CENTREVILLE EVENING TIMES

AND EASTERN SHORE PUBLICK ADVERTISER.

IT IS DUE FROM THE PRESS TO THE PEOPLE, THAT ALL COMBINATIONS TO SACRIFICE THEIR INTERESTS AND RESIST THEIR WILL SHOULD BE FAITHFULLY EXPOSED.

VOLUME VII. NO. 201. CENTREVILLE (E.S.) MD. AUGUST 23, 1828. PUBLISHED BY JOHN B. SPENCER PROPRIETOR & EDITOR.

Terms of the TIMES & ADVERTISER

$3 00, per annum, which can be discharged by the sum of $2 50, if paid at the time the Paper is subscribed for—all Subscriptions are considered as intended for the year unless there has been express agreement with the editor for a shorter term.

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ADVERTISERS

are requested to state, at the time of advertising, the number of times they wish their advertisements published; otherwise they will be printed until countermanded, and charged at the usual rates of $1 per square, for 3 weeks, and 25 cts. per square for every subsequent insertion—Advertisements longer than a square are charged in the same ratio. Persons not keeping accounts with the editor are expected to pay at the time of advertising.

Letters to the Editor must be *post paid*, to insure attention.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a Writ, of Fieri Facias, against Richard Mason, to me directed, at the suit of Abraham Tomkins, will be sold, on

Saturday the 23d. Instant,

at the Court House door, in Centreville, between 10 o'clock A. M, & 5 P. M. the following property to wit:

One negro Boy,

named Richard.

Taken as the property of Richard Mason, and will be sold to satisfy the above mentioned Writ, Debt, Interest, and Costs, due and to become due thereon.

WM. ROBINSON, *shff.*

Aug 21. 1828. 4t.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ Ven. Exp. against Peter Foster, to me directed at the suit of Richard T. Earle, will be sold on

Saturday the 23d, Instant,

at the Court House door in Centreville, between 10 o'clock A. M. & 5 P. M. the following property to wit:

One tract of Land,

Called "Darland Manor," containing

460 ACRES OF LAND.

more or less.

Taken as the property of Peter Foster and sold to satisfy the above mentioned Writ, Debt, Interest, and Cost, due and to become due thereon.

WM. ROBINSON, *shff.*

Aug 1 1828

MARYLAND :—*Queen Ann's County*, Aug. 9. A. D. 1828. On Application of Noble Parsley, Adm'r. of Bartholomew Parsley, late of Queen Ann's County, deceased; it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks in the Centreville Times.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of proceedings of Queen Ann's county Orphans' Court, I have hereunto set my hand and the Seal of my office affixed this 9th of Aug. in the year of our Lord 1828.

{SEAL}

THO. C. EARLE, Reg'r. of Wills for Queen Ann's county.

Pursuant to the above Order,

Notice is hereby given—that the subscriber of Queen Ann's county hath obtained from the Orphans' court of said county in Maryland, letters of admr on the personal estate of Bartholomew Parsley, late of Queen Ann's County, deceased, all persons having claims against the said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereof to the Subscriber at or before 1st of March 1829; or they may otherwise by lawbe excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of August, 1828.

NOBLE PARSLEY Adm'r. of Bartholomew Parsley, decd.

Aug. 9—3w

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Ven. Exps. against Richard B. F. Gould to me directed at the suit of Daniel Newnam, will be sold on

Saturday the 30th Instant,

at the Court House door in Centreville between 10 o'clock A. M & 5 P. M. the following property to wit:

A tract of Land,

called Upper Heathworth, containing

87 3-4 ACRES,

more or less,

Taken as the property of said Gould, and sold to satisfy the above mentioned Writ, Debt, Interest and Cost, due and to become due thereon.

WM. ROBINSON, shff.

Aug. 9th 1828.

RUNAWAY.

WAS committed to the Jail of Queen Ann's County, on the 28th July 1828, by Edward H. Coursey, Esq. a Justice of the peace, for said County, as

A RUNAWAY SLAVE,

a black man, who calls himself Charles John Stout Williams, "*alias*" John Williams; he is about 30 years of age, 5 feet, six or seven inches high, had on when committed, a black frock-coat, and a pair of linen pantalets, and a black fur Hat.

The aforesaid Negro Man is supposed to be the property of Mr. Snowden, of the Western Shore of Maryland. The Owner of said Negro Man is requested to come forward, and pay Charges, or he will be released according to law.

WM. ROBINSON.

Sheriff of Queen Anns County.

Aug. 3d 1828. 9t.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of two writs of Ven. Exps. against Robert B. A. Tate, to me directed at the suits of Thomas J. Lynch, Jonathan Gibson, and James H. Gate, will be sold on

Saturday the 30th Instant,

at the Court House door in Centreville, between 10 o'clock A. M. & 5 P. M. the following property to wit;—all his right and title to a Tract of Land, called Kent-fort Manor, containing

1000 Acres of Land,

more or less. Also all his right and title to a Tract of Land, called the Wading Place.

Taken as the property of said Tate, and sold to satisfy the above mentioned Writ, Debt, Interest and Cost, due and to become due thereon.

WM ROBINSON, shff.

Aug. 9th, 1828.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, against Joshua I. Massey, to me directed, at the suit of James Britton, will be sold on

Tuesday 2d of September next,

at the Court House door in Centreville between 10 o'clock A. M. & 6 P. M the following property to wit:

A tract of Land,

called Friendship, and Harris's Hazard, containing

235 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less.

1 Bay Mare, and 1 Gig and Harness.

Taken as the property of said Massey and sold to satisfy the above mentioned Debt, Interest, and Costs due and to become due thereon.

WM. ROBINSON, shff.

Aug. 6th 1828.

Late Shff's. Sale.

By virtue of two Writs of Ven. Exps. issued out of Queen Ann's County Court, to me directed, one at the suit of Samuel G. Osborne, use of James E. Barroll, Trustee for the Creditors of William Jacobs, and one at the suit of Peter A. Humphreys, use of James Webb, against Robert T. Jacobs, will be sold in Centreville, on

Tuesday the 2d. of September next,

between the hours of 10 A. M & 5 P. M the following property to wit;



The Farm,—

on which the said Jacobs resides, One Gig, and two Horses.

Seized and taken as the property of said Jacobs, and will be sold to satisfy the above mentioned Writs, Debt, Interest and Costs, due and to become due thereon.

THO. ROBERTS, late shff.

Aug. 9th, 1828.

House and Lot to Rent,

In Queenstown.



THE Subscriber will rent for the ensuing year, 1829 The HOUSE and Lot, in Queenstown, occupied by Sangston and Talbott. The Store part is in good order—also, the Dwelling part of the House. There is a stable, &c. attached to the premises. Apply to

ELIZ. MAXWELL.

Green-Lot.

Aug. 16 1828. tf.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

AT THE HIGHEST PRICES

Will be taken for Debts due this Office for Subscriptions, &c &c

EDITOR CENT. TIMES

Muses' Department.

THE SYBIL'S WARNING.

The stars were out, the moon was high,
And brighter and cloudless was the sky—
At midnight's still and witching hour
The maiden sought the Sybil's bower,
Beneath yon elm I saw them stand—
The gipsey held the maiden's hand;
And, as its lines she paused to trace,
She gaz'd upon her anxious face;
And while she listened in the shade,
The sybil thus addressed the maid.

"On this soft palm, now placed in mine,
I'll read for thee each secret line—
Each secret joy—each stern decree
That hovers o'er thy destiny.
'Tis a fair hand—a fairer one
These aged eyes ne'er gaz'd upon:
But then these signs too well betray
That clouds will cross thy summer day!
"This is the line of hope—and this
Should be the mark of love and bliss,
But that it ends abruptly here!
Oh, maiden! thou hast much to fear,
A dark eyed man will cross thy way
Thy guileless bosom to betray;
And he will use his honeyed tongue
To win thee—beautiful and young!
"Maiden! what means that deep-drawn sigh?
Thou hast already met his eye:
Thy ear hath drunk his accents sweet,
Unconscious of their deep deceit,
I see 'tis so—thy cheek is pale—
Thou dost not like to hear my tale;
But thou his heartless love must spurn,
Or thine will meet a base return.
Thou hast a smooth and polished brow,
'Tis lovely in the moonlight now;
Thou hast an eye, beneath whose lid
The softest light of love is hid.
So much the worse—for I can trace,
Upon that calm, unwrinkled face,
(Whose whiteness shames the falling snow
Ere yet it touches earth below,)
Impassioned thoughts—fond hopes and feelings—
A soul awake to love's revealings—
A heart that doated and believed—
Is ruined, wretched and deceived!
"Nay, weep not—weep not—steel thy soul
Against deceitful love's control;
For its wild dream will soon be o'er,
When thou shalt feel its pangs no more—
And thou shalt sleep, in thy young bloom,
In death's cold bridal bed the tomb!
"Maiden! my skill can only see
Thus far into thy destiny.
The rest is hidden from my view
Beyond yon canopy of blue."

[From the Portsmouth (N.H.) Times.]

Escape from the Inquisition.

(Concluded.)

The next morning Zamora was in the garden which laid beneath the window of Estevan. He had worked there a hundred times without suspecting he was so near his unfortunate master. The gardener was accustomed to see him there, and never interfered with any work that he did. He knew that father Juan was his protector, and that was enough. This gardener was a man of above sixty years, who was extravagantly fond of brandy, and Zamora took care that he should not want his favourite liquor. He had, by his good natured attentions, rendered himself equally agreeable to the wife, so that Zamora was like the master of the house. It was necessary to pass through this house in order to enter the garden from the street, into which the outer doors opened. None but persons belonging to the inquisition were permitted to enter there. The confidence of the gardener, the good will of his wife, and the liberty which was necessary for the performance of his work had enabled Zamora to obtain a key of their door. By day or by night, at any hour he pleased, he could enter the garden unnoticed, and this had been the case almost ever since he had been in the house. Upon that day he employed himself in ascertaining which of the windows that opened into the garden belonged to the dungeon of his master. He had taken care to count the number of doors which opened into the gallery, and by reckoning the same number of windows, he flattered himself that he had ascertained the right one. However, to remove all doubt, he took a spade, and pretending to dress some beds of flowers, he whistled a plaintive air which is well known to the inhabitants of Mexico. He was not mistaken. By reason of the silence which reigns in the inquisition, the tune reached the ear of Estevan, who instantly made a signal, by coughing within, that he was sensible of the presence of his faithful servant.

Secure on this point, Zamora devoted himself, for some days, to assist the servants whose business it was to convey their food to the prisoners in the morning and evening. They at length became so used to his assistance, that they fell into the habit of calling him whenever this duty was to be performed. It was commonly done at noon and at six o'clock in the evening.—Some of the guard always attended the servants; but whatever may be the rigour of the internal discipline of the inquisition, it happens here, as well as elsewhere, that a duty, frequently repeated at stated hours, is very apt to be performed negligently and with remissness. By these means he had the opportunity of sometimes approaching Estevan, but the season did not seem to him propitious to his views, the days being still too long. He determined to wait patiently for the autumn, since, the darkness of the evenings would then better conceal their correspondence. The autumn arrived, and Zamora now formed his final resolution. He therefore supplied himself with money, which was necessary to forward his enterprise, and to provide against every accident. At length one evening, as he conveyed to Estevan his supper through the wicket, he contrived adroitly to let fall a second billet, "*To morrow, at the same hour—caution.*" The next evening, at the hour of distribution, he took care to be at hand. His comrades arranged the suppers of the prisoners upon plates, in order to convey them to their cells. Zamora took charge of the basket which contained the portions of bread. They then set forward. In going along, one piece of bread fell from the basket, or let us at least suppose that it fell.—Zamora picked it up, and placed it under his arm. His distribution then was made from door to door, and Zamora contrived to introduce through that of Estevan the piece of bread which he had picked up. He had substituted it by stealth, in the kitchen, for another piece which he left there. This piece of bread, which exactly resembled those distributed to the prisoners, had been prepared at the house of the consul. It contained a file. He then allowed Estevan time sufficient to avail himself of the invaluable present of the file. The festival of Christmas approached, and this was the season which Zamora had made choice of for his enterprise.

In those days the friars fatigued by their duties, were accustomed to spend more time than usual at table, in order to recruit their strength and spirits, and were therefore like to pass their nights in more profound repose. The night then was long & dark, and Zamora took care to choose a time when there was no moon. On the night which preceded the eve of Christmas day, Zamora cast into his master's cell a third billet: "*If you are ready to morrow, after dinner, leave some wine in your bottle.*" The answer that he wished for was returned. This was on Christmas eve. Upon the day of this festival, Zamora enjoyed a still greater facility of correspondence. At the hour of distributing their supper to the prisoners, the greater part of the servants, the guards, and the alcaide were still at church. Zamora then threw in his fourth and last billet: "*To morrow between midnight and one o'clock, let down the cord, and get yourself ready.*"

How long did this day appear to Zamora and his unfortunate friend! how much anxiety! how many flattering expectations! The evening came. The routine of duty being over, about six o'clock the grand inquistor, and the majority of the superior members of the inquisition, sat down to a table.—The wine was not spared. At nine they separated, and in half an hour more they were all buried in a profound sleep. The alcaide then said to Zamora, every body is asleep, as you perceive; there are no rounds to go to night; I will go." "Well," replied Zamora, I have promised to sup with the gardener and his wife; if you please we will go out together. In half an hour after, the guards were all asleep Zamora and the alcaide then went out and each repaired to the place of his appointment. Zamora supped with the gardener and his wife; he had supplied himself with excellent wine. Joy, laughter, and songs heightened the pleasure of the repast; and at eleven o'clock, the gardener leaned snoring upon the table. The wife soon followed her lord's example, and Zamora was left alone.

The clock now struck twelve. Zamora extinguished the candles and on tip toe descended the stairs. He entered the garden it was perfectly dark, and rained violently. He first ran to dig up a rope ladder, which he had concealed beneath a bed of flowers. After some search he found it. He flew to the window; a slight whistle was the signal. In a moment after, he saw descend a thin cord, which he had conveyed to Estevan. He seized it; fastened to it his ladder and then gave it a gentle pull. With the utmost ecstacy he saw the ladder ascend. The agitation which he endured was now most dreadful. Estevan appeared; and a moment more gave him to the ecstatic embrace of the deligirted Zamora. They flew across the garden, entered the street, and were soon at a distance from this dreadful place. Zamora, unable to speak, again strained his master to the heart; the tears bedewed both their cheeks and spoke with an eloquence which is not in language to express. "Come," at length cried Zamora, "thanks to the Father of all mercies, we are safe!"—They soon entered the garden of the consul, flew across it in a moment, reached the door, ascended the stairs, and here had their liberty secure in the asylum of his chamber.

"Oh, eternal Giver of all good!—exclaimed Estevan, as he bent his knees before the throne of his God, "hear the prayer of thy unfortunate creature; recompense my deliverer, whom thy mercies have enabled to achieve his daring resolutions." How shall I paint the transports, the overflowing ecstacy, the interrupted exclamations of the three friends? Estevan was indebted to one for the recovery of his liberty; and to the other for the security of his fortune. "How, he would cry out, every moment. "how have I deserved such love?" "Are you not my father?" replied Zamora; "are you not an honest and injured man?" exclaimed the consul.—Again they embraced, and mingled their tears together. Thus passed the night. They listened, with delight, to the detail of what Zamora had done in order to attain the object of his hopes. What admirable address! what presence of mind! what secresy! what persevere ance! He repeated his tale over a hundred times, but they seemed never to be tired of hearing it. "But you, Estevan, how much you must have endured!" "From the day that I beheld Zamora," he replied "hope resumed her station in my heart, and I ceased to suffer. But why my arrest? what have I done? what was my crime?" "Have not your judges informed you?" "No, not a syllable." "No matter, you are safe, forget your woes, forget your enemies, they have suffered for their villany. My exertions, in depriving your unworthy host of the booty of which he had robbed you, and which he expected to secure by your destruction, rendered him unable to recompense his equally detestable son. This base accomplice avenged himself by parricide. Flight snatched him from the sword of offended justice; he traversed Spain, and reached France, where new crimes conducted him to the scaffold. At the moment of death he declared the crime which he and his father had been guilty of towards you. This declaration, properly authenticated, had just reached me; and if Heaven had not smiled upon Zamora, I would have laid it before the grand inquisitor. But God, in his wisdom, has declared otherwise."

After the commotion, which their flight from the inquisition had occasioned, was subsided, the consul privately despatched a vessel to Bordeaux; where, after a prosperous voyage, Estevan and Zamora safely landed.

Crim. Con. Extraordinary.—A sailor who had been bred to the sea from his infancy, happening to come on shore to see his friends, met with a young woman to whom he paid his addresses and in a short time afterwards they were married.—They lived together very happily, till the time arrived when the tar was to sail for India. About three months after the sailor's departure, his wife attracted the notice of a young lawyer of the Temple, who, by presents, soon obtained her consent to live with him as a mistress. The sailor returned to England on Sunday last and the first thing he learnt was the infidelity of his wife. He asked a friend how he was to act, who told him he ought to bring *an action* against the lawyer for crim con. The honest tar, who understood the meaning of no other action than *an action at sea*, promised to pursue his friend's advice, and to show his enemy warm work. According, yesterday morning he provided himself with a large oak stick, and sallied forth to the lawyer's chambers. As soon as he saw him, he told him who he was, and the purpose for which he had paid him a visit; and without further ceremony, gave him such a severe discipline that he will not be able to stir out of his bed for at least a month to come. The tar then carried his wife off in triumph, and as soon as he got her into the squ[illegible] he gave three cheers, to the no entertainment of several spect[illegible] whom and to our informant he told the whole affair. [*English p[illegible]*

SOCIAL HINTS.

When I see a young man, the nature of whose business imperiously demands all his attention, loitering about [illegible] houses, spending his time and [illegible], and what is of much, if not more consequence, his respectable standing in society, then I say to myself, if he not "tack ship he will be on a lee shore, and consequently among the breakers.

When I see young married people launching out into great extravagance beyond what their pecuniary affairs admit, then I say to myself—you had better "haul aft, and run closer to the wind, or you will soon have to make a losing stretch to get to the windward again."

When I see parents indulging their children in every thing their little fancy prompt them to desire; then I say to myself, your children will soon be your masters, and it is probable, should they come to years of maturity, they will be a cause of trouble to you in old age, and by their improper conduct, bring down your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Advice to Young Ladies.—If you have blue eyes you need not languish. If you have black eyes, you need not fear. If you have good teeth, do not laugh less than the occasion will justify. If you dance well, dance seldom. If you dance ill, never dance at all. If you sing well never make previous excuses. If you sing indifferently hesitate not a moment when you are asked for few people are judges of singing, but any one is sensible of a desire to please. Never touch a sore place in any one's character, for be assured, whosoever you are, that you have sore places in your own, and a young woman is a flower that may be blasted in a moment. It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles—what folly to make enemies then by frowns. When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart. When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance. If you would preserve beauty, rise early. If you would preserve esteem, be gentle. If you would obtain power be condescending. If you would live happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

A gentleman, who had been out to dine, and had unfortunately come up ——street, with rather too tottering and red face, for a sober man. Two persons standing together, observed it, and one says to the other, "I will bet you a treat that this is a Jackson man." The bet was taken up on a venture, and when the staggering man approached, he was asked by him who made the bet whether he was not a Jackson man. "Why (said he, stammering,) I confess I've got the symptoms damnably, but I'm for the the Administration for all that.—

A terrible hurricane was experienced at Falmouth, Pendleton co. Ky. on the the 26th June. It came on with thunder, and lightning and hail, late in the afternoon, increasing in violence until nothing was found able to resist its force. On six farms, not a building of stone or wood was left standing entire. The roads were blocked up and timber and live stock to a great amount destroyed, but only 2 human lives lost, as then ascertained. The width of its course was about 2 miles.