APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the Liverpool Albion.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET;

OR, THE BANKRUPT AND BANKER.

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing,
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow covered ground,
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree;
'Oh! what will become,' says the cricket, 'of me?'

At last by starvation and famine made bold;
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly Ant,
To see if to keep him alive he would grant
Him shelter from rain,
A mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow,
He'd pay it to-morrow,
If not he would die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the Ant to the Cricket, 'I'm your servant and friend,
But we Ants never borrow, we Ants never lend,
But tell me dear Cricket, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?' Quoth the Cricket, 'Not I!
My heart was so light,
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay,'
'You *sang* sir you say?
Go then,' says the Ant, 'and dance winter away.'

Thus ending he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of door kick'd the poor little Cricket.

Folks call this a fable, I'll warrant it true;
Some Crickets have four legs, and some have but two. R. T.

From the Stonington Phœnix.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Two or three girls, and two or three boys,
Dirty and ragged, and making a noise;
Some calling for this, and others for that:
One pinching the dog—another the cat;
And Bill, the sly rogue, with a sorrowful phiz,
Bawling out that 'Sam's bread has more butter than his!'
And then the sly urchins, and covered with grease,
Sitting down on the hearth to examine each piece;
And if one is the widest, or thickest, or longest,
Let him that's the weakest, beware of the strongest;
A battle ensues, and a terrible clatter;
The mother cries out, What the deuce is the matter;
Each tells his own story, and tries to defend it;
'It won't do, you young rogue, a box'd ear must end it!'

From the London Court Journal.

A Lecture on Love & Courtship.

BY A LADY.

LADIES, love is my subject! can I be otherwise than eloquent?—Gentlemen, courtship is my theme! can I fail to interest you?

To dive into the antiquity of this mysterious passion, we must roll back our ideas to that momentous period when 'order was born of chaos;' 'when Adam, first of men,' was so agreeably surprised upon waking from his dreams, to find he had made such a *fair* exchange, and in lieu of a rib, had procured one of us!

But not to dwell on this *original* courtship let us pass to the examination of the various insinuating ways adopted by the nations of antiquity, as well as the several stratagems practised by the moderns, to entrap our too suscepti ble hearts.

The young gentlemen of Greece were very fertile in devices, and ingenious in contrivances to discover how far their love was likely to meet 'a sweet return.' Multifarious were their arts to obtain a reciprocity of affection; among these the *philtra*, or love-potion, stood pre-eminent, and never failed, in one respect, of having the effect that a draught of unadulterated love often produces, viz: 'it commonly deprived of reason' those who drank of it. Various and strange indeed were the ingredients, but I shall omit these; as mysteries dangerous to be divulged.

I shall next observe, upon the method pursued by the calmucs: I say 'pursued,' since this equestrian people woo *a cheval*. When one of these amiable savages is inspired by love, and makes his mind known to his mesmorsts, they mount their horses, and away they go! If the lover overtakes the maid, he wins her; but if she outstrips him in the chase, he is discarded. Now it requires no deep study in Italian politics, to feel assured, that if the pulse of their hearts beat in unison, the Calmuc ladies take especial care *not to ride too fast!*

So lynx-eyed are Spanish parents, that until they dispose of their daughters in marriage, they are scarcely ever permitted out of their sight; suitors are thus compelled to pay their devoirs publicly—a woeful restraint, methinks, on the youthful pair, and I fancy I can perceive in the countenances of some of my hearers an expression, which, in fashionable phraseology, votes this method a *bore*.

How whimsically opposite is the Welch plan of courtship, for there they make love *ad libitum*; and Cambrian latitude surpasses even Iberian restraint. *Bundling*, in my conscience, is a comical process, and—but I pause, for it is a maxim of Rochefacault's that 'true eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more.'

In this part of Great Britain, as Protean are the modes as is the God. Some make love like pedagogues, some like rakes; but that I war against—for I have suffered much from its effects alas!—is that abominable barbarous custom entitled, *flirting*; and, strange to say, although I have given it the epithet of *barbarous*, it is only in civilized nations that it is tolerated; for who ever heard of a Kamschatkan 'whispering soft nothings in a lady's ear?' What traveller describes an Esquimaux *philander*, or a Catabau *danger?* or in what latitude (save our own) dwells the savage, whose pastime consists in trifling with the female heart?

You may smile, young gentlemen; but let me tell you, this practice is at best contemptible, and it is oftentimes dangerous. Bear in mind the fable of the Boys and the Frogs—it may be sport to you, but it is death to *us*.

There is a certain period of life, perhaps, when the effects are not to be so much dreaded, when the arrow falls blunted from the heart, or glances off, having merely made a slight scratch, and caused no dangerous inflammatory symptoms; but I wish that one of those senators who have of late undertaken to correct all abuses, would procure an Act of Parliament to suppress this dangerous propensity, to which, it cannot be concealed, both sexes are too much addicted, and that a committee would sit, with full powers to examine witnesses, in order to determine the precise age at which 'flirting becomes harmless.'

Male coquettes have been so far considered under the head of flirting, that although much remains to be said on this anomaly in the human species, I shall not now trespass further on your time, my fair sisters, but dismiss them with a hint, that ye

'Beware, th' infectious sigh, the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission dressed,
But full of guile.'

It would be as curious as interesting to analyse the various modes which exist of paying and receiving addresses; but a few instances, by way of illustration, must suffice.

Some proceed by delicate attentions and tender insinuations; every look is watched, every wish anticipated; like a steam-vessel urging its course against wind and tide, the assiduous lover will work his way through a closely-wedged multitude, to reach his fair ones shawl or tippet. He will quit the heated ball-room (the thermometer at 90) and rush into an arctic atmosphere to call the coach; there will he stand, his teeth chattering like a poor wretch in a tertain ague, till the powdered lacquey announces it at hand, when he hurries back into the mouth of the furnace, to escort thence 'the chaste, the fair, the expressive she.'

As the wary angler throws in his silken line and delicate hook to catch the finny tribe, so others by distant hints and gentle inuendos feel their way, and make their passion known; for women, like fish, require different baits, and like them will not bite at the same in all seasons; and it displays, perhaps, the nicest proficiency in 'the art of love,' to ascertain that which is best suited to our various taste. Some, indeed, like *gudgeons*, are easily caught—some are to be tickled like trout—some, like mackarel, are attracted by a bit of red cloth—for some the hook must be baited with 'silver'—while others will only catch at the substantial good, and therefore when landed on the bank of matrimony, never feel *like fish out of water*.

Your Miss, just emerged from the 'academy,' is all for *pathos*, hearts, darts, and flames. The lover, who it is necessary should be of the first order of fine forms, 'must sigh like a piviour'—vow she is an angel—pen sonnets to her eyebrows—repeat scraps from Lord Byron and Mr Moore—and have the most pathetic passages of the last new novel by heart. Then fall at her feet, protest eternal constancy and devotion, and swear he is her willing slave;—but remember, young ladies,

'The humblest lover, when he lowest lies,
But stoops to conquer, and but kneels to rise!'

We now come to the important point of making an offer—so important, that I have known some who have been years before they could 'screw their courage to the sticking place;' others, indeed, we have heard of, who have *popped the question* upon a very short acquaintance; aye! and have had the knot tied 'within a little month,' or 'ere those pumps were old,' in which he led her through the galopade, like Euphrosyne, all smiles. Some bold and dauntless heroes are *not* to be repulsed—a refusal to them acts as a stimulus—'*nil desperandum*,' say they—at her again—and in love's register are recorded matches, where the suitor, after a dozen rejections, has carried his point at last.

I was once in company with a gentleman who, I imagine, held the post of financier in the Cabinet of Venus; this Cyprian Cocker pronounced, that 'only one man in twenty marries the woman he is in love with.' It must be considered, like some of Mr. Humes's, rather a nice calculation; but his logic, his eloquence, and his science in numbers, like this great statesman's, were so conclusive, that at the end of a long and animated debate, I was obliged to cede the point.

In reviewing the many incentives that lead to courtship, perhaps, we ought first to descant on beauty. But what is beauty?—who shall decide, when each eye forms its own? Happy for our species that it is so; as otherwise one sex would be continually pulling caps, and the other, cutting throats!

Female charms, like adjectives, admit of different degrees of comparison—thus *pretty* may be considered the *positive!*—*handsome*, the *comparative!!*—and *beautiful*, the *superlative!!!*

Although the bright blaze of beauty may sometimes be the torch which leads our beaux to the hymeneal altar, yet I fear the dazzling glare of money—filthy money—is too often the loadstar that attracts them. If you hear now o'days of a man about to enter the holy state, the first question asked is—not to *whom* he is to be united—but—*to how much?* In fact, our sovereign charms are now a-days computed by her *sovereign gold!*—thus, as Hudibras has it,

'Love passions are like parables
By which men still mean something else,
Tho' love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense;
The real substance o the shadow,
Which all address and courtship's paid to.'

I blush while I acknowledge that my own sex are but too apt to be thus led away, and to consider 'establishment, equipage, jewels and rank,' as the 'chief good.'

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Numerous are the matches formed on the basis of *convenience*, but never can these couples be said to tread in the flowery paths of love, though they may escape the thorny ways of disgust, or the barren plains of indifference.—Thus the old man, *conveniently* marries his tenant's daughter by way of nurse, 'to bind up his temples—and give him his powders.' The youthful heir unites himself to his neighbour's *only* child, because the estates are so conveniently contiguous, and there appears no just cause or impediment why the two manors should not be joined together in one rent-roll.

The poor lord finds it vastly convenient to espouse his banker's daughter, because *he* wants *money*, and *she* wants *rank;* and your *Corinthian* dame makes a convenience of some wealthy and ambitious commoner, however she may despise the *pleb.*, because his purse can furnish her with those luxuries and enjoyments no longer her's, when the 'capital' of the 'column' is crumbled into dust.

'But happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.'

Yes, my young friends, a well-assorted union is the *ne plus ultra* of earthly bliss!

And now, for the present, I shall take my leave, concluding with a hint to either sex.

BEAUX—When bent on matrimony, look more than *skin-deep* for *beauty;* dive farther than the *pocket* for *worth;* and search for *temper* beyond the *good humour* of the moment;—remembering it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life—

'Their virtues open fairest in the shade.'

BELLES—Be not led away by each gay meteor of a spark, or too readily yield your hearts to an elegant and agreeable exterior; for the serpent is often ambushed beneath the fairest flowers. Let not your reason be blinded by love, or your sense enslaved by passion. Above all, seek not to make captives by *personal accomplishments* ALONE, 'nor trust too much to an enchanting face,' for recollect—

'Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'

YANKEE?—*Question.*—You han't none of you seen nothing of no hat no where along here upon none of these seats have you?

Answer.—We han't none on us, seen nothing of no hats nor nothing of no kind no where on none of these seats nor no where else as I *knows* on.

The Common Council of this city, says the Troy Budgett, have voted that the roofs of the City Hall shall be covered with copper. This s well. An Irishman once visited a city where he said 'they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet-lead.

THE PARTY.

Dear Dolly,

Must write again I swan; 'spose you want to hear from me—Oh, dear, I've had plaguey sight of fun once my last letter; its the time for parties, was ask'd to one this week, girls didn't forgit old Simon, for when I had jist set down to tea, in run cousin Jake and dragged me from the table; tho't he was crazy, felt scar'd; Jake told me I was axed to a party; said I mus'nt wait to take tea, must begin to fix myself; I felt duced queer—Jake told me he'd call for me—I run up stairs brisk as a cat; put on my Sunday clothes in a jiffey—made my que look like wax—combed my hair and brushed my shoes; come down stairs again; 7 o'clock; tea table cleared off—Jake had'nt come yit; took a seat by the fire—nation cold out—begin to feel hungry, wish Jake had'nt come before tea, did'nt like to ax for tea now—jist got into a doze, when Jake taps me on the head—scolded him like fire for staying so long.—Away Jake and I went downthe Bowery like old Nick; cold as the snakes—had no great coat, had left it in the country—good many cloaks, as Jake called them, passed along; curious things—put me in mind of a possum in a mill bag; such a plague of a dark night, stepped right in a freezing mud puddle—was going to turn back, Jake wouldn't let me thro';—By and bye we got to the house—desced crooked entry, bumped my head, got into the room at last, Jake said, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Snipe,' I made a bow, and sat down; ladies giggled, 'spose they tho't I had a curious name; my foot was so cold oh dear!—ladies begin to sing songs, one man played on the flute, sounded duced nice wish you'd been there Dolly; then the men got singing, nation funny songs—one man sung something about the Washing Day, kept Jake and I grinning all the while; then another man sung a song about 'the fish hook stripped her finger,' tho't I never should stop laughing—if my foot had'nt been so cold don't believe I should. By and bye round came the wine on a big tea board ladies all took a glass, did'nt drink it all tho'—come to me next; took a glass, tryed to drink like the ladies, couldn't make such little tastes tho'; had a piece of cake in one hand and a glass of wine in the other—did'nt know which to take first, by jing; was going to ask Jake, but couldn't get a chance: however I soon finished 'em both, then they handed round sweet meats, in small plates, plague nice; but a man that set next to me hit his elbow against mine—away went the sweet meats plate and all—not on the floor tho'—they lodged on Jake's knee; stained his drab pantaloons; girls begin to giggle again, the men laughed right out; felt tarnel sham'd; Jake got the sweet meats off at last; then the apples and nuts come along found a little more comfort in eating them, except now and then I'd bite a shell;—Then come the singing again—one man sung jist like a negro, made all the folks laugh like old Harry; 'twas about

'A Porter-house a merry thing, oh, what a place he be,' &c.

Jake had to strike me a thump before I stopped grinning. The girls begin to talk about dancing—up they jump'd—up I jump'd too—'spose Jake thos I was going to dance—no, no Dolly, I jumped to get near the fire—my foot was most dry, but oh, dear! how cold; the folks that wanted to dance went in another room; Jake and I, and some of the folks, set talking by the fire; by and bye a man brot a lady to me, and said 'Mr Snipe, your partner,'—felt hangy queer; fraid I was going to be married; told him 'twas very dark out, good come off; Jake whispered to me that it was to dance—I jumped up quick enough then, didn't know how to dance tho', however away I went with my partner, to the next room; done jist like the rest—all but kicking out my feet—I only walked—lady ask'd me why I didn't dance; went to take a step, when out p'opped my que from under my coat and struck a man plump in the face; all the folks begin to laugh so, I couldn't hear the music—*mem*, fore I go to another party mean to have it cut off—by and bye the dancing ended; half past 12 o'clock; ladies begin to think of going home—put my que under my coat again; asked a deuced pretty lady if I should wait upon her home; (Jake told me how to ask)—she said as much as yes; away we went, Jake one way and I another—pretty cold—didn't care much though, had borrowed Nathan Tall's big cloak. Seen the lady home; bid her good night, made a bow, and started for home as if the dogs were after me—got home about half past one o'clock; didn't get up next morning till breakfast time; eat most all that was on the table, took another nap, and then got up and went to work.

Yours ever, SIMON SNIPE.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

A short time since, a sister and a brother met together in this city, after a separation of 22 years, during which time neither of them had even heard from the other! The parents of these persons, and another daughter had been inhabitants of Philadelphia and died in that city in 1807. In consequence of the embarrassed state in which they left their circumstances, the surviving relatives found it necessary to separate the children, who were then very young. Two relatives of the mother took the two female children to a distant part of the country, and the boy was taken by a friend of the father, to a distance from the two females. All three lived and grew up; and each was aware of the fact that a fraternal degree of kindred bound all, although the females knew not their brother's abode nor he theirs.—One sister now resides in Ohio; the other has lived a considerable time in this city, where she is happily married. About two years since the brother came to reside in this city, and continued to work at his trade; during six months his sister lived next door to the house in which he still boards. The sister had many fruitless searches for him, and even went, some time since, to Philadelphia to endeavour to find some account of him, but without effect. Finally, she some days since heard his name mentioned casually in conversation, and a presentiment, real or imaginary, struck her that he was 'the long sought for one.' She proceeded to her old neighbour's house and waited till the young man came home from work and a scene of mutual recognition led to a pleasure more difficult to describe than imagine, after separation of relatives so close allied, during a period so long.'

These circumstances have come to us through a correct source, from one who has been acquainted for a considerable length of time with the sister residing in this city: yet if it was worked up into a 'new novel,' even by the author of Pelham, it is probable the critics of the day would denounce it as 'improbable.' But it has been remarked, and with propriety, that 'Truth is often more marvellous than Fiction.'

[N. Y. Courier & Enq.

AGRICULTURE.

☞It seems to be agreed on all hands that the corn crop will be short at least one half, throughout the middle, southern and western States; and as corn is the staff of life to stock in those parts of the country, a substitute must be sought for. There are many ways by which a good farmer may obviate the evils of a scarcity of corn. He should feed no whole of any kind, but let what corn he does feed to stock be ground *cob and all*, if you please, and mixed with cut straw, for horses; and with potatoes and other roots, and boiled, for cows and hogs. It is good economy to grind oats for horses, by which at least a third will be saved—Some farmers never thresh their oats, but cut them up with the straw, and thus feed them to horses. This is making the least they possibly can of the thing. The oats should always be threshed; and, in times of scarcity, ground and mixed with the straw, which should be cut fine—and thus the most will be made of it. During the inclement season, cattle should be comfortably and well curried; for it is a fact, that it requires much less food to keep them thus, than when exposed to the peltings of the storm, and allowed to shiver night after night in the sleet and cold rain of a middle state and southern climate.

At this time a good Straw Cutter is an invaluable assistant to the farmer in husbanding his resources, and should be obtained. There are many kinds, from the old fashioned one, with which by hard work you can cut a bushel or two an hour, and which costs 5 to $10, to thos made by Eastman, and Sinclair & Moore, by the use of which there is an immense saving of labour. These latter cost $50, extra sizes higher. By timely attention to these hints, and pushing the system of economy into all the departments of the farm yard and kitchen, as well as the corn crib, we have no doubt that your cattle will chew their cud with composure during the winter, and together with your horses, come out in the spring with sleek hides and heavy haunches. [Am. Farmer.

Halifax papers received by the Editors of the Boston Traveller, mention that the President's proclamation, respecting the opening of the W. I ports had been received.

The Novascolian says there is in that place a division of sentiment as to the precise nature of the concessions which the American Minister has obtained. 'For our own parts, we coincide with that which makes the Act 6, Geo. 4, cap. 114, the basis of the arrangement, for we cannot allow ourselves to believe that terms more advantageous than that act offered have now been granted. Mr. M'Lane himself says, he has obtained what the last administration lost and no more. In that case the Americans will be permitted to carry on a direct Trade to and from the West Indies, or an indirect Trade through those islands, with countries, not forming part of the British Empire—but will not be permitted to trade between one British Colony and another, or between the Parent County and a Colony.'

Speaking of the probable [illegible]ence which this change will produce upon the trade of the Northern British Colonies, the same paper remarks—'We may observe, that unless protected by some salutary reservations on the part of our Government, of which we at present know nothing, the effects will be sensibly felt in the decrease of our mercantile marine—the depression of general business, and the loss of a large portion of our revenue, arising from the duty on tonnage.'

The elections in Nova Scotia are carried on with unusual warmth and passion. At Antigonish, a man was so severely beaten, that his life was despaired of; three men are also said to have been killed at Arichat.

Selected for the Norristown Free Press.

House Flies.—These troublesome little insects, may be effectually destroyed without the use of poison:—Take half a tea spoonful of black pepper in powder, one tea spoonful of brown sugar; and one table spoonful of cream; mix them well together, and place them in the room on a plate where the flies are troublesome and they will soon disappear.

Receipt for a Sore Throat.—Take a glass of olive oil, and half a glass of spirits of turpentine, mix them together and rub the throat externally, wearing flannel around it at the same time. It proves most effectual when applied early—Sweet oil will answer the purpose equally well.

Whooping Cough.—The Whooping cough having lately, in many instances, proved fatal a gentleman of Devizes has circulated the following recipe for its cure, and it has been strongly recommended to all parents whose children may be afflicted with this dreadful complaint. Take of finely powdered cochineal half a scruple; salt of tartar, one scruple; pure water, one gill; mix it together, and sweeten it with loaf sugar; a child may take a tea spoonful three times a day; an adult may take two tea spoonsful each time. Also a few garlics, bruise them, and steep them in old rum, and rub the child's back, soles of the feet, and palms of the hands, night and morning.

Sea Sickness.—Sea sickness is not caused so much by the motion of the ship or vessel, as on a certain motion made by the human body induced by a sort of almost involuntary endeavor to accommodate one's self to the ship's motion. Voyagers, who hold fast by the ropes or sides of the ship, so as to move with all its motions, and in fact, make themselves, for this time, as it were a part of the moving vessel, are less subject to it than others who sit down at their ease in a chair. An experienced traveller in writing upon the subject says that he could keep off the evil entirely by laying fast hold of the rudder or sides of any vessel in which he happened to be, on the very first indication of nausea.

Oil from Pumpkins.—The seeds of pumpkins are commonly thrown away; but abundance of an excellent oil may be extracted from them When peeled they yield much more oil than an equal quantity of flax. This oil burns well gives a lively light, and lasts longer than other oils, and emits very little smoke.

Fruit Trees.—Fresh lime newly slacked and mixed with water to the consistency of cream, is an excellent dressing for the rind of fruit trees that are injured by moss and insects. When this has been well supplied, the insects are destroyed, the moss disappears, the unhealthy rind peels off, and a new one is formed.

UNION TAVERN,

EASTON, MARYLAND.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the above stand recently occupied by Mr. Solomon Lowe, and is now fitting it up for the reception of visitors, and will be opened on Monday the 15th inst. The above house has recently undergone a thorough repair, and from an experience of twelve years with a disposition to please and accommodate the public, with the arrangements he is now making for their convenience, he hopes to merit and receive a share of the public patronage.

WILLIAM C. RIDGAWAY.

N. B. His stables will be in complete order and attended by careful Ostlers. W. C. R.

Easton, nov 9 3w

☞The Cambridge Chronicle will copy the above three times.

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

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

Baltimore & Ohio Rail-Road.

NOTICE

TO ROAD-MAKERS & BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received from the 22d to the 27th of next month, (November) for the graduation of parts of the Fourth and of the Fifth Division of the Rail Road; and of a lateral Road to Frederick-town, together: embracing a distance of about twenty miles. Those parts of the Fourth and Fifth Divisions commence at a point near the Mills of Smith and Anderson, about one mile south of New-Market, and extend across the Monocacy River to the 'Point of Rocks' on the Potomac River. The lateral Road commences near the crossing of the Monocacy, and extends to the City of Frederick, Frederick County, Maryland.

Proposals will be received at the same time for the necessary Masonry.

Between those days, the Subscriber will attend on the ground for the purpose of giving such information as may be desired by those disposed to contract. Proposers are invited to devote more attention to an examination into the situation and character of the earth to be removed, and the Stone Quarries to be used, than has usually been done. Proper attention to this matter may prevent much difficulty and embarrassment, if not loss, in the progress of the work. The line will be divided into convenient Sections. Recommendations for temperance, capacity and integrity will be expected to accompany all proposals.

MONOCACY BRIDGE.

Proposals will be received from the 1st to the 3d of next month, (November) for the building of a Bridge across the Monocacy River. The stream will require a vent of about three hundred feet. Proposals will be taken—first, for a Bridge of Stone; second, for one of Stone abutments and Piers and Brick Arches; and 3d, for one of Stone abutments and Piers, and Superstructure of Wood.

CASPER W. WEVER,
SUPERINTENDENT.

Fredericktown, Md. Oct. 22, 1830.
nov 2 4w

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

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.*

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

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

JUST RECEIVED,

A FURTHER SUPPLY OF

Writing & Letter Papers,

WITH

SCHOOL BOOOKS, SLATES, QUILLS, WAFERS, BONNETT BOARDS, &c. &c.

All of which will be sold low for cash, at the Star-Office, Easton, Md. nov 9 w

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