render cheerful those hours which would pass away in neglected solitude and perhaps in unhappiness.

Possessed of all which could render a female interesting and agreeable, Henry could but love his young sister, and more especially when he saw her naturally feeble and delicate frame gently gliding into that fatal disease the consumption, which, though it often presents the allurements of hope, will eventually triumph over its victims.

Henry saw with deep emotion his sister's sinking frame. He was aware of her inevitable fate, yet dreaded its approach.

For what 'thought Henry,' will I have to live for in this world when she is gone, the promotion of whose happiness constitutes the chief enjoyment of my life. He therefore devoted his whole attention to his sister's amusement, and by daily exertions manifested that fervency of affection which is only known to those who have felt its influence.

But though he was aware of her fate, yet he could not avoid embracing the allurements which hope often presented, and thought that she might yet regain that health, which he would give the world to restore.

But who can contemplate without feelings of deepest sympathy his grief, when those phantoms had vanished, and there was no longer room for hope, when he gazed on her form which was a few days ago blooming in all the glow of youth, now emaciated and proclaiming the approach of dissolution. When he gazed on her whose voice so often resounded through the beautiful grove which surrounded their paternal mansion, where was she! her voice no more welcomed the twilight hour with its harmonious strains. She was hurried down by the oppressive hand of disease.

But she lingered not much longer. One evening when Henry was engaged in his usual exercise of reading to his sister, he observed a change in her countenance which plainly told that her earthly career was near a termination. She extended her hand towards her brother and taking his hand in hers gave it a gentle pressure and ended that life which had been spent in promoting the happiness of her fellow beings. • • • • •

Henry's grief was excessive, but he did not give way to it, but bore with fortitude that blow which time itself could not heal. Death at best is an unwelcome visiter, and more especially when it comes to summons from us one to whom we are bound by those ties which end only with life.

No living object can inspire us with that awe with which we look on the cold remains of a fellow being; that form which was but yesterday in the bloom of youth, now stiffened and cold in death. That hand which so often has clasped our own with all the fervency of affection, now cold and motionless. Those eyes which beamed so much goodness, now closed in that sleep from which they will never awake.

The next day Henry saw the last token of respect paid to the remains of his sister and retraced his steps to that mansion which had once been the seat of mirth and gladness, but in which he never expected again to experience happiness.

Her death had indeed made a serious impression on his mind and he sedulously secluded himself from that society in which he was made to participate, until his health began to pay the forfeit of this incessant confinement.

His physician recommended frequent and energetic exercise as the only method of regaining his injured health. In compliance with this he was one day rambling over the fields when the sky became suddenly overclouded and the rain began to descend, which compelled him to seek shelter in a neighboring cottage.

The cottage was one which he had formerly visited in company with his sister, whose benevolent disposition had suffered none of her destitute neighbors to be unknown to her. Its inmates consisted of an old man on whose once manly brow the snows of seventy winters had wrought considerable change, and his only child a young and beautiful female whose whole desire seemed to be the promotion of the happiness of her aged parent.

Henry had been in the cottage only a few minutes when the rain ran in streams through its shattered roof.

Ah, sir, exclaimed the old cottager, you have not been used to so rude a shelter, I once could afford a better, but time works great changes in all. I was a soldier of the revolution, in which I lost all my property. But thanks to that being who governs the destinies of nations, I willingly give all my little property for that liberty which we now enjoy.

I have indeed lost all my property, but riches do not constitute happiness, but where there is contentment there is always happiness.

In this way Henry commenced conversation with the old soldier and his daughter, who he found possessed in this humble station all the female acquirements of the age, and a mind cultivated by select and extensive reading.

Thus did Henry spend his time very agreeably until the rain was over, and he then directed his steps homeward, not however without reflecting on the lot of the old soldier, whose situation he determined to better.

Each successive visit which he paid to the cottage had an additional inducement for another. And it was alone when he was in company with the lovely and interesting Mary that he felt that happiness which he used to enjoy in the company of his beloved sister.

After several months, during which time he continued to visit the cottage with increased delight, he paid to the charming Mary those vows of love which he had despaired of feeling towards any one since the death of the unfortunate Maria.

Mary also tremblingly confessed that she had also loved, and that he was the object of her affections.

The engagement met with the approbation of the old soldier, who did not long survive the joyful event. Henry and Mary lived happily together in that mansion in which he had despaired of finding enjoyment; and Henry often declares that he sought for happiness and found it, not in the halls of the rich, but in an humble cottage where contentment reigned.

Hagers town, October 1830.

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## CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Greece and Rome, in their most devoted times, never produced a finer instance of patriotism and intrepidity, and Brutus and Thrasybulus with their glory around them, can hardly claim a higher rank among the liberators of mankind than this young heroine. She lived in the town of Caen, Normandy, in the hottest period of the revolution, when Marat, the infamous friend of Robespierre, was on his pinnacle of power. This man, a native of Geneva, was originally of low origin, having been a hawker of toys about the streets of Paris. He afterwards became editor of a revolutionary Journal; and at length by dint of talent and fineness, was appointed a deputy to the French Convention. Here he distinguished himself by that sort of eloquence which takes among the vulgar, and still more by the ferocious nature of his propositions, which made him noted for cruelty even in the sanguinary assembly. His deeds it were in vain to relate. They realized all that fiction has told us in its wildest tales, and more than realized the barbarities attributed by history to Antioches and the worst of the Roman Emperors. Suffice it to say, they aroused the spirit of Charlotte Corday; and with a perfect conviction of consequences of such an attempt, she formed the vast design of ridding her country of one of whom she considered its bitterest foe.

For this purpose she came to Paris, and on the morning of the 12th of July, 1799, wrote to Marat, informing him that she had matters of the deepest importance to communicate, and requested an immediate audience. To this no answer was returned; and she again addressed a note in the following words. 'Have you received my letter? If you have received it, I rest on your politeness. It is enough that I am unfortunate to claim your attention.' This was on the 18th of the month, on the same day she was admitted into his presence. He had just stepped out of the bath and was only half clothed, when Charlotte was announced. She would retire an instant till he had finished his toilet, but he ordered her straitway to enter his apartment.

'What do you wish with me?' were his first words, as he cast his lascivious eyes on the beautiful girl, who stood undauntedly before him. —'I demand justice,' was her reply. 'I came to plead the cause of the unfortunate deputies who have taken refuge at Caen' She held a scroll in her hand; it professed to be their petition, and Marat took it from her and glanced it over. It was never known how this petition came into Charlotte's possesion. It has been alledged that one of the unhappy deputies was her lover, and that he had entrusted it to her hands for the purpose of delivering it to the tyrant. It has also been conjectured, that if he had granted its prayer, and extended mercy to these persecuted men, she might for the time have waived her fatal purpose. Another and a more probable opinion is, that it was framed by herself, to serve as an excuse for intruding upon Marat, and enabling her the more easily to carry her scheme into execution. Be that as it may it produced no effect upon his savage heart. He read it with a sneer. 'Young woman,' said he, 'you have come on an useless errand. The fate of these men is sealed. I have already given orders for their apprehension. Their death will soon follow.' 'Villain!' cried Charlotte; and drawing a poignard from her bosom, she plunged it into the heart of the monster. He reeled backward and fell upon a couch. His only words were—'Traitress, you have murdered me—seize her—seize her!' She gave him but one look of disdain and horror, and dashing down the bloody weapon strode with fearless grandeur out of the room.

She went home leisurely, nor made the least attempt to escape. Her mind had been made up as to the result of the dreadful tragedy she had just acted. Meanwhile the report that Marat was killed, spread like wild-fire over Paris. A sort of dreadful anxiety and suspense peryaded this vast metropolis. Vice trembled at the loss of its most terrific minister, while all the nobler and more heroic passions were wrought into ecstacy, at the reported destruction of one of the most execrable wretches that ever disgraced humanity.

Charlotte was apprehended, but she exhibited no sign of fear; and when told that death would assuredly follow the deed she had committed, she heard it with the most sovereign contempt. On being brought before the tribunal, and questioned as to her motives for killing Marat, she showed the same unshaken firmness. She defended the deed on the grounds of justice and necessity. Marat, though not tried and condemned by an official tribunal, was already looked upon by his country as a criminal already deserving of death. She only done that which the laws ought to have done; and for which future times would applaud her for doing. 'I slew him,' continued she, 'because he was the oppressor of my country; I slew him, that France might have rest from his cruelties; I slew him to save the lives of thousands that would have perished by his decrees; and my sole regret is, that I did not sooner rid the earth of such a monster.'

She heard the sentence of death passed upon her with an unconcern that would have done honor to stoicism itself. For a short time she conversed with her counsel and some of her friends, and rising up walked quietly to the prison. During the interval between her condemnation and death, she wrote three letters. —Two of these were to her friend Barbaroux, relating her adventures from the time of her quitting Caen. The third to her father, was couched in the most solemn and affectionate strain, and concluded with the celebrated line of Corneille:

'C'est to crime pui fait la honte, et non l'echafaud.'

''Tis crime which brings disgrace and not the scaffold.'

The front of the Thuilleries was the place selected for the execution. A multitude of people had assembled to witness the ceremony; among others, were crowds of barbarous women, who drew together for the purpose of insulting her last moments. However, when she came forth from prison she appeared so lovely and interesting that their base purpose was laid instantly aside, and not a voice was raised against her. She was elegantly dressed, and appeared smiling upon the scaffold; her dark and beautiful locks waving gracefully over her shoulders. When the executioner removed the handkerchief which covered her neck and bosom, she blushed deeply; and when her head was held up after death, it was observed that the face still retained this mark of offended modesty. A deep feeling was produced among the spectators, all accustomed as they were to such scenes; and when the axe descended, there was a shudder, which showed that the death of this young heroine excited admiration and pity more than any thing else. By an emotion of generous respect, almost all the men uncovered themselves; those of her own sex who came to revile her, stood mute and abashed. Many of both sexes were observed to weep; and when the crowd separated, it was with a melancholy which proved even at this dreadful period that the kinder affections were not unsusceptable of emotion.

When on her way to the scaffold, a circumstance occurred, which from its romantic nature, well deserves to be mentioned. A young man named Adam Lux, a commissary from Mayence, was at the moment accidently passing He saw her, and in an instant fell in love with her. His heart became so overpowered with this strange affection, that, from loving her, he came at length to love the gullotine—regarding it as a sacred altar at which the blood of royalty and virtue was offered up. He immediately published a pamphlet upon the occasion —purposed to erect a monument to her memory, with the inscription 'Greater than Brutus' engraved upon it; and in a sort of phrenzied enthusiasm, invoked her shade from the Elysian fields, where it dwelt with those of the revolution. This brought him to the doom which he aspired to. He was thrown into the prison of Laforce, and afterwards executed. During his confinement, his whole talk was about the object of his affection.

One of the first acts of the French, after the death of Marat, was to give him a sumptuous funeral. For this purpose, a vast sum of money was raised by public subscription, and his body, followed by crowds of political adorers, was carried to the Pantheon. There it lay in state for many days. The coffin was allowed to remain open, and the body of the regicide was exposed to the view of countless multitudes who thronged to see it. It was at this time the hottest season of the year, and the face of the corpse having become black by the process of decay, it was white washed, the better to preserve it in a condition to be seen, till the day of interment arrived. He was at last buried in a place allotted for sages and heroes, regarded by his friends as a martyr for Liberty, and by all the good men as one of the worst characters who appeared in modern times.

But mark the changes of human opinion! This man, who was interred so sumptuously—this man, whose reputation stood so high, was denied a grave His superb coffin was torn from the vault in which it had been placed, and broken in pieces; while his carcass, dragged from it by the mob, was thrown like carrion into one of the public sewers which run into the Seine.

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From the New York Mirror.

## *THE MERCHANT & THE BLIND MAN.*

"Fact—not fable."—HALLECK.

Ogilvie was born at Edinburgh, in Scotland, and bred a watchmaker. Being wrecked in his fortunes, his eye-sight gone, and his wife dead, he resolved to quit his native country and seek for new friends in the city of London. The sister of his decessed wife requested that she might take his only child, an infant and adopt it as her own; he consented, and she called the child Julia. Ogilvie soon prepared to bid adieu to Scotland; and that he might have a companion in his misfortunes, he bought a dog, named him Pompey, and put a brass collar on his neck, with these words in large letters engraven up on it, "Pompey asking alms for his blind master"

Thus equipped, Ogilvie and Pompey set out on their journey, and arrived at the Red Lion Inn, on the twentieth of June. The next day Ogilvie was conducted to the parish of St. Giles, where he took lodgings at two shillings and sixpence per week. Being now settled, his host accompanied him and Pompey to the piazza of Convent-garden theatre, where, by the side of the pillars he took his stand. This situation he occupied on all business days for upwards of eighteen years. Ogilvie's custom was never to speak, but always to hold his hat in his hand with Pompey by his side. When any person dropped money into his hat he made a bow, but never uttered a word, unless he was first spoken to, and then his answer generally was 'yes' or 'no.'

Mr. Lovel, a merchant in the West India trade, whose counting-rooms were at old City Chambers, and his dwelling in Soho Square, was in the daily habit of passing under the piazza. One afternoon, observing the blind man and his dog, he stopped and taking hold of the collar, read aloud the inscription. He then addressed the blind man thus, 'Pray tell me sir, by what means you lost your sight?'

'By that scourge of mankind, the small pox,' he anwered. Lovel, putting a one pound note into his hand, bid him good afternoon, and walked off. On his way home, his thoughts dwelt upon what he had just seen and heard, which filled his bosom with great sorrow; and what aided to create greater sympathy for the blind man in the mind of Lovel, was the circumstance of his having, only six months previously, lost his own wife by the same disorder, leaving him and his little son John, then six years of age to bemoan her untimely death. That very night, Lovel resolved that he would ever after, either in going into the city or on returning to his house, throw into the blind man's hat a shilling or more, and for eighteen years he kept his determination. During this time Mr. Lovel was prosperous in business, he gave his son a collegiate education, bred him at the Temple, and he became a distinguished barrister.

The earl of Derby having employed the young barrister in a suit of consequence, in which the interest of the crown was concerned, on the trial of the cause the principle contended for by the young barrister was argued with so much ability and eloquence, that the result proved favourable to his client. The information of the facts coming to the ear of the king his majesty was pleased to confer on him the honor of knighthood.

Mr. Lovel had occasion to apply to the underwriters at Lloyd's, to effect an insurance on a large ship and its cargo, of great value bound to London from the Island of Jamaica. But a letter of advice had been received that morning at Lloyd's stating the total loss of his vessel and all on board, in a hurricane, the day after she sailed from port. This information was overwhelming, and drove Mr. Lovel almost to despair. He called his creditors together, and gave them a just and true account of his affairs; he told them that he could pay them ten shillings in the pound by delivering up all his property, which he was ready to do. The creditors cheerfully accepted his offer, and executed to him a general release.

Five years previous to the failure of Mr. Lovel, a most singular and extraordinary occurrence happened to the advancement of Mr. Ogilvie's fortune. A celebrated duchess of Piccadilly, with a few friends, one evening attended Conventgarden theatre, to hear Kotzbue's play of Pizarro, which had been adopted to the English stage by Mr. Sheridan. When the amusements were ended; her grace on leaving the house, and just as she was stepping into her carriage, discovered that she had dropped from her finger a diamond ring, of the value of twelve hundred guineas. She instantly proclaimed her loss, with an offer of fifty guineas to the person who might find it. Ogilvie, who stood near and heard all that had been said, requested her grace to extend her hand and let Pompey see the finger on which she wore the ring, to which she instantly complied, and then drove off for her palace. In less than two hours after all was quiet in and about the theatre, and the flamebeax in the vicinity was extinguished, Pompey found the ring, and delivered it to his master, who early next morning went to the palace of her grace, who received him with joy and gladness. On Ogilvie's presenting her the ring she offered him the fifty guineas, as promised, but he wholly refused receiving the money. She then gave him a half ticket in the lottery then drawing. Ogilvie accepted the ticket, thanked her, bid her good morning, and returned to his stand in the piazza.—Eight days after this interview the ticket drew a prize of twenty thousand pounds.—The money he deposited in the hands of Mr. Newland, president of the bank of England, made that gentleman his confident, agent, and banker, and the public were ignorant of his good luck, as well as the duchess of Piccadilly, who did not know the number.

Ogilvie still continued in his old place under the piazza; his friend the merchant as usual, day by day dropped his shilling into the hat, until the whirlwind came, and all the treasures of this man of humanity were sunk in the botom of the ocean.—Thus driven by misfortune Mr. Lovel had to abandon his walk under the piazza, and had not passed that way in fifteen days. This circumstance very much alarmed the mind of Ogilvie: he felt that he could not be mistaken, because he knew the voice and could distinguish his walk from that of all other persons. Fortunately he knew his name. 'I will not delay a moment,' said Ogilvie, 'to search out and find my benefactor! Perhaps that benevolent man may now stand in need of the very charity, which he has so long and so beautifully bestowed on me!'

He prepared himself with money, called a hackney coach, and drove direct to the house of the merchant in Soho Square.—On his arrival Mr. Lovel was not a little confused, and began to apologise for having neglected him so long, but observed there was a cause.

'I hope you will parpon me, sir,' said the blind man, 'for the liberty I have taken, when I assure you that I am actuated by the purest motives of gratitude, in coming to inquire the cause of your absenting yourself from the piazza?'

'I believe you, sir,' answered Lovel, 'I shall most willingly give you the particulars of my losses and misfortunes,' which he fully related.

As he ended, Mr. Ogilvie put into Mr. Lovel's hand two bank notes, each of five thousand pounds, which he had that morning received of his agent, Mr. Newland, and requested his acceptance of the money as a token of his affection and gratitude, observing at the same time, 'I do not, my friend, consider this sum sufficient to discharge the debt I owe you; but I hope it will enable you to begin business again, and be assured, I shall seek every opportunity to do you good all the days of my life.

So saying he departed, and went to his stand in the piazza. Mr. Lovel commenced business de novo, and in a little time, he stood as the first West India merchant on the Royal Exchange.

The following season Sir John (the son of Mr. Lovel) visited the city of Bath, being the scene of summer amusements for all the people of fashion, and at that time was principally crowded with the company of the nobility and gentry from all parts of Europe. While at Bath, Sir John became acquainted with lady Erskine from Edinburgh and her ladyship introduced him to Julia, whom she had adopted as her own daughter on the death of Julia's aunt, which happened two years before. Julia was the most celebrated beauty and belle of Scotland. The expression of her countenance, the exquisite propriety of her stature, and the exact symmetry of her shape, attracted and fixed the admiration of Sir John. In her air, walk, and gesture, she mingled dignity with grace. Her eyes which were of a dark grey spoke the great sensibility of her mind, and the sound of her voice was like the sweetest music. Sir John was a man of sterling integrity, deep learning, mildness of temper, and greatness of soul. At the assembly he had the good fortune of having Julia for a partner in the dance, and the next day he met her at the Font. The nectar of the waters of these wells, as Beau Nash, the old king of ceremonies at Bath, used to say, produced a pulsation of the heart which 'none but lovers feel.' Sir John declared his passion for Julia, and became her accepted lover, and the consent of Lady Erskine to their union was readily obtained.

The next day they set off for London.—On her arrival, Lady Erskine took the lovers with her direct to the palace of her grace the duchess in Picadilly, who received them with open arms. When she was informed of the intentions of Sir John and Julia, she insisted on their being married at her palace as soon as the parties had made their arrangements, and so it was settled. The next day Mr. Ogilvie the father of Julia, and Mr. Lovel the father of Sir John, met at the palace, when the lovely Julia for the first time in her life had the happiness of seeing her father. On her being introduced to him the old man lost the power of utterance. Copious tears were shed, and the scene was truly affecting, although it was a joyous meeting to them and to all the company present. Mr. Ogilvie gave his full consent of Julia's union with Sir John, and settled on her ten thousand pounds. Mr. Lovel settled on Sir John an elegant house in Golden Square of the value of ten thousand pounds, and gave him twenty thousand pounds in money.—Sir John and Julia insisted that their fathers should retire from business, and live with them in Golden Square, and that Pompey should accompany them, to which they consented.

Her grace gave them a most splendid wedding, and just before the ceremony commenced, which was performed by the Lord Bishop of London, as a token of love and esteem, she put on the finger of Julia the diamond ring which her father and Pompey found at the theatre.

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*Only Necessary Qualifications for a Wife.*—A few days ago, not ten miles from Almendbury, a young lady accompanied by an elderly gentleman, went to a certain parish church for the purpose of being married, at which place a number of persons who knew of their intention assembled and informed the clergyman that the lady was not of sound mind. Upon this, the clergyman asked her if she could count to ten? The lady immediately counted to twenty without erring, and the clergyman proceeded with the marriage ceremony. [Leeds Mercury.

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Mr. Joseph Lee, of Boston, has presented the sum of twenty thousand dollars to the 'Maclean Asylum for the Insane,' in that city.

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A Paris paper states, that General Lafayette has received more than 5000 private letters, and upwards of 20,000 letters on public business, most of them from officers and soldiers en retraite, which remain unanswered. To answer the letters as they arrive daily, would, it is said, require ten or twelve secretaries.

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It is probable that after the 4th of March next a majority of the Senate of the United States will be opposed to the present administration. In that case we opine, General Jackson (who has as yet been silent on the subject) will not agree to stand a poll for re-election.

[Chambersburgh Repository.

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## NOTICE.

CONTRIBUTORS to the building of a New Church, in St. Peter's Parish, who have not yet paid the Instalments of their Subscription, which became due on the 1st of January last, are earnestly requested to pay the same into the Bank at Easton without delay, as the money is very much wanted, for the purpose of procuring the necessary materals.

By order of the Vestry,
JAMES LL. CHAMBERLAINE, Reg'r.
oct 26 3w

## STEAM BOAT MARYLAND.

*NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,*

THAT the Steamboat on her routes between Easton and Baltimore, will, on and after the 20th of this month and until the Spring, call at Castle Haven, in Dorchester county, for the delivery and reception of Passengers, and not at Cambridge. LEMUEL G. TAYLOR.
Easton, Oct. 12 w

## TO BE RENTED

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR, the House and Lot on Aurora Street, now occupied by Mrs. Chamberlaine. J. ROGERS.
sept 21 w

## 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

## Farm to be Rented.

TO be rented for the next year, a Farm in Banbury; also several Houses and Lots in and about Easton.—For terms, &c. apply to
JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.
Easton, sep 7 w

## *FOR RENT,*

THE Store Room and Cellar, opposite the Union Tavern. Possession immediately. Apply at the Star Office.
july 20

## 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 George's, Middletown, Warwick, Head of Sassafras, and Head of Chester to Centreville.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### FARE

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| 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 16 w *Proprietors.*


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