APOLLO'S FOUNT.

THE FALSE ONE.

BY T. H. BAILEY.

I knew him not, I sought him not—
He was my father's guest;
I gave him not one smile more kind
Than those I gave the rest;
He sat beside me at the board,
The choice was not my own,
But oh! I never heard a voice
With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met—
Again I was his choice—
Again I heard the gentle tone
Of that beguiling voice:
I sought him not—he led me forth
From all the fairest there,
And told me he had never seen
A face he thought so fair.

Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?
His praises made me vain;
And, when he left me how I long'd
To hear that voice again!
I wonder'd why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charm,
And why the path was dull, unless
I leant upon his arm.

Alas! I might have guess'd the cause—
For what could make me shun
My parents' cheerful dwelling-place
To wander all alone?
And what could make me braid my hair,
And study to improve
The form that he had design'd to praise—
What could it be but love?

Oh! little knew I of the world,
And less of man's career,
I thought each smile was kindly meant—
Each word of praise sincere;
His sweet voice spoke of endless love—
I listen'd and believed,
And little dream'd how oft before
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now—
And in the same sweet tone,
He breathes to her those winning words
I once thought all my own:
Oh! why is she so beautiful?
I cannot blame his choice—
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK

The Gentleman in Black.

'Ruin! certain, inevitable ruin! exclaimed Charles Maxwell, his eyes rivetted in astonishment on the enormous sum total of a statement of claims against, and bonds and promissory notes due, by the large mercantile establishment of which he was the principal, which his faithful head-clerk, in the sorrow of his heart had, after 'laboursome petition,' wrung from his master his hard consent to inspect. 'The amount almost exceeds belief! Can it be possible! Stay, perhaps I am unnecessarily alarmed; affairs may not be so bad as they appear—I may discover an error in the addition: all of us are liable to mistakes; and Ledger, correct as he always is, may this time have made a slip' Elated with the hope of detecting a blunder, the young merchant, planting his hands on his temples, resting his elbows on the table by which he was sitting, and luxuriously extending his legs to their full length, resolutely set about summing up the long list of items that lay exposed before him. While pursuing his *voyage of discovery*, we shall take occasion, in anticipation of the inquiries that the laudable curiosity of the reader may be prompted to make, relative to the person whom we have introduced to notice, to state, that Charles Maxwell was just of age; and that he had received a good education in the first place, from his father, and afterwards a very handsome allowance, by which he was enabled to keep what is called good society, whilst the old gentleman stuck close to the counting-house and the Exchange, and kept 'all right.' But when he died, his son, taking a wider range, neglected the business, and left the whole of his mercantile affairs to his clerks; and the consequence was, that in less than two years he was on the eve of figuring in the Gazette.

'Right, right to a fraction!' exclaimed our hero, after having, with considerable difficulty, added up the melancholy inventory of debts. 'tis plain I'm ruined beyond redemption; and that I must first see myself Gazetted, and then reduced to beggary, who have never experienced the misery of an ungratified wish. What the devil shall I do?

'Did you call,' asked a gentle voice, which seemed to proceed from the more dusky corner of the apartment.

'Who, in the name of fate, are you?' demanded the unhappy youth, looking round in search of the individual from whom the inquiry had proceeded.

'Precisely so,' replied a stout short middle-aged gentleman, of a somewhat saturnine complexion, as he advanced from—we can't exactly say where—into the middle of the room. He was clad in black, had a loose Geneva cloak, as an upper garment, of the same colour, and carried a large bundle of black edged papers, tied with black tape, under his arm. Without the smallest ceremony, he placed a chair opposite our hero, bowed, seated himself, smiled, laid his papers on the table, rubbed his hands, and appeared altogether prepared for business—Maxwell felt somewhat embarrassed at the easy familiarity of the stranger, but returned his bow with all due civility; and, after a brief awkward pause, ventured to inquire the name of the gentleman whom he had the honour of addressing.

'It is of little moment,' answered his extraordinary visiter, 'you are in difficulties, and it is in my power to assist you;' and he began to untie and 'sort out' his papers on the table.—Poor Maxwell looked on in silence, supposing the intruder had got wind of the critical situation of his affairs, and was going to exhibit some startling claim against his establishment; and, sighing, bethought himself that if he had been as constant in his attendance at the counting-house and Exchange, as he had been at races, billiard-tables, and gambling-houses, he might have been spared the mortification and shame the stranger was preparing for him. 'I may as well,' thought he, 'to save trouble, tell him the truth at once, that my assets will not yield more than six pence in the pound.'

'You need not trouble yourself to do that, sir,' said the visiter.

'To do what, sir?' interrogated Maxwell, 'I did not say anything.'

'I know that, my dear sir,' said the Gentleman in Black, still busying himself with his papers, 'but it is just the same thing.'

'*What* is just the same thing? I don't at all comprehend you!' exclaimed the youth.

'Precisely so,' continued the stranger; 'there they are, all correct, I believe. So, my dear sir, as you were saying—'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Maxwell, 'I was not saying any thing.'

'Pardon me, my dear young friend,' quoth the Gentleman in Black, 'you talked of telling me the truth at once.'

'Not I, sir; I only *thought* of doing so.'

'Oh, that's all the same with *us*. I should be sorry to appear impolite to a gentleman of your birth and talents: the fact is, however, that my engagements are, just now, exceedingly numerous, therefore, allow me just to explain. This paper—'

'Confound this head ache,' *thought* poor Maxwell to himself; 'if I had gone to bed last night, instead of watching over that cursed faro table, and losing my—'

'Pshaw! pshaw! smell this bottle,' said the stranger, politely handing a small exquisitely cut black glass bottle, which he took out of an ebony case. Maxwell did so, and felt 'powerfully refreshed;' his head instantly appeared clearer, and his whole frame exhilarated. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'where, sir, did you buy that wonderful specific?'

'Hist!' ejaculated him of the restorative, 'don't swear, I entreat you; it is extremely disagreeable to me.'

'Well, then, I will not,' said the young merchant; 'but tell me where you procured that specific. 'I'll give you a thousand pounds for the recipe.'

'Where will you find the money?' asked the stranger, coolly settling himself back in his chair, like a man who has found his vantage ground.

'Where, indeed!' groaned the bankrupt.

'Good!' observed him of the cloak. 'There's no use of concealment between *us:* I have taken a great fancy to you; I wish to act handsomely by you. Your condition is desperate—you're over head and ears in debt—your—'

'Heavens!' exclaimed the youth.

'If you say that again, sir,' said his companion, 'I shall take my departure. I told you before I objected to swearing.'

'The devil, then!' cried Maxwell, impatiently.

'That's better,' said his visiter, 'and more friendly,' smiling, and taking a pinch of Irish blackguard out of a black tortoise-shell box, he handed it politely to our hero.

'No, sir,' said the latter, sternly, 'you and your snuff may go—'

'Precisely so,' calmly observed the stranger, interrupting him; at the same time, returning the box to his pocket, but not offering to move from his chair.

'This is a little too much,' cried the enraged young merchant, starting upon his legs, 'tell me, sir, what you mean by intruding upon my privacy, insulting me with the repetition of my misfortunes, and your easy impudence? Who, and what the devil are you?'

'Precisely so, as I told you before,' replied the unruffled stranger.

'Precisely what? I don't understand you: you may be the devil himself, for ought I know!'

'Precisely so,' was the reply.

'You don't mean to say you really are the—'

'Precisely so. *We* have an objection to plain yes and no. But, pshaw! this is a waste of time. I know your troubles and difficulties; and would help you through them, if you will allow me. I have money to any amount at my disposal and immediate command, as you may satisfy yourself.' And he threw a large black morocco pocket-book upon the table, which immediately burst open from the extension of an innumerable quantity of Bank of England notes, of the largest denomination; and began to draw from his breeches pocket a black satin purse, that seemed to have no end, till, having placed it carefully on the table, the weight of the gold within rent asunder its silken prison, and an immense quantity of sovereigns, guineas, and doubloons rolled out.

Maxwell looked first at the incalculable wealth before him, then at his visiter—again at the gold and notes; and so on, alternately, about half a dozen times, ere he found himself capable of uttering even an exclamation of surprise. Each time his eyes rested upon the stranger's countenance, he discerned some new charm of feature and expression; and, at length, decided that he had never before seen so perfectly elegant, agreeable, interesting, well bred, and accomplished a gentleman; and wondered how he could for an instant have considered him a *plain* man.

'It's always the way,' observed the Gentleman in Black: 'strangers think me any thing but handsome; yet, as we get more intimate, my society becomes more and more agreeable; so that at last my friends are ever endeavouring to imitate me in all their actions and pursuits.'

Poor Maxwell had by this time made up his mind that his visiter was no other than his Infernal Majesty; and would instantly have invoked the aid of his good spirits, had it not been for the dazzling gold, which he somehow instinctively apprehended would vanish from his sight at any such application. The dark middle-aged gentleman saw the gold 'enter into his soul,' and let it work its way in silence for a short time, watching his victim's countenance, and ever and anon looking disconcerted as the youth's guardian angel seemed to be whispering in his ear.

'Well, my young friend,' ejaculated he at length, 'perhaps the *trifle* you see on the table, may be of some little service to you.'

'I would save me from despair,' answered the unhappy youth.

'It is your own fault if it be not yours,' continued the tempter, opening a paper, 'you have only to sign this document, and what you see on the table is but a drop in the bucket, compared with the riches you may command.'

'And pray, sir,' asked Maxwell, 'what may be the contents of that document?'

'A mere bagatelle; look over it yourself. Only to sin for a *single* second this year—two seconds the next—to double it the third; and so on with each succeeding year.' So saying, he threw the paper carelessly towards the young man, and betook himself to his blackguard, with due gentlemanly nonchalance.

The youth read—Sin for a second in the first year, two seconds the second,' then looked at the gold. 'Let me see,' said he, calculating, 'that will be four seconds the third year, eight seconds the fourth, sixteen seconds the fifth, thirty two seconds the sixth, and—'

'Exactly so,' said the Gentleman in Black, interrupting him, 'that is about a minute in the course of the whole years; and, besides, you'll observe, by a clause, that all the sins you have committed will be taken into account, as well as all you may in future commit over and above the stipulated agreement.'

'I must confess you are very liberal,' observed Maxwell, doubtingly.

'You'll always find me liberal,' said the other, handing a pen across the table.

'Stop! stop! let me read the whole paper first.'

'Oh, by all means! you'll find all correctly expressed.' Maxwell ascertained the manner in which he was to obtain daily supplies of money, as long as the stipulations in the contract were fulfilled; '*any* amount' was specified. He had committed sins enough already, he well knew, to wipe off the score for years to come, to say nothing of those which, in the common course of events, must of necessity ensue. The dream of unlimited riches, and unchecked and unbounded pleasure, was intoxicating; but something prompted him to hesitate. At this critical juncture he had recourse to the miraculous smelling-bottle. The effect was instantaneous. His doubts and fears were removed; and, seizing a pen, subscribed his name to the paper.

'Good!' exclaimed the Gentleman in Black, reading the name, 'Charles Maxwell! perfectly correct; and here, my friend is the counterpart, signed by myself.' Our hero took the document, and while he was endeavouring to decipher the signature, his visiter disappeared, *how*, he could never conjecture.

The first thing that Maxwell did with his newly acquired wealth, was to despatch a letter to his confidential clerk, Mr. Ledger, enclosing more than a sufficiency of bank notes to discharge all claims against his establishment; stating, that as a recompense for the faithful services he had rendered his father and himself, he resigned the business of the House entirely to him; and, that he was going immediately to start for the Continent, and would not for years, if ever, return to England.

Poor Ledger' eyes and mouth opened wide at the receipt of his master's epistle, and for a time he doubted whether he was not dreaming, but the reader shall not be troubled with an attempt to describe his feelings. Suffice it to say, that he would not accept more than a small share of the large profits of the establishment—the remainder to be duly carried to the credit of his young master. Extremely perplexed, he endeavoured to account for the young man's sudden accession of wealth, by supposing that he had discovered some stock which his late father had privately invested; or that some mining shares that had been put by as worthless, had turned up trumps; or that he had got a prize in the lottery; or, in short, he could not exactly make it out. So he dipped his pen in the inkstand, and stuck to his desk, consoling himself with the reflection, that he was preparing a haven in which his benefactor might find shelter whenever he should be driven in by the storm.

We are now about to ask the reader to repeat an action which, in all probability, he will have committed before, without any hint from us. We earnestly request him, after reading a few more lines, to throw aside our story, and to employ himself awhile in fancying himself possessed of such a black morocco pocket-book, a long black purse, and etceteras, as appertained to our hero.

We now suppose this task to be executed; and, if it be done fairly and honestly, and without any mental reservation, the reader will not be surprised to hear that Charles Maxwell committed many egregious acts during his rambles for many years on the Continent. The Gentleman in Black appears to have been perfectly satisfied with his proceedings: at all events, he deemed his personal appearance before him unnecessary.

Maxwell returned to London, where some tons of statues, coins, vases, paintings, bronzes, and bonzes, 'bas and haut relievos,' mummies and mummeries, had arrived before him. Consequently, he walked among a crowd of envious or admiring worshippers—a complete lion, like Juno, amid the lesser goddesses: 'Incedit les,' as Doctor Panglos would say. The shipment he made was a most lucky hit, inasmuch as it introduced him to the best society of the day, and obtained for him almost as many letters at the end of his name, as their are papers on the tail of a kite; so, away he went, shining among the 'lesser stars' like a comet, for several years; and *then*—no, fair reader, it was not *then*—but long before, that he had discovered that with all the excitement of unchecked pleasures, in exhaustible riches, and uninterrupted health, there was still a 'something' wanting—and what? It was no less than the society, the friendship, and the love of a virtuous woman; and he was soon made happy, in the possession of a lovely female. His domestic felicity was perfect.

'Without more circumstance at all,' we now bring our hero to the afternoon of his life. About this time Charles Maxwell, that is the 'old original' Charles Maxwell, of our tale, underwent a sad and melancholy alteration. Loud fits of mental absence occupied him when in society. No more the well turned repartee, or mirthful jest, issued from his now pale lips.

'Seldom he smiled, and then in such a sort,
As though he smiled in scorn to think
That he could e'en be moved to smile at any thing.'

Neque vigilus neque quietibus sedari poterat, as Sallust says of Catalme. In plain English, he was never easy sleeping or waking. He got horribly livid, ghastly about the eyes, and became a disagreeable, shuffling, unsociable, uncertain sort of a fellow; more like a poor lunatic who fancied himself hunted by devils, than a well-bred easy going gentleman.

The reason for this change was, that he had been calculating, and had discovered that by tenor of his engagements with the Gentleman in Black, when, by the way, we hope our readers will take especial care not to forget, during the silent and almost imperceptible lapse of eight-and-twenty years, his tribute had increased from the minute matter of a moment, to an *annual* demand of two thousand three hundred and thirty days and a fraction, calculating each day at sixteen hours in length, and all to be spent in sin. Such was the demand for sin in the then current year. It was true that there had been no grumbling on the part of his ally or adversary; and supplies of money, when required, were never refused. There were, doubtless, pastions to keep all square, as per agreement hitherto; but he could not *flatter* himself that he had sufficient on hand, to make up an amount of four thousand six hundred and sixty days for the next year, and for that which was to follow, nine thousand! All was utter darkness and desperation; yet all this arose from *agreeing* to sin for *one single moment* per annum. Reader, take care you never make such a compact.

In the long hours which poor Charles Maxwell now habitually spent in solitude, he indulged himself in the visions and dreams of hope; and, in one, luckily recollected an old lawyer named Bagsby, of whose shrewd exploits he had heard many a singular tale; and he felt convinced, that if there was any one who was a match for the Gentleman in Black, it was he. Accordingly, he immediately posted to the old fellow's chambers in the Lyon's inn, where he found the civilian half buried among piles of dusky books and papers, like a lion at the bottom of his inverted cone of crumbling sand, ready to seize on any poor animal unconsciously approaching its verge. Bagsby delighted to see so respectable a client, shook Maxwell by the hand, entreated him to be seated, adjusted his wig, stirred up the four square inches of smoking cinders huddled together in one corner of the grate, bowed and grinned, rubbed his hands and spectacles, and bowed and grinned again.

At length, Mr. Maxwell did a tale unfold, which had an effect almost as tremendous as that described by Shakspeare, in the well known passage the commencement of which we have just quoted; but old Bagsby had been so long accustomed to intricate cases, that, let him be thrown where he might, he always contrived, as it were, like a cat to fall upon his legs, and find some place to cling to. So, after a long pause, he thus addressed his client:

Hem! my dear sir, this is an ugly piece of business. Hem! I have certainly heard of this Gentleman in Black; in fact, I once remember fancying I saw him. Hem! but however, to the point. I think I understand that you could get obtain supplies—of money, I mean, to any amount?

I can demand any amount, replied Mr. Maxwell, and were it not immediately forth-coming, the contract would be broken on his part; an event of which I have very little expectation.

Hem! ahem! resumed Bagsby, this is a very ugly piece of business—very ugly. However, we must not despair; and, as you don't mind expense, I really think we may, perhaps, contrive to pull you through.

Is it possible? exclaimed our hero. My dear sir, I cannot express my gratitude. Oh! why did I not come to you before?

Never mind, rejoined Bagsby, better late than never. Eh! Hem! But to business: no, no, I haven't lived to my years to be frightened at a little intricacy. So, in the first place, allow me to ask if there were any witnesses to this singular contract?

None! ejaculated Mr. Maxwell, gasping the first breath of hope; no my friend there was nobody but myself, and you know who

Excuse me, for interrupting you, said the Dark Gentleman, stepping forward from a gloomy corner of the room, with his black coat, black waistcoat, black Geneva coat, black bag, black edged papers tied with black tape, and all the rest of his black paraphernalia. It may, perhaps, save you much trouble, if, in this early stage of business—

Early, indeed! exclaimed Bagsby, somewhat irritated at the idea of so good a thing being snatched out of his hands; why, we have not yet *commenced* proceedings. But I beg pardon, sir, pray take a seat.

The Gentleman in Black sat himself down at the table, and drew forth from his black bag a bundle of black edged papers, which, in a most business-like way, he proceeded to untie and lay before them.

You know, sir, said Mr. Maxwell, there were no witnesses to the transaction.

I know there were, sir, replied he of the cloak, with a malicious smile; see, he continued, showing a paper to the lawyer, who immediately discerned two signatures as of witnesses, which, however, he could not exactly decipher.

Hem! said Bagsby, adjusting his spectacles, and giving his wrinkled old mouth a peculiar twist. Ahem! allow me, sir, just to run my eye over the paper. Aye, aye! I see—Charles Maxwell—Ahem! bless me what a cold morning it is; be so good, Mr. Maxwell, as to touch that bell. Here, Jerry, my boy, he continued, addressing a lean spider like daddy-long-legs sort of an old man, who answered the summons; bring some coals, Jerry. Ahem! let me see—where did I leave off?

You may as well leave off where you are, observed the owner of the black edged papers. I am not so green as to suffer you to keep that writing in *your own* hands after the fire is kindled.

What do you mean to insinuate, sir? asked old Bagsby, waxing wroth. Do you dare to say that a man of my standing and respectability would be guilty of so—

Precisely so, answered the other, coolly.

Sir, sir! stammered the lawyer, I'd have you to know there is such a thing as law.

I *do* know it, observed the Gentleman in Black.

And justice, continued Bagsby.

That's more than you know, retorted the other.

And damages, roared the incensed lawyer.

Your clients have long been convinced of the truth of *that* position, duly observed his uncourteous visiter.

Old Bagsby's rage was at its acme; and he swore by all the furies and devils in the infernal regions, that he would commence an action for defamation forthwith; but his antagonist relating a certain fable concerning a smoky kettle and its black neighbor, a boiling pot, the lawyer, like a snail drew in his horns; being assisted in the retiring movement by Mr. Maxwell, who requested that his business might not be neglected. In mercantile matters, I remember, said he, that when any difficulty occurred, we used to refer it to arbitration.

'Good!' observed the Gentleman in Black, 'choose your own men, and I'll meet them.'

To a reference they at length agreed. Mr. Ledger was appointed as umpire; and, on that day week, the Gentleman in Black was to give them the 'first meeting' at Bagsby's chambers. When this matter was settled, the old lawyer hinted something about a retaining fee.

'How very thoughtless!' exclaimed Maxwell, finding that he had omitted to bring the needful with him; 'however, sir, as soon as I get home, I'll send a hundred pound note or two.'

'Pooh!' said the Gentleman in Black, taking out his black morocco pocket-book, 'how many will you have? only say; just to save trouble, you know—it's all the same between us.' So he gave Maxwell five notes of one hundred pounds each, which he immediately paid to the lawyer, who marked them with his own mark, and then the meeting broke up

(Concluded in our next.)

Branch Bank at Easton,

March 16th 1831.

THE President and Directors of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, have declared a Dividend of 3 per cent. on the stock of the Company for the last six months, which will be payable to the Stockholders or their legal representatives, on or after the first Monday in April next.

By order,

JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH, Cashier.

mar 22 3w

NOTICE.

THE Medical Chirurgical Board of Examiners for the Eastern Shore, will meet in Easton, on the 2d WEDNESDAY of next month, (*April 13th*) to grant Licenses to qualified applicants, to practice Medicine and Surgery, in the State of Maryland.

Pr. Order of the Board.

T. DENNY, Secretary.

Easton, Mar. 22, 1831—w

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 & 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 20 w

Writing & Letter Papers,

FOR SALE AT THE STAR OFFICE.

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

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

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

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

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, or 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

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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