# APOLLO'S FOUNT.

From the U. States Gazette.

### LOVE'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

There is one cup of happiness—
It's sweets my lips have scarcely tasted;
Love filled it full of joy and bliss,
I sipped, and what remained was wasted.

I grasped the golden goblet still,
Though emptied of this new found treasure,
And thought the cup again to fill,
With joys that fill the soul with pleasure.

Fond Hope, with fair deceiving smile,
Said, 'keep it youth, part with it never;'
And she could so my heart beguile,
I thought it would be mine forever.

Love filled it to the brim once more,
Until its mingled sweets ran over;
It was *delicious* as before,
And I the quite enraptured lover.

The cup, untasted, still was mine,
And Beauty's eyes on me were beaming;
I, as I bowed before her shrine,
Of its untasted sweets were dreaming.

My lips I moistened—*then* I drew
Again the golden cup toward me,
To quaff the nectar, for I knew
Love's smiles and beauties would reward me.

But cruel Disappointment then,
Saw how my injured love was sligted;
Hope smiled in mockery—'twas then
That Love was spurned and unrequited.

I would have drunk that cup of bliss,
And must have drunk it *then* or never;
But Fate denied a joy like this,
And dashed it from my lips forever.

I fill the cup to Hymen now;
Love's votaries are dupes and *ninnies*.
And to that Beauty's shrine I bow,
Who can *repay* my love with *guineas*.

Far brighter than those guineas shine,
Life's path would then be fair and sunny;
Too cold that heart is to be mine
That cannot love, *for love and money*.

TREMONT.

### SLEIGHING SONG.

Merrily, merrily sounds the bells,
As o'er the ground we roll;
And the snow drift breaks in silver flakes,
Before our Cariole;
While muffled in sables rich and warm,
With mantle and beaver dight,
We drive in the teeth of the angry storm,
Or skim in the cold moonlight.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

Merrily; merrily, sounds the bells
Upon the wind without,
When the wine is mulled, and the waffle culled,
And the joke is passed about;
And rosy lips and dimple cheeks
The flash of wit inspire,
While mirth in many a bright eye speaks,
Around the crackling fire.
Merrily, merrily, &c.

The present state of the weather, makes appropriate the following lines:—

### SLEIGH-BELLS.

Those merry bells! those merry bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of gleeful laugh, and loud halloo!
And upset in the drifted snow.

Swift flies the wind! but not so swift
As flies the 'snow boat' through the drift:
Shrill sings the wind; but not so clear,
As the blithe sleigh-bells in the ear.

'That tuneful peal will still ring on,'
—'Until the latest snow be gone;
Then farewell to the merry-bell
And to the winter sports farewell!

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD,

*By the author of De Lisle.*

'Not for herself did Lady Maddalena hope or fear. Her lot in life was cast; and though still young and strikingly handsome, her mind had, from nature, education, and circumstances, become so schooled, that her sensibilities were seldom awakened by any thought of herself.—Every affectionate impulse of her heart, all the powers of her well-regulated and cultivated understanding were devoted to her child. as she fondly called Emmeline. As a child she considered and treated her, partly upon system, and partly from a conviction that her sentiments were more unformed and infantine than is commonly the case with girls at sixteen. The lovely orphan looked up to her aunt with reverence for her virtues, admiration of her talents, and heart-felt gratitude for the uniform kindness and protection she had received at her hands from the earliest dawn of her recollection. She loved her tenderly, and would have loved her more, but that a feeling of awe amounting almost to fear, mingled with the regard she bore towards her. Under the dark eye of Lady Maddalena her timid glance sank; ever fearing to offend, she often lacked the energy necessary to attempt pleasing. From the slightest imputation of blame her gentle and sensative nature recoiled. The coldness of her aunt's manner chilled and repressed those warmer feelings that would spring from the heart of Emmeline whenever she met with some proof of Lady Maddalena's affection; and frequent were those proofs, and deeply did they sink on the mind of the orphan, claiming from her the most implicit confidence, the most unqualified submission.—Yet she was still a child, and likely to be long considered as one by Lady Maddalena, who was so her opposite character, that it was scarcely to be expected that they should ever comprehend one another. Whilst the one looked on every passing object in sober sadness sighing o'er the past, fearing to sigh o'er the future, and reasoning on the present; the other, just bursting into life and happiness, painted each scene with the warm colouring of hope and joy, gilding her horizon with the bright visions, the vivid fancy, the enthusiastic feelings of early youth. To the delighted mind all things are delightful. As the body by its own warmth creates its peculiar atmosphere, so does the mind, by its own power, form a surrounding cloud, through the medium of which we discern things, not indeed as they really are, but as it suits us to imagine them. To few people did this mental atmosphere give so little trouble as to Lady Maddalena. Calm and steady, she was devoid of enthusiasm, and destitute of sensibility. Incredulous and reserved, it was difficult to deceive, and scarcely possible to irritate her. Her attachments were few, but strong, and hardly to be shaken. Her mind was noble, comprehensive, and liberal; neither to be warped by affection, nor seduced by flattery. To the world she appeared a beautiful statue, on whose cold, unchanging countenance neither displeasure nor tenderness could be traced. Her very smile expressed neither joy nor love, but simple approbation, and sometimes mingled compassion and contempt; the former, however, was a principle, as well as an almost habitual feeling; while the latter was merely an evanescent idea, excited by the sudden appearance of vice or folly. Unaccustomed to meet with sympathy, she had learnt early neither to require nor to value it. Solely occupied with her young charge, she never betrayed her solicitude by word or manner, but her actions were all marked by the fondest and tenderest discharge of the duties she had imposed on herself. She used no endearing epithets, no fond caresses, no tender admonitions; her language was simple, concise, and characteristic; alike free from false sentiment or exaggeration; her voice clear and impressive, but equally destitute of flexibility or pathos; her features—bold, regular, and in perfect drawing—were striking, but not attractive; brilliant, but not captivating.'

There is much nice discrimination in the following distinction: 'Lady Maddalena had much judgment, but little penetration.'

### THE ALGERINE BALL.

Translated for the Massachusetts Journal, from Le Courier des Etats Unis.

Algerine civilization has been opened by a ball! An enchanting ball! A ball with chandeliers, and curtains, and lemonade, and ice-creams served by eunuchs! On the right may be heard the merry sound of the violins; on the left, conversation carried on in Arabic; the dogs bark in the street; the sacred stork rests upon the minaret; and the champaigne flies up to the arabesque ceiling. 'God is great!'

* * * * * * *

Make room for the ladies!

At eight o'clock they arrive—not in carriages with armorial bearings—for in Algiers the sedan chairs and litters, in use from the time of Clovis to Louis 14th; are still fashionable.

The beautiful young Jewesses are mounted on mules, richly caparisoned in Spanish style. The ample, flowing drapery fastened at the throat, is composed of embroid-red brocade, which sparkles in the darkness, like a firebrand when it is crushed; pyramids of *golden tears* are on their heads; their eye brows are painted; and their white teeth are white enough to make one die of love.

Who is it exclaims, 'En verite ces dames sont charmentes! *(Truly these women are beautiful!)* Look at the windows, and you will see whence the exclamation came. I ask pardon of the reader,—there are no windows; but look in the streets, look upon the terraces, look in the galleries, and you will see Frenchmen—a crowd of Frenchmen—in splendid military costume, glittering with epaulettes, sabres, and poniards. It is the Frenchmen who exclaim, 'these women are beautiful.' A compliment is always understood by the ladies.—Speak flattery to a Scotch damsel in Russian, to a Norman in Turk, to an Algerine in French—no matter, the ladies will understand it.

The band of the 13th is playing divinely in the first saloon; the slippered feet of the ladies glide voluptuously over the variegated floor and their transparent drapery floats along the walls of Parian marble.

In the second saloon are sonorous time-pieces, on which gods, goddesses, and cupids mark the flying hours; and the blue carpets are scattered with roses.

In the third room are displayed the presents of the Dey of Tunis. Pistols, and jewelled poniards, mantels of tiger skin, pipes of yellow and white amber, saddles and housings of lion skin, and gazelle skin, oriental stirrups wrought in damask work, and perfumes that might render an old man young again.

In a word, this room is a perfect chapter in the thousand and one Arabian Nights. It makes one think that Hauron-al-Raschid is still alive, and that the enchanted rose, the speaking bird, and the singing tree, will soon present themselves.

Before entering the ball room, every gentleman presents a boquet of flowers to his partner, and each lady is in turn introduced to the brave commander, General Clausel.

All is ready in the ball-room. The violins are tuned; the gentlemen take their places; and the ladies blush, as they see themselves reflected in the mirrors. The first couple moves forward. Prodigious! prodigious! It was very little to have broken through the customs of a thousand years, to have uncovered their faces, and to have gone out at night to a ball—the Jewesses have made a sacrifice infinitely greater, to please their fascinating conquerers.—They have actually put on stockings! white stockings! embroidered stockings! No wonder they are a little embarrassed in their zephyr step.

When the contre-dance is finished, cakes, ices, and lemonade are served: They laugh and talk in the cool alcoves—Renelagh and Bagdad seem to have met together.

Silence! silence! Here come the Tunisian ambassadors. Bring champaigne, and ices for the gentlemen!

They are not grave diplomatic or listless.—They talk cheerfully and freely with the managers, about camels, ministers, fine women, and tobacco, and then go out upon the terrace to smoke.

At midnight the dance is renewed. The ladies were gayer than ever, the ambassadors more *blue;* and the Frenchmen gloriously intoxicated with lovely Moriscas, and Jewish damsels with beautiful stockings,—still more beautiful without them.

At two o'clock the *galloppade* is proposed.—The East and the West fly through the rooms hand in hand—hearts tremoling, and pomards glittering and ringing, as they go!

The farewell is said. The mules are caparisoned in the court, the slaves stand ready with the sedans, the managers offer their arms; the night is finished, the ball and its glories have passed away.

But Algiers is conquered—civilization has subdued it. Her Jewesses have worn stockings and the Tunisian ambassadors have danced the *galloppade!*

### A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections;—so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its developement; so dignified, and yet, with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its evolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected than in such as are dependant upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love in this respect is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its out-pourings; it lives from the natural impulse, and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

Curtail thy sleep, and increase thy knowledge, he who knows the value of his object despises the pains it may cost him.

### THE LOST WIG.

While Lore Coalstoun lived in the Advocate's close Edinburgh, a stage accident befel him. It was at that time the custom for advocates to dress in gowns and wigs at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlor windows for a few minutes before St. Giles' bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air. It so happened, that one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls who lived in the second floor above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which they had swung over the window by a cord tied to his middle, and hoisted it for some time, up, and down, till the creature was getting rather disperate by its exertions.

In this crisis, his Lordship had just popped his head out of the window directly below, little suspecting, good easy man, what danger impended, like the sword of Dionysius, over his head, when down came the exasperated animal in full career directly over his senatorial wig! No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of a landing the kitten had made than they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal up came also the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons.

His lordships, surprise, on finding his wig lifted up off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when on looking up he perceived it dangling its way upwards, without any means visible to himself, by which its motion might be accounted for.

The astonishment, the dread the almost awe of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror of the girls above, together with the force and retentive energy of puss between altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice.

We have received the first number of a new paper printed at Geneva, New York, entitled the 'Geneva Courier.' It is handsomely printed, and advocates Mr Clay for the next Presidency. We extract the following editorial remarks:

Our candidate for the Presidency is so generally and so favorbly known, that it would be a matter of supererogation to speak of his talents and services—to suppose any citizen ignorant of these, would be an insult to his understanding; but there are circumstances attending the life of Henry Clay, which cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the public mind. His humble origin, his friendless and unprotected condition when first ushered upon the active scenes of life—his successful encounter with the difficulties a poor and unaded young man is always doomed to contend with—his subsequent brilliant professional and parliamentary career—his patriotic support of the government during the last war—his skill as a negotiator at Ghent—and his talents and ability as a speaker of the house of representatives, and as secretary of state—are all well understood and acknowledged. There are other circumstances, however, to which we would call the attention of our readers, and particularly to the deadly hate and persecution, the revilings and vituperations which have been heaped upon him by the hireling supporters of the present administration—his most trifling and innocent acts have been misconstructed—his most eminent services in the cause of his country, and in the cause of humanity, have been imputed to impure motives—all his movements have been dogged, and made the subject of newspaper slanders and calumny—and he has been hunted and persecuted with a bitterness and spirit of revenge only known in the annals of savage character and history. High souled and honorable Americans ever generous and magnanimous, will and must by giving him the highest evidence of their confidence, stamp the seal of their disapprobation upon the conduct of his enemies, and furnish him a rich consolation which will brighten and cheer the declining years of his life.

We are indebted says the Pensacola Chronicle to a gentleman of this City for the following translation:

### WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN MECHANICS.

Translated from the French Journal 'The Neptune.'

It is in consequence of our positive conviction, that we lend our pen to the publication of the most astonishing miracle in mechanics, since it upsets all mathematical calculations of science, velocity and power.—The system of applying steam Navigation, Manufacture and other purposes of industry, would not have produced a more extraordinary and more universal revolution, than which will result from an invention of an inconceivable simplicity, having escaped the genius of Archimedes, and of all the modern men of science.—This invention, which borrows nothing from the elments Gas, or the compression of air, is put in motion by a single man, and exceed, if wanted, the greatest power of the Steam Engine; slow or rapid at will.—No motion can be directed with the rarest perfection for the purpose of navigation, without danger, without the trouble of repair and occupying a very small space, controled by the single power of man, as an impulsive agent: this Lever, the knowledge of which is due to chance, will derive its name from magical power and astonished science.

This Lever supercedes all kinds of Steam Engines; no more fuel, no more accidents, three times less the expense of construction; no need of keeping in repair, of engineer, of firemen, in fine, no more explosions.

### AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

A gentleman, while on a visit to the lower part of our county, passed the store-house mentioned below, and observing that the chimney top had been newly repaired, was informed, that during the Christmas holydays, a negro fellow, resolved on possessing some of the good things which are usually provided for this season of festivity, determined on entering Mr. Gideon Lusby's store-room, by the flue of the chimney that communicated with it, after the family had retired to rest; he had scarcely entered the top of the chimney, when he found he could neither retreat nor advance, and in this situation roared out lustily for help, but his voice was not heard until near day break, when Mr. Lusby, ascertaining from whence the noise issued, proceeded to release him, by tearing down the chimney. He informed Mr. L. that he was from Kent county, that being pursued by a gang of fellows when passing his store, he took refuge in the chimney top! hoped that he would excuse the liberty he had taken, and permit him to proceed on his way. Full faith and credit not being attached to his narrative, he was taken before a Magistrate, who directed that he should receive *thirty-nine.*—Elk. Press.

Wm. S. Bourdit, who has lately been sentenced, in New York to the State Prison for five years, for stealing a horse and gig, and who had married a respectable milliner, whom he had ruined, has written a letter to the Recorder of New York, stating that he was hurried into all his crimes sorely against his will, by *gambling*, that he dearly loved his wife, that he kept his marriage secret, because he knew the match would offend his parents, who moved in a high circle and that his sole desire now is that they may believe him dead and never know of his disgrace. He declares 'my *intention* was honorable, but vice and folly drove me to the length which has *confined* me in the most *horrid* DEN of crime that the world can boast of.'

### CHRISTMAS GIFT.

'Can I leave this bundle here a few moments?' enquired a young man of an old lady on Paddy's Point, on Christmas morning last. 'O yes—O yes, certainly,' replied the good old lady, and as she stepped aside, the man laid his bundle down in the entry, and disappeared. The few moments had elapsed, and after them a few hours, and no man coming back to claim the bundle, she had the curiosity to open it and examine its contents, when she found, snugly rolled up a new born child! which is living, and we understand likely to do well.

[Prov. Pat.

Private letters from Paris state that the vice of gaming is more indulged in at present than during many years. Among the late sufferers was a young man, a Count or Viscount Lavalette, who, within these few weeks, lost a fortune of 200,000 francs he had lately inherited. He blew his brains out on Wednesday night last, at his lodgings, No. 4, Rue Mont Thabor. The letters state the names of many new English dupes who have appeared at the Salon, Frascati, and other gaming houses.

### A NEW INLET.

Our news collector, Capt. Banker, was informed last evening by a gentleman at Sandy Hook, that an Inlet had broke out abreast of the southermost part of the High Lands, in the Shrewsbury River, and that at half tide its depth was about four feet. A bar had formed nearly half way across the Shrewsbury Channel, and fears were entertained that it would extend all the way across. Sandy Hook may now be called an Island. [N Y paper


## HILLSBOROUGH ACADEMY.

TERMS:—Grammar, Geography with the use of the Globes, History, Rhetoric, Speaking and Composition, Logic and Moral Philosophy, per annum $10 00

Geometry, Mensuration, Algebra, Surveying, Navigation, Conic Sections, Spheric Trigonometry and Natural Philosophy do. 16 00

Latin, Greek and Stenography, do. 20 00

It is intended that the above branches shall constitute a complete course of instruction at this Academy, except the primary studies which will be regarded with due attention.

J. MANROSS.

feb 1 3w

## 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. 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

## TO THE AFFLICTED.

THIS is to certify that I was afflicted with hæmaturia, or in other words, that I passed a great quantity of blood with my urine, by which I was weakened so as to be confined to my bed; for the removal of which disease I employed physicians both at Easton and Baltimore without receiving any benefit from their prescriptions or advice. Despairing of a cure of the disease I applied to the Indian Physician, E. Lockwood, at Easton, and in nine days my complaint was entirely removed. As witness my hand and seal this third day of January, 1831.

THOS. P. TOWNSEND, Seal.

☞As to a knowledge of the cure of Mr. Townsends disease by the Indian Physician, I cheerfully put my hand and seal, this 3d day of January, 1831.

SAMUEL H. BENNY, [SEAL.]

jan 11 w

## THE INDIAN PHYSICIAN.

## EDWARD LOCKWOOD

*FROM BALTIMORE,*

HAVING for the last fifteen years, practised the healing art with the most flattering success in Philadelphia and Baltimore, he has appointed E. Lockwood his Agent in Easton, in whom he can confide; he having studied with me for about four years, and is perfectly well acquainted with those Vegetable substances, known to have the power of curing the worst of Diseases to which our frail bodies are liable. The administration of medicine will be confined to the practice of the Seneca Nation of Indians, which practice is particularly applicable to the cure of the following named diseases:—

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Gout,
Tetter Erysipelas, Epilepsy or Falling sickness.
Deafness, Fits, Baldness, Sore & Weak Eyes,
Female Obstruction, Cancers, Ulcers,
King's Evil, White Swellings, Stone or Gravel,
Dropsy, Piles, Costiveness Liver Complaint,
Sore Throat, Quinzy, Polypus and Mecurial Affections,
Rheumatism, Apoplexy, Palsey,

And many other diseases to which the human family are exposed. The afflicted will meet with every possible attention, and every possible exertion will be made to restore them to health, by calling on the Indian Physician, at Mr. Ridgaway's, Union Tavern, Easton.

Easton Dec. 21 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

## CASH FOR NEGROES.

THE Subscriber, Agent for Austin Woolfolk, of Baltimore, takes this method of acknowledging the many preferences in the purchase of negroes, and wishes the citizens of the Eastern Shore to still continue their preference to him for

## 100 NEGROES,

*From the age of twelve to twenty five* years, for whom he will give higher prices than any real purchaser that is now in the market, or may hereafter come. Any person having negroes, of the above ages, will do well in giving the preference to

SAMUEL REYNOLDS.

who may be found at the Easton Hotel.

nov 16

## TO BE RENTED

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

sept 21 w

## ATKINSON'S CASKET,

### Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment.

EACH No. of this popular monthly periodical for 1831, will contain 48 or more royal 8vo, pages of letter press, closely printed on fine type and good paper forming at the end of the year a volume of about 600 pages. Price $2 50 a year in advance.

Every No. will be embellished with one elegant Copperplate and several handsome Wood Engravings, Music, and illustrations of Botany; besides a beautiful Title Page and a general index for the volume. The copperplate will embrace Portraits of our most distinguished men, *the Fashions*, Views and Fancy Pieces, equal to those of 'any periodical in the United States.'

An elegant plate of the latest *Fashions* will be published in the January No. One of the Figures a length Portrait of Queen Adelaide, of England; a Lady in Ball Dress; a Walking Dress, and Cap and Turban, of the newest style.

The February No. will contain a splendid portrait of Washington. An elegant Scripture Piece for March, is in the hands of the Engraver. The subsequent Engravings will be of the best quality.

Liberal Premiums have been offered for choice, original contributions. And special care will be taken to have the selections of the most interesting and instructive matter, consisting of moral tales, Biography, Historical Sketches, Poetry, light reading, &c.

The Volumes of the Casket for 1827, 1828, 1829, and 1830, embellished with a great number of Engravings, bound or in Nos. may still be had, price $2 50 a volume. This may be the last opportunity of obtaining complete sets. But a small number over what is required for present subscribers will be published in 1831. Address (orders post paid)

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112 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

☞Editors who give the above a few insertions, are entitled to the Publication, or the Saturday Evening Post, as they prefer—if the Casket, they will address their papers *marked* to S. C. Atkinson, Pr.—if the *Post* is preferred, address Sat. Eve. Post.

## BICKNELL'S
## COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR,

*And Pennsylvania Reporter of Bank Notes, Broken Banks, Banks and Insurance Stocks, Gold, Prices Current, &c.*

THE first volume of this publication having been concluded, the publisher respectfully tenders his thanks to his numerous patrons for their kind encouragements, and trusts, by renewed and persevering efforts, to render the 'Detector' a still more useful and valuable work. Since its commencement it has received a most liberal share of public favor, the subscription to the work being such at this time as to guarantee its permanent establishment, and license the editor in more extensive arrangements in the prosecution of his labors.

The 'Counterfeit Detector' is designed principally as a useful auxiliary to storekeepers and men of business generally—every number contains a carefully corrected Bank Note List, Prices Current, List of Broken Banks, Prices of Gold, Prices of Bank and Insurance stock, a description of all Counterfeit and Altered Notes in circulation throughout the United States, and all such information as is likely to throw light upon the subjects embraced in the design of this Journal. In furnishing for these various departments correct information, the editor has established a correspondence with several of the most intelligent men of commercial pursuits in Boston, New York, Baltimore, and other large cities, so that whatever information may be circulated though the 'Detector,' may in all cases be relied upon as correct.

The literary department of this journal will embrace the most racy and spirited selections from foreign magazines of merit, as well as such orignal articles as the events of the times and the progress of literature require. The latest foreign news, and all domestic items of importance, will be given as early as possible; and the entire conduct of the work will be regulated by an effort to render the 'Detector' at once one of the cheapest and most useful publications of the country.

With the commencement of the next number the 'Detector' will be enlarged and otherwise improved, and it is therefore desirable that all those who feel a disposition to encourage the work, will forward their names immediately.

Terms will remain as heretofore, TWO DOLLARS per annum.

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ROBERT T. BICKNELL, Broker,
119, Chesnut st. Philad. Pa.

feb 1 w



## THROUGH IN A DAY.

*From Philadelphia to Centreville, Maryland,*
Via Delaware City, St George's, Middletown, Warwick, Head of Sassafras, and Head of Chester to Centreville.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FARE

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

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july 15 w *Proprietors,*

## FOR RENT,

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


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