APOLLO'S FOUNT.

BALLAD.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

'Oh, captain of the Moorish hold,
Unbar thy gates to me,
And I will give thee gems and gold
To set Ferdinando free,
For I a sacred oath have plight
A pilgrim to remain,
Till I return with Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain.

'Good Christian youth,' the captain said,
'Thy suit is soon denied,
Fernando loves a Moorish maid,
And will with us abide.
Renounced is every Christain rite,
The turban he hath ta'en,
And Lara thus hath lost her knight,
The noblest knight of Spain.'

Pale, marble pale, the pilgrim turned,
A cold and deadly die;
Then in his cheeks the blushes burned,
And anger in his eye.
(From forth his cowl a ringlet bright
Fell down of golden grain.)
'Base Moor! to slander Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain.

'Go look on Lugo's gory field,
Go look on Tayo's tide!
Can ye forget the red cross shield,
That all your host defied?
Alhaiam's warrior turned to flight,
Granada's Sultan slain,
Attest the worth of Lara's knight,
The boldest knight of Spain.'

'By Allah, yea!' with eyes of fire,
The lordly paynim said,
'Granada's Sultan was my sire,
Who fell by Lara's blade;
And though thy gold were forty fold,
The ransom were but vain
To purchase back thy Christian knight,
The boldest knight of Spain.'

'Ah! Moor, the life that once is shed
No vengeance can repay,
And who can number up the dead
That fall in battle fray?
Thyself, in many a manly fight,
Hast many a father slain;
Then rage not thus 'gainst Lara's knight,
The boldest knight in Spain.'

'And who art thou, whose pilgrim vest
Thy beauties ill may shroud;
The locks of gold, the heaving breast,
A moon beneath a cloud?—
Wilt thou our Moorish creed recite,
And here with me remain?
He may depart—the captive knight,
The conquered knight of Spain.'

'Ah, speak not so,' with voice of wo,
The shuddering stranger cried,
'Another creed I may not know,
Nor live another's bride!
Fernando's wife may yield her life,
But not her honor stain,
To loose the cords of Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain.'

'And know'st thou then how hard a doom
Thy husband yet may bear?
The fettered limbs, the living tomb,
The damp and noisome air?
In lonely cave, and void of light,
To drag a helpless chain,
Thy pride condemns the Christian knight,
The prop and pride of Spain.'

'Oh, that within that dungeon's gloom,
His sorrows I might share,
And cheer him in that living tomb,
With love, and hope, and prayer!
But still the faith I once have plight
Unbroken must remain,
And God will help the captive knight,
And plead the cause of Spain.'

'And deem'st thou from the Moorish hold
In safety to retire,
Whose locks outshine Arabia's gold,
Whose eyes the diamond's fire!'
She drew a poinard, small and bright,
And spake in calm disdain,
'He taught me how, my Christian knight,
To guard the faith of Spain.'

The drawbridge falls! with loud alarm
The clashing portals fly,
She bared her breast, she raised her arm,
And knelt in act to die;
But ah! the thrill of wild delight
That shot through every vein;
He stood before her—Lara's knight,
The noblest knight of Spain!

From the New York Constellation.

GOING A COURTING.

Barnabas Butterfield was a precocious youth. He was nineteen years of age, had been in the practice of shaving for above six months; of chewing tobacco for above a year, and of swearing for above two years. Considering these early advances in gentlemanly acquirements Barnabas began to think it was high time to show some particular attention to the softer sex—or, in his own language, to go a courting.

He had succeeded to his heart's content in the weekly operation of scraping his chin—and well he might, for there was no obstacle in the way—and as it answered equally well, and was much the safer mode, he usually preferred shaving with the back of the razor. In chewing tobacco he found it rather more difficult to succeed, for the nauseating effect of the drug made him wish more than once he had never acquired the accomplishment; but perseverance overcame every difficulty, and at the date of our story, he could take in at one quid the full half of a threepenny plug. As for the accomplishment of swearing, having a natural turn that way; he succeeded without the least difficulty.

It is one thing to be a proficient in these every day matters, and another to come off with flying colours in the grand affair of courting. Besides it generally so happens, that in proportion to the difficulty of success, is the disgrace of defeat. The scoffs and jeers of the young men, and the aversion and contempt of the young women.

It is not however so much on account of the ultimate consequences as it regards obtaining a wife, as on account of the present mortification attending it, that a defeat is usually dreaded. Young men in this republican country take the liberty of going a courting oftentimes merely for the sake of courting; and some country coxcombs are known to boast of having 'stayed with every gal' in the town where they reside—which means nothing more than that they have sat up alone with them from some nine or ten o'clock at night to three or four in the morning.

It was to gratify this sort of 'staying' vanity, that Barnabas Butterfield resolved on going a courting. There being no love in the case, it was not so much a matter of consequence with whom he should stay, as to be able to say that he had stayed with some one. Of course he would be likely to select some one for his first essay, with whom he thought the chance of success the most promising.

Such a one, in the opinion of Barnabas, was Patty Keeler. He judged by the general freedom of her manners. Patty was a gay, laughing, romping lass of seventeen—full of frolic and fun, ready for a game at snow-balling, or sliding on the ice, with the youngsters—and, ever as her humor happened to lead her, disposed to give a kiss or a boxed ear to forward swains.

But to be gay and free and frolicksome, was one thing, and to be easily 'stayed with,' was another. And Barnabas Butterfield reckoned without his host, when he thought of achieving an easy victory with Patty Keeler. Had he been better acquainted with the caprices of the little god Cupid, he might have known that the most forward seeming lass is oftentimes less easily wooed, and won, than the bashful and demure damsel, in whose mouth you would verily suppose a lump of snow would not melt.

Be this as it may, Barnabas Butterfield resolved to go a courting to Patty Keeler. He was strengthened in his resolution, by meeting her at church and observing that she laughed outright, as she saw him after the sermon holding up one side of the meeting-house. That very Sunday night having put upon his boots an extra coat of blackball, made from the darkest side of the great iron pot—and having rubbed his hair over with the spoils of a newly caught mink, to give it the agreeable smell of musk—he set out to neighbor Keeler's, on this most important expedition.

When he arrived, Patty had just done milking. He saw her coming from the barn with two brimming pails, and thought it would be no detriment to his suit to meet her half way and offer his services at carrying the milk.—But she prevented his offer by saying as soon as she beheld him—'Barney, how glad I am to see you—you have come just in time to carry in this milk for me. Oh my! how tired I am—I've had seven cows to milk all alone, and noboddy to help me—seems as if I should expire?'

'I was just comin to lend ye a hand,' said the gallant Barnabas.

'Was you so? Well that's a good soul, and I'll do as much for you—when I cant help it.'

'That means,' said Barnabas to himself, 'that she'll stay with me—I knowed she would afore I come. I can see as far into a sandheap as any body else.'

'My gracious! Barney, how you splash over the milk,' exclaimed Patty.

'Do I splosh it?' said the lover, and looking down and seeing his boots, which he had taken so much pains to polish, covered over with milk, he was about swearing a terrible oath, when Patty clapped her hand on his mouth, and said,

'Dont swear, Barney.'

'No more I wont, if I can help it, Patty,' said he with a strong effort—'but by'—

'Tut! Tut!' said the girl, again applying her hand to his mouth.

'I say,' continued he, 'it's enough to make any gentleman swear to have his boots all sploshed in this way, after takin so much pains to make 'em shine.'

'There you're mistaken, Barney,' said she, 'no gentleman would swear at all.'

'Do you think so?' said he, with an incredulous air, 'sure now, Patty, you must be jokin. Howsomever, if you think so, it's all same to me, you know, but I thought'—

'There! you're splashing the milk again.'

And so in fact he was; but as the shine was already taken from his boots, he thought any extra care would be useless, and any further regrets out of place. The milk was carried in, soon strained and set away to cool.—And Patty having thus completed the domestic labors of a Sunday evening, doffed her check apron, which she had merely put on to preserve her go-to-meeting dress, and appeared as neat as a pin.

If Barnabas had conceived high hopes before making his visit, the freedom of Patty's request in regard to carrying the milk, did not tend to lessen them—for he thus reasoned with himself. 'Would she have taken this liberty, if she had not intended to stay with me? Surely not. I'm a fortunate feller if ever there was one. They wont say to me as they did to Tom Piper, 'tother day, 'you got the bag!' By gorry I could'nt go that.'

Full of these sanguine ideas, Barnabas forgot the splashing of his boots, talked when he could get an opportunity and endeavored, as he afterwards said; to be as *perlite* as possible. As for Patty; her tongue ran like a millclack. She talked of every thing and thought of nothing. She told how the parson's wig got loose in sermon time and fell plump upon the deacon's head; how Squire Nassal snored at church so as to wake up Cornal Jenkins; and how Capt. Poodle's dog Towser bit Lieut. Grunt's fatting hog so that he died of a mollification. She talked of all the marriages that had taken place during the last year, and of all that were likely to take place for a year to come. She asked Barnabas if he could run a whole mile and never stop, if he did not think her gownd very handsome considering; and where he was going to go to Christmas. In short she talked of every thing that came uppermost, just giving Barnabas an opportunity now and then to pop in a word while she stopped to take breath.

But it was not so much the *talking* that the young man thought about at that juncture, as the *looking*. And he looked or endeavored to look, unutterable things—not exactly straight forward, but out of the corner of his eyes—by some called stealing a glance, by others ogling, and by others again, casting sheep's eyes. The latter is often the most appropriate term, for what other eyes can a sheep cast, than sheep's eyes?

But to our story. The evening passed away in chat, eating apples, and drinking Mr. Keeler's new cider, until the hour of nine o'clock, when the old people moved by the desire of sleep, or a lurking suspicion, that Barnabas had come a courting, thought proper to adjourn—not *sine die*, or without day, but until day—giving Patty strict charge to see to the fire.

Now was the trying time for the courage of Barnabas Butterfield. He had not yet popped the question to Patty, whether she would stay with him. And whatever hopes of success he had before entertained, he felt amazing diffident now that the important moment had come. The reader perhaps may wonder that he did not seize the opportunity of speaking to the point when first he met her alone with the milk. Now the truth is, though he had been thinking of the matter for several weeks, he was as it were taken all of a sudden when the critical period came, and he could not in a moment resolve upon the thing. Of course the golden opportunity was past, besides he wished to make the most of his sheep's eyes before the worst came to the worst. But now that the old folks had gone, and he felt that it was expected of him to show himself a man, his heart went pitapat so that its thumping could plainly be heard at a rod's distance; and Patty wickedly asked him if he did not hear a partridge drumming.

At this question his heart beat more violently than ever, while he answered, 'I thought I heard somethin—but I didn't know as partridges ever drummed in the night.'

'Perhaps I was mistaken,' said Patty; 'may be 'twas only a death watch.'

'A death watch!' exclaimed the superstitious lover, 'do you keep death watches here?'

'Sometimes—but now I think of it, I wonder what time of night it is.'

Barnabas took this as a hint to disclose the purpose of his visit. Now, thought he, is the time. But while his judgment said advance, his palpitating heart held him back. He nevertheless made a desperate effort, and moved his chair half a foot nearer that of Patty Keeler. She, by pure accident as it is supposed, moved her's a foot nearer his. This seemed encouraging and the lover repeated, still hitching half a foot at a time, and casting sheep's eyes in the intervals. They were now within good whispering distance, when Patty broke out, 'It's very strange!'

'What's very strange?' demanded Barnabas.

'Why, that dad and mama should go to bed and leave us all alone.'

'I think it is rather curious, but'—

What he was going to say, it is impossible now to tell, for Patty interrupted the important speech, if there were any, at the very tip of his tongue, by asking him if he was not afraid to go home alone.

Under any other circumstances and from any other person, he would have been angry at such a question. But as it was, he essayed to answer:

'No—yes—that is—perhaps—not at all—not a bit—may be though—no—O no—yes—or rather I should say—but some how or other I have an ideer that—if so be you've no objections'—

'Certainly not,' said the vexatious girl, 'you can sleep with the boys just as well as not; there's only Bill, and Pete, and Sam in the bed.'

'Yes, but I'd quite as lieves set up,' said Barnabas, beginning to recover from his embarrassment—'I say, Patty, I'd quite as lieves set up if you've no objections.'

'I havint none,' replied Patty, 'if you choose to set up.'

Barnabas taking this for a consent to set up with him, drew his chair close to her's at one motion and began to pour forth his acknowledgments in the most rapturous strain, when she checked his ardor by requesting him to see that the fire did not fall down, and telling him that if he felt hungry before morning he would find the remains of a roast goose and a pumpkin pie, in the cupboard. Having said this she wished him a good night, and was about tripping off, when Barnabas staring with wonder, cried out—

'But aint you going to stay with me, Patty?'

'Are you afraid to stay alone?' said she, returning a few steps.

This second questioning of his courage was too much, and though he did not deem it prudent to swear, under present circumstances, he answered with some spirit, 'Afeard! no, I wouldn't have you think, I'm afeard, by no means—that is—I'm not afeard at all—not I—except I don't exactly like the death watch.'

'Poh! poh! the death watch has gone to sleep, and I'm sleepy too. Good night, Barney.'

'Stay, Patty, stay—didn't you promise me just now'—

'That you might sit up here—certainly.'

'Didn't ye promise to stay with me I ax ye?'

'No such thing, Barney—I never make rash promises—not I.'

'But I thought'—

'Oh I dare say you did, but'—

But wont you stay with me now? The young fellers will laugh at me so if I git the bag!'

'Laugh at you! Fie! fie! you're too much of a man to mind their laughing—besides if you'll send them here, I'll serve them in the same way.'

'Will ye though! Well there's some comfort in that arter all. But I should hate amazingly to git the bag—it sounds so.'

With that he offered her a kiss, thinking if his lips could not soften her heart in one way, they might in another. But Patty was not then in a humor for dalliance, and telling him he might perhaps prefer a box to a bag, she laid the flat of her hand upon his ear with such effect that for a while it completely drove out of his head all idea of the ungracious sound of getting the bag.

When Barnabas recovered from the astounding effects of the box, he found himself standing alone amidst the ruin of his hopes, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. The fire was indeed burning, the candle was awake, but Patty had disappeared. Finding his cause to be hopeless, Barnabas took the prudent resolution of disappearing also; and with a light step and a heavy heart, he soon measured his way home. Patty heard the door close behind him with a slam, and returning to cover up the fire and make all safe, she had no sooner got to the late scene of action, than throwing herself into a chair, she laughed all alone till she cried, and was only reminded that it was time to end her cachinnation, by finding the candle sputtering in the socket, and the fire already too far gone to be worth any attempt at preservation.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

'My visions,' said the patient, 'commenced two or three years since, when I found myself from time to time embarrassed by the presence of a large cat, which came and disappeared I could not exactly tell how, till the truth was finally forced upon me, and I was compelled to regard it as no domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements which had no existence, save in my deranged visual organs or depraved imagination. Still, I had not that positive objection to the animal entertained by a late gallant highland chieftan, who has been seen to change to all the colors of his own plaid, if a cat by accident happened to be in the room with him, even though he did not see it. On the contrary, I am rather a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me; when within the course of a few months, it gave place to, or was succeeded by, a spectre of a more important sort, or which, at least, had a more imposing appearance. This was no other than the apparition of a gentleman usher, dressed as if to wait upon a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty. This personage, arrayed in a court dress, with bag and sword, tambored waistcoat, and chapeau bras, glided beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and, whether in my own house or in another, ascended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing room; and at sometimes appeared to mingle with the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of his presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honors which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. This freak of the fancy did not produce much impression upon me, though it led me to entertain doubts on the nature of my disorder, and alarm for the effect it might produce on my intellects. But that modification of my disease also had its appointed duration.

After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination being no other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a skeleton. 'Alone or in company,' said the unfortunate invalid, 'the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I in vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination and deranged organs of sight. But what avails such reflections, while the emblem at once and presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, even while I yet breathe on the earth. Science, philosophy, even religion has no cure for such a disorder; and I feel too surely that I shall die the victim to so melancholy a disease, although I have no belief whatever in the reality of the phantom which it places before me.' The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details, how strongly the visionary apparition was fixed on the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradiction, and in consistencies as might bring his common senses which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. 'This skeleton then,' said the doctor, 'seems to you to be always present to your eyes?' 'It is my fate, unhappily,' answered the invalid, 'always to see it.' 'Then I understand' continued the Physician, 'it is now present to your imagination?' 'To my imagination it certainly is so,' replied the sick man. 'And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?' the physician inquired. 'Immediately at the foot of my bed: when the curtains are left a little open' answered the invalid, 'the skeleton, to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space.' 'You say you are sensible of the delusion;' said his friend; 'have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied and convince yourself of the illusion?' The poor man sighed, and shook his head negatively. 'Well,' said the doctor, 'we will try the experiment otherwise.' Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and, placing himself between the two half drawn curtains at the foot of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible. 'Not entirely so,' replied the patient, 'because your person is betwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder.' It is alleged the man of science started on the instant, despite of philosophy, on receiving an answer ascertaining, with such minuteness, that the ideal spectre was close to his own person. He resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equally indifferent success.—The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them. The patient, in the present case, sunk under his malady; and the circumstances of his singular disorder remaining concealed, he did not, by his death and last illness, lose any of the well-merited reputation for prudence and sagacity which had attended him during the whole course of his life. [Sir Walter Scott's Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft: Family Library.

REMOVAL.

Clock & Watch Making.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his customers and the public in general, that he has removed to the stand lately occupied by Mr. John Wright, and next door to the store of Mr. John W. Jenkins, where he has on hand

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT OF

MATERIALS,

which he will manufacture at the shortest notice and on the most accommodating terms for CASH.

He returns his thanks to his old friends for their favours since he has been in business, and assures them that no exertions on his part shall be wanting to ensure a continuance of the same.

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

JAMES BENNY.

nov 9 3w

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber having taken the stand lately occupied by Mr. Thos. S. Cook, and next door to Dr. Thomas H. Dawson's drug store, most respectfully begs leave to inform his old customers, and the public generally, that he has just returned from Baltimore

With a full and complete assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES

equal, if not superior to any ever offered to the public in this place; and from having the best of workmen in his employ, he feels confident that he will be able to give general satisfaction to all who may please to favour him with their custom. He has also on hand

A GOOD SUPPLY OF

MEN AND BOYS' CAPS

of various kinds—and as he is determined to sell low; those persons wishing to purchase articles in his line, would do well to give him a call, view his assortment and judge for themselves.

JOHN WRIGHT.

nov 2 w

N. B. J. W. Takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to his old customers, and assures them that nothing shall be wanting on his part to ensure a continuance of their favours.

CHEAP BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE Subscriber grateful for past favors, takes this method to inform the Public and his friends in particular, that he has again visited Baltimore and returned therefrom with

A large, cheap and general assortment of

BOOTS & SHOES,

which he can offer to the community as cheap as any house in this place or on this Shore. The Subscriber has also furnished himself with the first quality materials and is ready to furnish Ladies and Gentlemen with articles in his line at the shortest notice, and on the most accommodating terms.

The public's ob't servant,

PETER TARR.

opposite the Market-House, Easton, Md.

nov 9 3w

UNION TAVERN,

EASTON, MARYLAND



THE Subscriber respectfully informs his frends 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.

To Bricklayers and Carpenters.

THE Committee appointed to superintend the building of a new brick Church in St. Peter's Parish, in this county, will receive written proposals for the Brick and Carpenters work on or before the first of December next. The proposals to be left with Mr. S. T. Kennard in Easton, who will previously give the applicants the necessary information with regard to the size of the house, mode of finishing &c.

nov 9 4w

LAST NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted for officers' fees for the years of 1828 and 1829, are hereby notified that no longer indulgence can possibly be given, as I am determined to close the collections of said fees as the law directs. I have given my deputies the most peremptory orders to execute every person who may neglect this notice. I would also take the liberty to inform those persons who owe fees for the present year, (1830) that the same has been due for several months past, and payment is expected immediately for the same.

WM. TOWNSEND, Shff.

july 20 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



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. 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.*

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 Cellar, 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

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

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

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

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