APOLLO'S FOUNT.

FROM HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

'Double, single, and the rub.'—*Hoyle.*
'This, this is solitude.'—*Byron.*

Well, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womankind
Such unkind women now!
They need not sure, as *distant* be,
As Java or Japan,—
Yet ev'ry miss reminds me this,
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duet;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set—
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man.

Once I was asked advice and task'd
What works to buy or not,
And 'would I read that passage out
I so admire in Scott?'
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub my pretty page,
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill:
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can,—
My buttons then were bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays 'her girls' upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlor and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in paper once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran:
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well now she does'nt care a dump
For ancient pot or pan;
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,—
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compell'd to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

Miss Towne the toast, though she can bosst
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
To compliments of mine.
She would have seen that I have been
Her sex's partizan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand,—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

Some change of course should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright,—
I must not say that she has eyes,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears,—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow,
Would make me find all womankind
Such unkind women now;—
I might be hashed to death, or smash'd
By Mr. Pickford's van:
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

From the Literary Souvenir.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Mr. Richard Fogrum, or, as his old acquaintances would more familiarly than respectfully designate him, Dick Fogrum, or, as he was some time styled on the superscription of a letter from a tradesman or poor relation, Richard Fogrum, Esq., had for some years retired from business, although he had not yet passed what is called the middle age; and, turning his back on his shop, where he had made, if not a considerable fortune, at least a handsome competency, rented a small house at Hackney, or, as he was pleased to term it, in the country His establishment united a due attention to comfort, with economy and prudence. Besides a kitchen-maid and an occasional char-woman or errand-boy, Mr. Fogrum possessed in the person of the trusty Sally Sadlins, an excellent superintendent of his little *menage*. Sally was not exactly *gouvernante*, or housekeeper, at least she assumed none of the dignity attached to such a post; she seemed indeed hardly to have a will or opinion of her own, but had so insensibly accommodated herself to her employer's ways and humours, that by degrees the apparent distance between master and servant diminished, and as Sally, though far from talkative herself, was a good listener, Mr. Fogrum began to find a pleasure in relating to her all the little news and anecdotes he picked up in his daily walk.

Let it not, however, be supposed that there was any thing equivocal in the kind of unconscious courtesy which existed between these two personages; a single glance at Sally would have convinced the most ingenious fabricator of scandal, and dealer in inuendoes, that here there was no foundation on which to build even the slightest surmise of the kind, for both Sally's person and face were to her a shield that would have rebutted any notion of the sort. Alas! that nature, so extolled by every poet for her impartiality, should be at times so capricious in her favors, and bestow her gifts so grudgingly, even on those whose very sex entitles them to be considered fair! 'Kind goddess,' as Will of Avon styles thee, surely thou didst, in this instance, behave most unfairly; bestowing on Sally Sadlins an elevation of figure that, had she been of the other sex, might have raised her to the rank of a corporal of grenadier.

Yet, if thou gavest her an anspiring stature, thou gavest her no aspiring thoughts; and if thou didst deny to her softness of person, fortunately for her peace, thou didst not gift her with the least susceptibility of heart. If Sally was not *loveable*, there was no woman on earth who could possibly have regretted it less. Indeed, I may safely aver, the idea of love never for an instant entered her head, much less had a single twinge over of it ever touched her heart. She had heard people talk of love; and she supposed—if indeed she ever bestowed a tho't on the subject—that there must be something in the world so called, otherwise people would not have invented a man for it; but she could no more pretend to say what it was, than to describe the ingredients of the air she breathed. In short, Sally was the most guileless, simple, and disinterested of mortals that ever entered beneath the roof of a single gentleman, to be the first servant where there was no mistress.

Well, therefore, might Mrs. Thoms, who was aware that elderly gentlemen in her 'dear' uncle's situation, are not always gifted with that discretion that beseems their years, but sometimes commit themselves to wedlock, in an unwary moment, to the no small prejudice of their affectionate relatives: well, I say, might the prudent Mrs. Thoms congratulate herself on having found such a treasure, so invaluable a jewel, as Sally Sadlins. She was certain that from this quarter, at least, was nothing to be apprehended—nothing to intercept her 'dear' uncle's three per cents. from what she considered the legitimate object of their destination. Some alarm, indeed, had been excited in her mind, by hearing that Mr. Fogrum had been seen rather frequently of late knocking at the door of Mrs. Simpson; but then again she thot that he could not possibly be led thither by any other motive than that of chattering away an hour with the widow of an old friend; beside, this lady was not likely either to lead or to be led, into matrimony. In her younger days Mrs. Simpson might have been pretty, but none of her acquaintance could recollect when. She still patched; yet the patch was applied not where coquetry would have placed it, but where necessity dictated, namely, over the left eye. Mrs. Thoms, therefore, consoled herself with the reflection, that it was better her uncle shonld knock at Mrs. Simpson's door, than at that of a more attractive fair one.—No! her uncle, she was perfectly satisfied, would never marry.

'What have you got there, Sally?' said Mr. Fogrum to his housekeeper, one day, as she drew something from her pocket, while standing before the sideboard opposite to him 'An't please you, sir,' replied Sally, in a meek, but not very gentle voice, 'it's a bit o'summat I was going to show you. You know, sir, my uncle Tim took leave of me yesterday, before he goes to sea again, and so he gave me this paper, which he says may chance to turn up trumps, and make me comfortable for life.'

'Well, let me see what it is Sally—is it the old fellow's will?—Hum!—why, Sally, this is a lottery ticket!—a whole lottery ticket; yet I will venture to say not worth more than the rag of paper 'tis printed on. I have myself tried the lottery, times and often, ere now, and never got any thing but—disappointment. 'A blank, sir, blank'—that was the only answer I ever obtained from them. What could possibly induce your uncle to lay out his cash in so foolish a manner? 'Tis never worth either keeping or thinking about. No. 123, confound it! I know it well, I once purchased a share of it myself—the very first I ever bought, when I was quite a lad; and well do I recollect that I chose it out of a whole heap, and thought myself very fortunate one obtaining with such a sequence of figures—one, two, three!

Most composedly did Sally take the ticket again not at all disconcerted at this denunciation of ill luck, but on the contrary, with a calmness worthy of a stoic. 'Tis true, she did not, like Patience on a monument, absolutely smile at grief; but then, Sally never smiled, nor would a smile perhaps, if the rigidity of her face would have permitted such a relaxation of its muscles, have tended greatly to heighten the attractions of her countenance.

Her master in the meanwhile continued eating and wondering, and wondering and eating, until he could neither eat nor wonder more; but dismissing Sally with the dinner things, turned himself quietly to the fire, and took his pipe.

Mrs. Thoms was sitting one morning cogitating on some mischief that she again began to apprehend from the widow Simpson, in consequence of some intelligence she had the day before received, respecting that lady's designs upon the person of her uncle, when she was suddenly startled from her reverie by a loud rapping at the door, and instantly afterwards who should enter the parlour but the very subject of her meditations—Mrs. Simpson herself.

The appearance of so unusual a visitor would alone have sufficed to surprise her; but there was something in the good lady's manner and countenance, that denoted she came upon a very important errand.

'Why, Mrs. Thoms,' exclaimed she, almost breathless, as soon as she entered 'have you heard?—your uncle'—

'Good heavens!' cried Mrs. Thoms, 'what do you mean?—what has happened?—my poor dear uncle—ill—dying!'

Compose yourself Mrs. Thoms—not dying—but I thought you might have heard!'—

'Heard what?—some accident, I suppose!—poor dear man!'

'No, no accident,' returned the widow, who by this time had somewhat recovered her breath; 'but something very strange—most unaccountable. What you may think of it, I know not, but for my part I think that Mr. Fogrum has acted—I shall not say how.

'And pray, ma'am,' said Mrs. Thoms, who now began to think it was some quarrel between them, of which the widow came to inform her, what has Mr. Fogrum done, that you should come in this strange manner, and make so great a fuss about it? It is some nonsense, after all, I dare say.'

'Nonsense, forsooth!—well, I declare!—however, it certainly is no business of mine, ma'am,' returned Mrs. Simpson, quite nettled at her reception; and as I suppose you know what has taken place, and approve of it, I have nothing further to say.'

Mrs. Thomas now become unaffectedly alarmed, and apprehending she knew not what, requested to be informed what had happened, without further delay.

'Why ma'am then, Mr. Fogrum is——married, that's all'

To describe the effects these words had upon Mrs. Thoms, would be impossible, and to paint the expression of her countenance, equally unavailing.

'Married!' screamed she out, at length, as soon as she could draw her breath, 'Married!—impossible—to whom?'

'To whom?—to Sally Sadlins, ma'am.'

'To Sally Sadlins!—impossible—you must be joking.'

'Not I, I assure you. I'm not a person Mrs. Thoms, to make such jokes. I myself saw them less than an hour ago, pass by my window in a post-chaise together, and then learnt the whole story from those who saw them step into it, at the church door.'

'Oh! Mrs. Simpson, how have I been deceived in that insinuating hussy, Sally Sadlins! She who seemed so staid, so discreet—so very unlikely a person. What an old fool *he* must be to marry so vulgar a frump!'

'Nay, do not agitate yourself, my dear ma'am,' said Mrs. Simpson, who, now having disburthened herself of her secret, and her own mortification being perhaps carried off by that of Mrs. Thoms, which acted as a conductor to it, had quite regained her composure—'for my part, I hope he may not repent of his match.'

'Oh, Thoms!' exclaimed the other lady, as her husband entered the room, 'Here is news for us! my silly old uncle has actually, this very morning married his maid-servant!'

'That is most confoundedly unlucky,' cried Thoms, 'though I much doubted whether all your management and manœuvreing, for which you gave yourself so much credit, would be to any purpose.'

'But who could dream of such a thing! I have no patience with him for having married as he has done.'

'Well, my dear, there's no helping it; and perhaps, after all, since he is married, it is quite as well for us that he has chosen as he has.'

While Mrs. Thoms was ejaculating and bewailing—now abusing poor Sally as an artful seducing woman, who, under the mask of the greatest simplicity, had contrived to work upon her uncle's weakness—and anon venting her reproaches against the latter, for suffering himself to be thus duped—a post chaise was seen roiling along on the road to ——, with the identical pair seated in it, who were the subject of this invective and clamour. The intelligence of which, Mrs. Simpson had been the unwelcome messenger, was, in fact, correct in every particular; for Richard Fogrum, single man, and Sally Sadlins, spinster, had that very morning been lawfully united in wedlock, although, but a few days before, had any one prognosticated such an event, they would no more have believed it possible than Mrs. Thoms herself.

'Now my dear Sally,' said the somewhat stale Benedict, laying his hand rather gently than amorously on that of the bride, for which, by the bye, it was really no match in size, 'I doubt not but my niece will be in a towering passion when she hears of this: however, no matter, let her, and the rest of the world, say what they please. I do not see why a man may not just as well follow his own fancies as those of other persons.' Besides, Sally, though folks may think that I might have made a more advantageous match, in point of fortune, at least, they may perhaps be in error. I have a piece of intelligence to communicate of which perhaps, you little dream. You recollect that lottery ticket?—well! passing the 'Lucky Corner,' by the Mansion-House two days ago, I beheld, pasted up at the window, 'No. 123, £20,000!!!' Ha! ha! Sally; well did I recollect those figures again—one, two, three! they follow each other as naturally as A B C. So home I came, but determined to say nothing of the matter till now.'

The reader has already been informed that Sally was the most phlegmatic of her sex; still it may be supposed that such an interesting disclosure would have elicited some ejaculation of exultation, even from the lips of a stoic. Yet Sally, with wonderful composure, merely relpied 'La! now that is curious.'

'Curious! yes, but I assure you, it is quite true: I am not joking.'

'Well, what an odd turn things do sometimes take!'

'Odd, indeed, for who would have thought that my identical unlucky number, 123, should bring you—I may say us, Sally—twenty thousand pounds!'

'But, sir, Mr. Fogrum you are mistaken, I mean to say'——

'No mistake at all, my dear—quite certain of it—took down the numbers in my pocket book—see here—123, £20,000! Is not that the number of your ticket?'

'Yes; but'—

'But what?'

'Why, you won't hear me, Mr. Fogrum,' said Sally, mildly. 'I was only going to say that two months ago—I sold the ticket.'

'How!—what!—sold!' groaned out poor Fogrum, and sunk gasping against the side of the chaise.

'Now pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Fogrum,' said Sally, without the least visible emotion, or any change in her tone; 'did you not, yourself, tell me it was not worth keeping; so I thought—'well, Master must know better about these matters than I, therefore I may as well make something of it while I can; so I changed it away for this nice white shawl, which the man said was quite a bargain—only do feel how fine it is.'

'Sally!—woman!—a bargain!—twenty thousand pounds!'

Here let me drop the curtain, for none but a master-hand could do justice to the bridegroom's feelings, and I will not impair the effect by attempting to heighten it. I have only to add, that Mr. Fogrum eventually regained his usual composure, and was once known even to relate the story himself over a glass of his best whiskey, as a droll anecdote in his life.

Matrimony made no visible alteration in his *menage*, nor in his bride, for the only difference it caused with respect to the latter, was, that she sat at table instead of standing by the sideboard; that she was now called Mrs. Fogrum instead of Sally Sadlins.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the Commissioners of the Tax for Talbot county, will meet at their office in the Court House, in the town of Easton, on TUESDAY, the 22d and FRIDAY, the 25th days of the present month (February) at 11 o'clock, A. M. and will continue to meet on the same days in each succeeding week for the space and term of twenty days, for the purpose of hearing and determining appeals, and making such alterations and alienations in the assessment of property, as they may deem necessary and proper according to law.

By Order,
JOHN STEVENS, Clerk to the Commissioners of the Tax for Talbot county.
feb 22 w

EASTON PACKET.

THE Subscriber takes the liberty of informing the public, that he has taken the Granary and Wharf of Messrs. Kerr and Goldsborough, as also, that



new, substantial and fast-sailing Boat,
THE SCHOONER
ARIEL,

which he intends running as a regular Packet from this place to Baltimore. The ARIEL will leave Easton Point every WEDNESDAY at 9 o'clock, A. M.—returning will leave Baltimore every SATURDAY morning at the same hour. The ARIEL is now in complete order for the reception of freight and passengers, and can go to and from Baltimore as quick as any sail-boat that sails in our Bay.—As I have been employed for the last six years in the freighting business from this place, I flatter myself that it will be in my power to give general satisfaction to all persons that may entrust their freight to me.

The Schooner ARIEL will be commanded by Capt. THOMAS P TOWNSEND, who is well known for his industry and sobriety, and with whom I have no doubt the public will be pleased.

All Orders given to the Subscriber, or left at Dr. Tho's. H. Dawson's Drug Store in Easton, will be faithfully attended to, by

The Public's obedient servant,
SAM'L. H. BENNY.
mar 8 w

A LIST OF PERSONS

NOT residents of Allegany county, whose Taxes on Lands in said county for the year 1830 is unpaid, upon which no personal property can be found to pay the same, with the proportion of advertising, viz:—

Persons Owing Taxes.	*Taxes.*	*Cost of Adver.*	*Total*
John J. Bugh's heirs,	$01 87	$0 24	$02 11
J Buffington,	4 41	57	4 98
William Cook,	4 80	63	5 43
Wm. Campbell's hrs.	38 04	4 94	42 98
Nicholas Callan,	8	1	09
Rd. A. Claggett and William Page,	14 76	1 92	16 68
Thomas Donaldson,	1 44	19	1 63
Thomas Ellicott and Jons. Meredith,	1 60	20	1 80
George French,	3 02	39	3 41
George Fitzhugh,	32	4	36
Charles Hone,	80	11	91
Samuel Hoge,	1 51	19	1 70
Anthony Kennedy,	48	6	54
Levi Knotts,	3 01	39	3 40
Robert McClann,	28	3	31
Honore Martin's heirs,	5	65	5 65
Duncan McVicker,	8	1	9
George Price,	2 40	31	2 71
Abner Ritchie,	96	12	1 08
John Ritchie,	2 88	37	3 25
Absolum Ridgely,	28	3	31
Jas. Robardett's heirs,	4 81	63	5 44
John Richie,	64	8	72
Benj. Stoddard's heirs,	2 34	30	2 64
John H. Stone's heirs,	16	2	18
Alexander Sinclair,	70	9	79
John J. Tyson,	5 12	67	5 79
Thomas Turner,	32	4	36
Andrew A. & Hesther Van Biober,	11 64	1 51	13 15
Peter Wyant,	15	2	17
George A Welter,	16	2	18
Fr's. Adlespergris' hs.	2 72	35	3 07
Jacob Bugh, (of P.)	16	2	18
Francis Deakins,	7 27	95	8 22
Samuel J. Downey,	1 20	16	1 36
Michael Foy,	2 44	32	2 76
Isaac Garretson,	2 98	39	3 37
Otho Hughes,	40	5	45
Levi Hughes' heirs,	80	11	91
John Hughes,	2 41	31	2 72
John Kemple,	32	4	36
Ebenezer McNary,	53	7	60
Rich'd, Ridgely's heirs,	1	13	1 13
Eli Simkins' do.	3 60	47	4 07
William G. Swann,	80	11	91
Levi L Stephenson,	80	11	91
William Armstrong,	3 84	50	4 34
Geo. M. Houx's heirs,	1 05	14	1 20
Cha's. F. Brodhag & Geo. Magruder,	1 05	14	1 19
John C. Beatty's heirs,	1 60	20	1 80
John Fowler,	9 64	1 24	10 88
John Anderson,	5 08	66	5 74
Tho. Beatty's heirs,	15 30	1 99	17 29
Michael Hag's do.	66	8	74
C. Keller & F. Forman,	1 38	19	1 57
Francis King,	3 20	42	3 62
Henry Purgett's heirs,	80	11	91
William Potts,	49	6	55
Edward Beatty,	2 61	34	2 96
Daniel C. Brent's hrs.	2 13	28	2 41
Andrew Bartruff's do.	80	11	91
Jonathan Carlile,	10 04	1 30	11 34
Thomas Kennedy,	1 16	15	1 31
Upton Lawrence's hs.	19	2	21
Aloer' Osborn,	50	7	57
Edward Pannell,	50	7	57
Catharine Learight,	40	5	45
Henry Stone,	40	5	45
Thomas Vowell,	40	5	45
Charles Beatty,	80	11	91
Nicholas Brewer,	91	12	1 93
Phile. Cromwell's hrs.	1 00	13	1 13
John Deakins' do.	3 65	48	4 13
Leonard Deakins,	4 22	55	4 77
Evan, Nathan & Geo. Ellicott, and Wm. Kenworthy,	42	6	48
Walter Fernandes & F. Lucas, Jr.	6 53	85	7 38
John M Johnson,	3 20	42	3 62
John P. Kennedy,	3 12	41	3 53
George Mann's heirs,	5 62	73	6 35
Hannah Neff,	3 23	43	3 66
John W. Pratt's heirs,	31 15	4 05	35 20
John Shelhorn's do.	16 08	2 09	18 17
James Wa ers,	19	2	21
John P. Paca,	8 86	1 15	10 01

The Collector of the County Tax for Allegany county for the year 1830, or WILLIAM EICHELBERGER of Baltimore, his Agent, is hereby authorised to demand and receive from the foregoing persons, the amount annexed to their names respectively, for their proportion of advertising.—*By Order*

Of the Commissioners of Allegany county.
RICH'D. BEALL, Clk.
Commissioners' Office, Feb. 24, 1830.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

That if the county charges due on the Lands charged on the Books of the Commissioners of Allegany county to the foregoing persons, shall not be paid Richard Beall Collector of said county, or to William Eichelberger at the Gazette Office Baltimore, his Agent, within the space of sixty days after the publication of this notice is completed, on the first day of July next, the lands so charged as aforesaid, or such part thereof as may be necessary to raise the sum due thereon, shall be sold to the highest bidder for the payment of the same.

By Order of the Commissioners.
RICH'D. BEALL, Clk.
Commissioners' Office, Feb 24, 1831.
mar 22 5w

Easton & Baltimore Packet.

THE FINE NEW SCHOONER,
LEONARD,



Owned by Capt. Joshua E. Leonard and commanded by his son, Captain Robinson Leonard, has commenced her regular routes, leaving Mrs. Vickars' wharf, Easton Point, every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, and the Maryland wharf, Baltimore, every Wednesday morning, at the same hour.—She is a first-rate, fast-sailing schooner, and provided with very comfortable accommodations for passengers.

Capt. Leonard also intends to employ his schooner MARTHA ANN, in collecting grain when necessary, for the accommodation of his grain customers.

Orders to be left at the store of Dr. Thomas H. Dawson, or with Thomas Parrott, Easton Point, his clerk, who will also attend at Easton every Saturday for the reception of orders, and at Easton Point every Sunday morning until the hour of starting.

☞Grain and other freight intended for this line may be left at the granary of Mrs. Vickars, on the wharf at Easton Point. J. E. L.
march 15 w

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 28

RUNAWAY.

WAS committed to the Easton Jail in Talbot county, on Tuesday the 1st day of March inst. by Henry Thomas, Esq. a Justice of the Peace, a negro man by the name of JACOB HOWARD, (but since calls himself Jacob Waters) as a runaway.—Jacob is five feet, six and a quarter inches high, about 35 years of age, has a scar on the right side of his forehead, and a stout hair mole on his left cheek. Had on when committed, a black cloth coat and vest, Marten skin cap, corduroy pantaloons and old boots—he says he is a Blacksmith by trade, that he served his time with a certain Mr. Isaac Spangler, (who is now foreman at Old Point Comfort in the State of Virginia,) in the city of Baltimore, at the corner of Liberty and Fayette Streets, and has been travelling with Mr. Richard Whitney, to sell his Patent Right for making Screws of Iron and other metals, and has with him Mr. Whitney's Patent Granted the 10th day of April, 1830.—He says he was free born, and his father and mother lives in Baltimore. The owner of the above described negro man, is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be discharged according to law.

J. M FAULKNER, Shff.
Easton, Talbot Co. March 8 w

PRINTING TYPES, PRESSES, &c. &c.

William Hagar & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE AT THEIR

TYPE & STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY, No. 29, *Gold street, New York*, a complete assortment of *PRINTING TYPES, &c. &c.*—They have lately completed series of founts from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence as being very superior articles. The following are their prices, (uniform with other foundries,) 6 months credit, of 7½ per cent discount for cash.

	cts.
Six line Pica and all larger,	28
Cannon to six line Pica,	30
Double English to Double Paragon,	32
Great Primer to Double Pica,	34
Pica and English,	36
Small Pica,	38
Long Primer,	40
Bourgeois,	46
Brevier,	56
Minion,	70
Nonpariel,	90
Agate,	116
Pearl,	140
Diamond.	200

All other articles of the Type Foundry in proportion. William Hagar & Co. cast their book founts of a metal much lighter than the kind commonly in use, and which they warrant much more durable.

They are agents for the sale of the 'Washington Printing Press,' invented by Rust, and for the 'Smith Press,' made by R. Hoe & Co. The following are the prices, 6 months credit of both kinds.

Medium,	$230	Imperial, No 1.	$250
Super Royal	240	Do. do. 2,	260
		Do. do. 3,	275

Printers and publishers of Newspapers who will give this advertisement a few insertions, will be allowed two dollars in the settlement of their accounts, or that sum will be deducted from the amount of their purchases.
mar 22

THE STEAM BOAT



MARYLAND

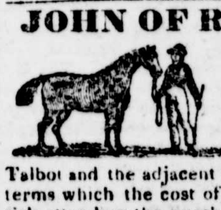
WILL continue the same routes as last year, until further notice, viz:—Leave Baltimore on TUESDAY & FRIDAY morning's at 7 o'clock for Annapolis, Cambridge and Easton—leave Easton on WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY morning's at 7 o'clock for Cambridge, Annapolis and Baltimore—leave Baltimore on MONDAY morning's at 6 o'clock for Chestertown, by Corsica landing, and return the same day. Passage and fare the same as last year.

. All Baggage, Packages, Parcels, &c. at the risk of the owner or owners thereof.

LEMUEL G. TAYLOR, Captain.
mar 22 w

☞The Cambridge Chronicle, Centreville Times and Kent Inquirer will copy the above

JOHN OF ROANOKE.



The Board of Agriculture have purchased this very celebrated STALLION, and intend offering his services to the citizens of Talbot and the adjacent counties, on the lowest terms which the cost of such a horse and the risk attending the purchase will justify. They flatter themselves that the lovers of fine horses, whether for the turf, saddle or quick draft, will find in him the union of more fine points than can often be found in the horses of this or any other country.—The particulars will be made known in a few days.

Easton, Mar 22, 1831.—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

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