The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXIX. ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1834. NO. 24.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
JONAS GREEN,
AT THE BRICK BUILDING ON THE PUBLIC CIRCLE.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEOUS

From the Pilgrims of the Rhine.

THE FAIRY'S REPROACH.

By the glow worm's lamp in the dewy brake;
By the gossemer's airy net;
By the shifting skin of the faithless snake;
Oh teach me to forget,
For none, ah none,
Can teach so well that human spell
As thou, false one!

By the fairy dance on the greenward smooth;
By the wind of the gentle west;
By the living stars, when their soft looks soothe
The waves on their mother's breast:
Teach me thy lore!
By which like withered flowers,
The leaves of buried hours
Blossom no more!

By the tent in the violet's bell;
By the may on the scented bough;
By the lone green isle where my sister's dwell;
And thine own forgotten vow,
Teach me to live,
Nor turn with thoughts that pine
For love so false as thine!
—Teach me thy lore,
And one thou lov'st no more
Will bless thee and forgive!

A DREAM.

Shadows, this night, have struck more terror
To the soul of Richard, than could the substance
Of ten thousand soldiers, arm'd all in proof,
And led by shallow Richmond.—*Shakespeare.*

As the last chime of the distant monastery clock died upon the breeze, I entered the stately ruins of a castle, whose mouldering walls, entwined with ivy and o'ergrown with moss, were now the habitation of ill-omened birds. I wandered musingly through its massive portals, and entered a spacious hall, whose roofs had oft resounded with shouts of merriment and laughter, over the flowing wassail cup.

Through a lofty gothic window streamed the pale light of Lunar. It fell upon a trap door, partailly closed, on the opposite side of the room. I made towards it, and laying hold of the ring exerted all my strength to raise it up. The rusty hinges grated harshly, and at length yielded to the pressure of my arm.—The damp moisture that proceeded from this dark recess, caused an involuntary chill to overspread my frame. The spirit of romantic adventure seizing me at the moment, and being impelled by some supernatural power, I determined to descend the flight of steps that presented themselves to my view, and explore the subterranean passage. I carefully groped my way down the slimy steps. All was dark as Erebus! Nothing daunted, I drew my cloak tightly around my person, and unsheathed my sword. I had not proceeded far, before a slight glimmering light was visible at the further end of the cavern. I quickened my pace, not doubting to find a den of robbers.—After a little wearisome toil, I gained, without accident, a projection in the wall, against which I leaned for a few moments, undetermined whether to proceed or retrace my footsteps. A moment's thought, and I had decided. Heedless of danger, I unconsciously advanced with rapid steps, gaining every moment on the bright beacon that beamed before me like a star of hope. It was not long ere I reached the place from whence the light proceeded. A confused din, as of many voices in angry consultation, issued from the arched door. I silently crept close to it and listened: 'She must die,' said one of the men, whose coarse hollow voice seemed to indicate the passion that raged within his unmanly breast. 'Not to-night,' was the answer of another, 'we have shed blood enough Look! there lies the parents of this innocent girl, that your fiend-like malice would have butchered!—Think you I will suffer the deed to be perpetrated? Dare but raise thy hand to harm the lady, and here I swear in the presence of my comrades to strike you lifeless to the earth.' He ceased and the other instantly rejoined—'Think you I will be baffled in my desires? No! the heart of Egbert can never rest, till the last blood of this accursed race lies curdling on the damp floor of this vault. If 'tis still your wish to stay me in my revenge, I will seek it over your dead carcass.' Precently, the sound of swords, clashing violently together, issued from the room. I concluded, and rightly, they were engaged in mortal combat.

Deeming it compatible with the honour of a brave man, I determined to rescue the female prisoner from a cruel death. Agreeable to this conclusion, I cautiously advanced by the side of the wall some few paces, with the full purpose of my soul immoveably fixed. Obeying the sudden impulse of my fearless heart, I leaped into the room, and confronted the desperate band. Fortunately, I was not perceived by any of the desperadoes that thronged around the fighting chieftain and his adversary.

The first object that met my view, were the bodies of a man and woman, who lay upon the stone pavement dead. Their heads were severed from their shoulders; large and deep gashes were discernable in various parts of their persons. The blood curdled in my veins as I gazed upon this revolting spectacle; I turned my eyes from the spot.

In another part of the room, I perceived a very young and beautiful female, whose finely shaped form greatly contrasted with the rough and robust frames of the villains with which she was surrounded. Her dark auburn hair hung dishevelled down her finely chiseled and swan-like neck. Her hands were clasped together, as if imploring the protection of Heaven.

The conflict still continued with unabated fury. The curses of either grew louder and louder as they became more and more excited. Presently, one fell to rise no more. 'Bear the body hence. The fiendish wretch hath forfeited life for his presumption,' cried the victor. The band and their leader disappeared into the next room with the corpse. I rushed forward, seized the young lady gently by the arm, and implored her to follow me. She did not hesitate to comply with my desire, well knowing worse hands than those I was rescuing her from, she could not fall into. Finding her too weak to run, I raised her in my arms, and with the speed of thought hastened from the room.

Unfortunately for us, their quick ears detected the sounds of my retreating footsteps, and ere I had advanced an hundred paces from their hellish den, they were following in my path. What was to be done? My arms were encumbered with an almost lifeless burthen. Notwithstanding I still continued to fly along the vaulted passage with the swiftness of the deer. I could plainly distinguish the steps of six or seven men in the pursuit. The glaring light which they held gleamed amid the darkness and dispelled it.—With great exertion, I reached the projection in the wall, and sank exhausted behind it.—The action for a moment saved my life. Not an instant elapsed before my pursuers came up. Not thinking to find us behind the wall, they passed on, with rage sparkling in their countenances. The lights became mellowed in the distance, and I again breathed freely. 'Fear nothing,' I whispered into the ears of the gentle creature that leaned her head upon my bosom. Our safety was short lived The ruffians finding themselves baulked, and believing I had been too nimble for them, were now carelessly retracing their steps. They all passed the spot where we lay concealed, except one, who, as if impelled by some sudden thought, cast his fierce eyes behind the wall, and discovered us. I could see the flush of rage grow deeper upon his swarthy cheek, as with savage joy beaming in his eye, he scanned me from head to foot. He gave the alarm to his comrades who returned in great haste, but not in time to save their fellow murderer from the death he justly merited, and which I inflicted. There was no means of escape now left, other than that of fighting my way thro' them; therefore, springing on my feet, I determined to sell my life dearly. The point of my sword met the breast of the first advancing foe, who soon lay gasping at my feet.—The rest, exasperated at the death of two of their companions, pressed upon me, muttering curses, which, in the clatter of our swords, escaped my ears. Another fell—and but three remained to oppose me. They dreading lest I should escape them after all their efforts to prevent me, hollowed for more of their band, at the same time attacking me with greater fury than ever. They at length forced me on my knees, and in that posture I was obliged to defend myself for some minutes.

Conscious that I could not maintain the unequal contest much longer, I made a desperate effort, and recovered my footing. Meanwhile, several more of the gang were rapidly advancing to join in the combat. My trusty sword continually gleamed in the uncertain light emitted from their lamps; wherever it fell destruction followed. Now, as my reviving courage gave me double strength, a cowardly villain crept behind and stabbed me in the back. I fell. The young lady rushed within my extended arms, with the intention of shielding me from harm by her body. A savage shout of triumph rent the passage from end to end, as their weapons were drawn, dripping with the purple stream of life, from the wounds they had made. Grasping my sword, I feebly raised it, and pointing with unerring aim, pierced the heart of the vile caitiff that had laid me low. He fell heavily, and expired. The little strength I had left was exhausted by the effort.

The dim lights receded from my view—the dark, scowling visages of the murderers became pale—their swords were not felt with the same excruciating agony—the dead, heavy burden of my breast became lighter—my senses seemed to be fast sinking into the sleep of death,—I awoke,—thank God 'twas but *a Dream.*

From Willis's First Impressions of Europe.

RELICS OF POMPEII.

I have devoted a week to the museum of Naples. It is a world! any thing like a description of it would tire even an antiquary. It is one of those things (and there are many in Europe,) that fortunately compel travel. You must come abroad to get an idea of it.

The first day I buried myself among the curiosities found in Pompeii. After walking through the chambers and street where they were found. I came to them naturally with an interest. I had visited a disentombed city buried for seventeen centuries—had trodden in their wheel tracks—and wandered in their dining rooms, their chambers and their market places. And here were gathered in one place, their pictures, their statues, their cooking utensils, their ornaments, the very food as it was found cooked upon their tables! I am puzzled in looking over my note book to know what to mention. The catalogue fills a printed volume.

A curious corner in one of those cases was that containing the articles found on the toilet of the wealthiest Pompeian's wife. Here were pots of rouge, ivory pins, necklaces, ear rings, bracelets, small silver mirrors, &c. In the next case were two loaves of bread, found in a baker's oven and stamped with his name. Two large cases of precious gems, cameos and antiglios of all descriptions, stand in the centre of the room, among which, by the way, the most exquisitely done, are two which one cannot look at without a blush. Another case is filled with eatables honey comb, grains, fruit, etc In the repository for ancient glass are several cinerary urns, in which the ashes of the dead are perfectly preserved, and numerous small glass lachrymatories, in which the tears of the survivors were deposited in the tombs.

The brazen furniture of Pompeii, the lamps particularly, are of the most beautiful models. Trees, to which the lamps were suspended like fruit, vines, statues holding them in their hands, and numerous other contrivances were among them, far exceeding in beauty any similar furniture of our time. It appears the ancients did not know the use of the fork, as every article of table service except this has been found here

To conceive the interest attached to a thousand things in this museum, one must imagine a modern city. Boston, for instance, completely buried by a terrific and unexpected convulsion of nature. Its inhabitants mostly escape, but from various causes leave their city entombed, in a hundred years the grass grows over it, and its very locality is forgotten. Near two thousand years elapse and then a peasant digging in a field strikes upon its ruins, and is unearthed just as it stands this moment, with all its utensils, books, pictures, houses and streets in untouched preservation. What a subject for speculation! What food for curiosity! What living and breathing chapter of history were this? Far more interesting is Pompeii. For the age in which it lived and the characters who trod its streets are among the most remarkable in history. The brazen lamp shown to me as a curiosity, was lit every evening in the time of Christ. The handsome chambers through which I had wandered a day or two ago, and from which was brought the antique chair, were the home of Sallust, and doubtless had been honoured by the visits of Cicero, whose villa half excavated is near by, and by all the poets, scholars and statesmen of his time. One might speculate endlessly thus! and it is that which makes these lands of forgotten empires so delightful to the traveller. His mind is fed by the very air. He needs no amusements, company or books except the history of the place. The spot is peopled, wherever he may stray, and the common necessaries of life seem to pluck him from far reaching dream, in which he has summoned back receding ages and was communing face to face with philosophers, poets and emperors, like a magician before his mirror. Pompeii and Herculaneum seem to me visions, I cannot shake myself and awake to their reality. My mind refuses to go back so far. Seventeen hundred years.

LEAF FROM A LOG BOOK.

Pensacola Harbour, April 10, 1834.

'Dear ——; after a passage from Norfolk of 26 days, in which we were forced to go round the southern coast of Cuba, to avoid the Bahama Banks, we have at length anchored in this harbour, and are now moored, by which sailors mean being held by two anchors. I know of no better way to give you an account of myself than by making some extracts from my private journals; so here goes.

* * * *

'April 1.—At sea nearly a week, and today have seen the first sail since we left Norfolk. She was a brig, but at too great a distance to be hailed. The vast solitude was for a moment, and only for a moment, broken. It was curious to see with what interest all on board gazed at her. 'Leave the topgallant forecastle, every man of you that don't belong there!' had to echo more than once, before the darkness of tarpaulins disappeared in the waist of the vessel.

'April 4.—This morning made Cape Maize, southern coast of Cuba. Imagination cannot conceive a more desolate shore. A little stunted vegetation is all of life that I have seen, for miles: no sign of a human habitation. A high and irregular chain of mountains and rocks is the prominent feature of the coast, and there are, here and there, ravines, dark and deep enough to sustain the gloominess of the prospect. It is well known that many acts of piracy have been committed near these shores. It seems to me that the arm of justice could never reach a villain who should retreat to these fearful solitudes for concealment.

'Witnessed, last night, the phosphorescent appearance of the sea, when the waves dash into foam. It is particularly bright and beautiful when they break against the bow of the ship. The sea seems to be covered with fragments of fire. This light is said to be caused by animalculæ.

'This afternoon the men were exercised at general quarters. They are taught to go through all the minutiae of an active battle. The guns are unlashed—the orders are given in every respect, as in an action; and though they do not discharge a single cannon, the marines, drawn up on the forecastle and poop, snap their locks most valorously. The powder boys are running, as if for powder—the officers sing out for shot. Suddenly, the enemy are supposed to board; the sailors leave the guns, snatch up pikes and cutlasses, and hurry to the point of attack. An order is given to board, and they go armed in the same manner. Two English cruisers passed us while at quarters, and the men appeared to be rushing on the poop, and flourishing their cutlasses in the direction of the English men. They may have put a wrong construction on the circumstance, as John Bull is apt to do, upon the conduct of Americans.

'The forecastle is a glorious place to lounge during an evening. The Mids gather there and talk over the enjoyments of land and home, and I often sit there and listen to the songs of the sailors. Their songs are almost always sentimental. It is somewhat strange that, reckless and depraved as many of them are, their songs should so generally partake of this character.

April 6th, Sunday.—Sea as smooth as a mill-pond; black fish, porpoises, and sharks swimming about the ship. These last seem to be as hateful in water as snakes upon land; crew were mustered as is usual on the Sabbath, in their clean clothing. This forenoon saw one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld; there was a dark object upon the water at some distance from us which I supposed to be a porpoise or black fish. Taking the glass from the quarter master, I perceived that it was a log drifting over the waves, and a seagull perched upon it, floating away as composedly as if upon the wing in his own element.

'April 9th.—This morning, while moving with a faint breeze over the water, a general rush of the officers and men attracted my attention I looked up, and at the distance of about two miles, directly off our starboard beam, three water spouts, one of which the oldest sailors declared to be the largest they had ever seen; they were coming down upon us very fast. Every preparation was immediately made, in case they should break over us. The hatches were fastened down, and all the ports opened, two guns with shot were fired at them. Happily we escaped coming in contact with them: their appearance was most magnificent; they ascended about half a mile from the surface of the sea and hung in a curving direction from the clouds. The water, where they touched it boiled and whirled with a fury and velocity which would have been destructive to any boat in its circle.

'A night or two since there was a multitude of turtles about the ship. This afternoon, a little bird entirely red excepting the tip of the tail and its wings, came and perched upon the main brace.

'A vessel is in sight of us and we shall probably board her. So adieu.'

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

There are many curious anecdotes of the manners of the past times in the History of this Institution—the oldest College in the Union—by Mr. Pierce, (late Librarian.) We find it stated, among other things, that at the period of its foundation, 1636, corporal chastisement was a customary mode of discipline in the great schools of England, and other European countries, and that it was introduced here, and not unfrequently put in practice. There is a MS. diary of Judge Lowell's extant, in which one instance of the kind is recorded, in 1674, of a student named Sargeant, who was sentenced for blasphemy to be publicly whipped before all the scholars, sit alone by himself uncovered at meals, &c., and the former part of this sentence, adds the Judge, 'was presently put in execution in the Library before the scholars.' The late Dr. Holyoke of Salem, who died at the age of 100, was of the class of 1725, and he used to say that corporal punishment in his time was getting into disuse. In one instance, in 1733, a Tutor was prosecuted for the use, or more probably for the abuse of it; for a year afterwards—that is, just a century ago—we find it inserted in an article in the revised College laws, that 'it shall be lawful for the President, Tutors, and Professors, to punish undergraduates by boxing, when they shall judge the nature or circumstances of the offence call for it.

N. Y. Jour. Com.

INDIAN FUN.

One of the earliest settlers of the country around Lake Champlain, was Col. Edward Raymond. He understood the character and disposition of the natives of the forest, and lived with them in much harmony; frequently employing them to row him up and down the lake, as he had occasion. One stout fellow by the name of Bigbear, had his wigwam at no great distance from the Colonel's dwelling, and was often there. The Colonel, having occasion to visit some distant shore of the lake, employed Bigbear to row him in his canoe. On their return, they passed near a high, yet sloping ledge of rocks, on which lay an immense number of rattlesnakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian gave a penetrating look at the Colonel, and thus enquired, 'Raymun love fun?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Well then, Raymun have fun; mind Indian, and hole a glum.' So he rowed along silent and slow, and cut a crotch-stick from a bunch of hazel upon the bank.—'Steady now, hole a glum, Raymun,' said he as he clapped the crotch-stride the neck of a serpent, that was asleep, close to the edge of a water. 'Take um now, Raymun; hole fast.' The Colonel then took hold of the stick, keeping the serpent down, while Bigbear tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slow match therein. He then made it fast to the snake's tail, and touching fire to the match, gave orders to 'let um go,' at the same time pushing the canoe from the shore; the snake being liberated crawled away to his den. The Indian immediately then stood up and clapped his hands, making as loud a noise as possible, and thus roused the serpents, who all in a moment disappeared. 'Now, look, Raymun, now look; see fun,' said he, and in about a minute the powder exploded, when there was, to be sure, fun alive. The snakes, in thousands, covered the rocks, all hissing, rattling, twirling, whirling and jumping in every way imaginable! Col Raymond burst into a loud laugh, that echoed across the lake, pleased alike with the success of the trick, and the ingenuity of the savage's invention. But Bigbear, from the beginning to the end, was as grave as a judge, not moving a muscle, and having not the least show of risibility in his countenance. This is truly characteristic of the American aborigines; what causes the greatest excitability of laughter in others, has no effect upon them, they remain sober, sedate, and fixed as a bronze statue. They may love fun, but never in the smallest degree exhibit that character in their looks.—*Amaranth.*

A Boston paper states that the crew of the U. S. Frigate Potomac subscribed $200 whilst on her late voyage, to be expended in the purchase of Surgical Instruments, to be presented to Dr. H D. W. Paulding, Assistant Surgeon of the ship, as a testimony of their regard and esteem for his kindness and attention to their sick shipmates.

The following letter, containing some interesting revolutionary reminiscences, is from the New York Courier and Enquirer. The writer is stated to be a distinguished revolutionary officer, and shows a familiarity with the incidents of that day which is highly attractive.

He is however, mistaken in making so broad an intimation of the neglect with which the memory of Captain Hale has been treated, compared with the sympathy and admiration so profusely expended upon Major Andre. It is ungrateful enough, that he should be seldom spoken of, and so lightly noticed in history, but it is not correct to intimate that 'no American, from patriotic or other motives, has ever written, or beyond the circle of his immediate friends spoken of the untimely fate' of Hale Several accounts have been at different times published of his noble conduct and heroic death in the service of his country. He was one of the earliest martyrs to American Liberty; and by unanimous testimony one of the worthiest. A scholar, a soldier, a patriot, he volunteered to go into the British camp on Long Island, after the retreat of the Americans to New York, in August 1776, and having obtained an accurate account of its position and force was on his return, when he was apprehended, brought before Sir William Howe, and ordered to immediate execution as a spy The order was executed with extreme rigor; the attendance of a clergyman was refused; a bible which he asked for was denied him; and the letters which he desired to be forwarded to his mother and relations were destroyed. The Court Martial assigned as a reason for this extraordinary outrage that 'rebels' should not know they had a man in their army 'who could die with such firmness.' Nathan Hale was born at Coventry in Connecticut, and educated at Yale College, where he graduated in 1773. His execution took place in the beginning of September 1776. It is to him that Dr. Dwight, who knew him personally, refers in the following lines in the conquest of Canaan, more remarkable for the warmth of the panegyric, than their poetic merit:

'With genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And science charmed him to her sweet abode,
In worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of peace, the rising grace of war;
In duty firm, in danger calm as even
To friends unchanging and sincere to Heaven.'

Injustice has been done to the memory of this young hero, in comparison with that of Andre, but not to such an extent as stated in the annexed letter. He has been spoken of, and is well known in history. He will be better known as in the process of time the anecdotes of American Revolutionary history are culled, and the finest instances of heroism and public virtue selected, as enduring traits for the admiration and imitation of posterity.

The dying words of Hale compare advantageously with those of Andre. They have less of self, and more of the fervor of the patriot. 'Take notice,' said the British Adjutant General, 'that I die like a brave man.' 'I only lament,' were the last words of the Connecticut martyr, 'that I have but one life to lose for my country.'

In a part of the letter below, the juxta-position of two paragraphs might lead the infe

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans Court of St. Mary's county in Maryland, letters of administration with the will annexed, on the personal estate of Jeremiah Goddard, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber at or before the 12th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 12th day of March, 1834.
HATCH TURNER, Adm'r.
March 20. 4w.

WALDIE'S
CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

NOTICE.—For the sake of combining the old and new series, and making the whole volume correspond both in date and number, the subscriber has concluded to print fifteen additional numbers to the second volume of the first or old series. These numbers will be furnished *gratuitously* to those who commenced with No. 1 and No. 6, and who have paid their subscription, or who shall have paid before the 26th No. of Volume 2 is issued. Those whose subscriptions remain unsettled at the publication of that No. will be struck off the list, and charged SIX DOLLARS, as lately announced.

To those who have *really patronized* the "Library," by prompt payment of their subscription, very sincere acknowledgments are tendered, and a continuance of their patronage respectfully requested.
ADAM WALDIE.

WILLIAM BRYAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

TAKES this method of returning his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public in general, for the liberal patronage they have heretofore bestowed upon him, and begs leave to inform them, that he has been compelled from the heavy calamity which befel him on the 29th October, to remove his shop to the brick building owned by Washington G. Tuck, Esq. one door below the Store of Messrs. Hall & Franklin, and nearly opposite the residence of Dr. Dennis Claude, where he intends carrying on his business in his usual manner; and where he will be happy to accommodate his friends in the line of his profession. He was by the aid of his fellow-citizens, enabled, on the morning of the above calamity, to save a portion of his Stock in hand, and hopes, in a short time, to be enabled to reinstate his whole stock. He therefore confidently solicits the former patronage of his friends, together with that of the public at large.
Nov. 7.

$50 REWARD.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber in Broad Neck, Anne Arundel county, near Annapolis, on Tuesday last, a negro man named
BILL MILLER,
He is about Twenty years of age, about five feet high, a dark Mulatto, stoops in walking and has uncommonly large feet, he took a variety of clothing with him, among others a leather cap and black hat, blue and white kersey jacket and trowsers, a drab fulled jacket &c. &c. Whoever apprehends said negro and secures him in Jail so that I get him again shall receive a reward of $50 if taken in this state, or $100 if out of the state of Maryland and if brought home all reasonable charges paid.
JOHN RIDOUT, of H.

Anne-Arundel County, Sct.

ON application of Jethro Lynch Smith, of the county aforesaid, by petition in writing, stating to me, the subscriber, Chief Justice of the Orphans Court of Anne-Arundel county that he is in custody of one of the constables of the county aforesaid for debt only, and praying for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this state, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said Jethro Lynch Smith having satisfied me by competent testimony that he has resided two years next preceeding the time of his application within the state of Maryland, and having appointed Beale Gaither trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said Jethro Lynch Smith, and the said trustee having given bond, with security, approved by me, for the faithful performance of his said trust, and the said trustee being in possession of all the property of the said insolvent debtor, and the said Jethro Lynch Smith having also given bond with security approved by me for his personal appearance before the Judges of Anne-Arundel county court on the third Monday in April next, to answer such interrogatories as may be propounded to him by any of his creditors, and also to answer such allegations as may be filed against him by any of his creditors, and the said Jethro Lynch Smith having taken the oath before me, as prescribed by the said Insolvent Laws for the delivery of his property, These are therefore to certify, That I have this day granted a personal discharge to the said Jethro Lynch Smith. Given under my hand this first day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three.
GIDEON WHITE.

CASH IN MARKET.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase a number of Slaves of both sexes, for which he will pay in Cash a higher price than any other purchaser in the market. Persons having them to dispose of will communicate with him at Mr. James Hunter's Tavern.
WILLIAM HOOPER.
Annapolis Oct. 24—tf.

PRINTING
Neatly executed at this
OFFICE.