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.

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REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES
& PEOPLE'S TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT
JOHN Q. ADAMS.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT
RIC'ARD RUSH.

MARYLAND ELECTORS.

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Composed of Frederick, Washington and Allegany Counties.
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Fourth District.
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JAMES BOYLE. WM. STEWART,

Sixth District.
Cecil and Harford Counties.
JAMES SEWELL,

Seventh District.
Kent and Queen Ann's Counties.
COL. THOMAS EMORY.

Eighth District..
Caroline, Talbot, and part of Dorchester Counties.
THEODORE R. LOOCKERMAN.

Ninth District.
Somerset, Worcester, and part of Dorchester Counties.
LITTLETON DENNIS.

Jackson Ticket.
SeventhDistrict,—Dr. JOHN REESE

To great simplicity, the following lines unite infinite pathos and beauty:

MARY HAY.

Thou kens, Mary Hay, that I loo thee weel—
My ain auld wifie sae kindly and leel;
Then what gars thee stand wi' the tear in thy e'e,
And look ay sae wae, when thou look'st at me?
Dost thou miss, Mary Hay, the soft bloom o' mycheek,
Wi' my hair curling round it, sae jetty and sleek?
For snaw's on my head, and the roses are gaae,
Since that day o' days I ca'd thee my ain.
Or grieves thou the loss o' my e'e's youthfu' fire,
And the wild notes I sang, that thou us'd to admire?
For I'm darksome, and cauld, now life's winter is come.
And the sweet voice o' music within me is dumb.
But tho' Mary Hay, my e'en be turned dim,
And age wi' its front stiffens every limb
My heart, thou kens weel, has nae frost for thee,
For simmer returns at the blink o' thy e'e.
The miser hauds firm—and still firmer his gold,
The ivy grasps closer the tree when it's old,
And thou grow'st the dearer to me, Mary Hay,
As a' else turns eerie, and life wears away,
We maun part, Mary Hay, when our journey's done,
But I'll meet thee again in the world aboon;
Then what gars the stand wi' the tear in thy e'e,
And look ay sae, when thou looks at me!

For the Centreville Evening Times.

Mr. Spencer.

Through the agency of your paper, permit your humble servant, myself, to submit the following to my fellow-citizens.

Contemplating the many blessings, we enjoy—the freedom and prosperity of this happy country, where men are stamped with the characters of men, where we are permitted to adore our God in that manner we think most conducive to our eternal salvation. Let me call on you my friends, in the name of the giver of all good, not to destroy these real and invaluable blessings by cultivating to excess those hostile feelings, commonly called party spirit. We already see in your conduct some characteristic marks of the faction that formerly raged in Rome in days of Marius and Sylla, which deluged the country with human blood. I hope you will not be offended when told, that in the conduct of many of you, are to be found traits of the deepest folly; some tell us they would rather die than Adams should be elected; others, than that Jackson should. If they speak sincerely, they must be destitute of common sense; for though Tom, D. or H. were made president, they can expect nothing worse than death. It may be supposed that those persons, if disappointed, would rather see there opponents die than themselves. They at present savour strongly of what they could do on such an occasion.

It is a painful truth, though a trite saying, that men are more generally led by their *Nose* than by their understandings. We find this adage completely verified at our election meetings, where Messrs. A. B. C. &c. are prepared to ascend the rostrum, as it is commonly called, mount the stump. Mr. A. first ascends, makes a long harrangue, and with all the gravity of a philosopher, tells us, if J. be elected, our liberty is in danger; and that none better than A——, can fill the presidential chair; at the same time, calls *his God* to witness that he never wished to deceive his friends and fellow citizens; his own party believe and applaud.

Next starts Mr. B. as if fresh from the fish market in Billingsgate; uses all manner of scurrility against his opponent, Mr. A. calls on his friends and fellow citizens not to be led astray by the false insinuations and gross misrepresentations of A; makes a thundering speech speaks aloud, *to make the stupid starers gaze*; and tells us if J—— be not elected our liberties will be prostrated, and calls *his God* to witness, (not like his opponent A.,) he never would deceive the public, Laudatur ob his, culpatur ab illis; that is, he is praised by those and dispraised by others.

How long, my friends, shall we be deluded, by these designing men? their aim is Ambition, and not our welfare. Those who sow among us the seeds of discord, are our greatest enemies, we are drawn into their snares without a struggle; while we suffer the better feelings of our nature to be misled by the inflammatory misrepresentations of these political quacks clothed in the guise of liberty. They swell the current of popular animosity, without considering the evils that it may deal out in its course. The necessary consequence is what every impartial man must see, the dissemination of universal acrimony, the alienation of friends, the separation of neighbors, and often the effusion of human blood.

The incendiary editors of our public Journals are also doing more mischief or real evil than they are aware of. Many of them, like Nero, rejoice to see their country on fire, and discord raging over the land of the free. They little regard this true and unexceptionable maxim, "*united we stand but divided we fall.*"

Some, if they could but obtain one dozen names to their subscription lists, would not regard it, were we all in Malpardus, seven leagues below H. Such can be truly said of Duff Green, of Washington (I can no longer call him by any other name than Puff, as the change suits his character so well.) He reminds me of the ambitious fool that fired the Ephesian Dome. Poor Puff thinks he may make himself known in the United States; if he fail in this, it may not be wonderful, that some day, he setfire to Washington. MYSELF.

Corn is reported to be so very scarce in Florida, that if the quantity was equally distributed, it would be consumed in less than a month. In Montgomery, Ala. Meal is $1 50 per bushel. It is also said that in the Indian nation lately, travellers have paid at the rate of 50 cents a quart for corn for their horses.

The Emperor of China, by a late edict, severely censures his Sheriffs for their frequent *mistakes* in executing one prisoner instead of another, as described in the death warrant, and cautions them against such mistakes in future.

By the Job.—A farmer hired a man to break flax by the day, and he could hear all day long the slow sound, By the-d-a y-By-the-d-a y-By-the-d-a y.—He afterwards hired him by the Job; the music was then changed to quick time—By the Job, By the Job, By the Job, job, job.

On Friday afternoon a member of the House of Representatives from the country received an anonymous letter by the hand of a small boy, which letter enclosed a *three hundred dollar bill* of the Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank, with the wish expressed that the person addressed would appropriate the amount to his own use.—*Boston Courier.*

New-York, May 29.

Fires—again!—Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock, the brick stable of Mr. Kip, in the rear of his lot, corner of Fulton and Church sts. was discovered to be on fire, but the flame was extinguished before much damage was done. At the same time smoke was seen to issue from the Vestry Room of St. Paul's Church, on the opposite corner of Church and Fulton sts. and on examination it was found that a bundle of papers in the middle of the floor was on fire, and had burnt through the carpet. At 9 o'clock in the evening, the firemen were again summoned by the alarm bells to extinguish another fire, which had broken out in a small building in the rear of mr Hopport's grocery and dwelling house in Fulton st. between Greenwich and Washington sts. and communicated to and seriously injured the house and goods.—Had this last fire happened at a late hour of the night it is probable an extensive conflagration would have been produced, as it was adjacent to a great quantity of combustable materials.

The peculiar circumstances of these fires leave but little doubt that they must have been caused by incendiaries,

Baltimore, June 11.

Travellers Beware.—Last night on board the Steamboat from Frenchtown to Baltimore two of the passengers, Mr. Z Cook. Jr. of Boston, and Mr. Th: Jefferson Randolph, of Virginia, were robbed of their pocket books, which, fortunately, contained funds only for travelling expenses, amounting to something less than $100 each It appears that after they had turned into their births, the thieves searched their clothes which lay on the shelves at the foot and must have made their escape the moment the boat arrived at the wharf.

Melancholy Occurrence.—Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock, nine young men of this city chartered a sail boat, for the purpose of visiting the Woodlands on the western bank of the river Schuylkill and seeing some friends. When the boat was opposite the United States Arsenal, a young man of the name of Smith, very imprudently, sprang up the mast, against the wishes and contrary to the advice of his companions, which occasioned the boat to upset; and shocking to relate, five individuals were drowned, viz: Messrs. Robert Gordon, aged about 21; Alexander Flemming, about 27, (nephews of mr. Robert Flemming,) Charles Rea, about 28; Daniel Darrah, about 23; and a young lad about 12 years of age, of the name of John Montgomery. The persons saved are John M'Farland, Samuel M'Farland, Henry Smith, and William———a drayman.

We hear that all the individuals drowned, with the exception of Charles Rea, were in the employ of *Mr.* Flemming.

It is remarkable, that of the individuals saved not one of them could swim; whereas, with one exception, those drowned could swim well, and were making near the shore when they successively sunk.—*Philad. paper.*

LITERARY.

St. Valentine's Day---Or, the Fair Maid of Perth,

Is the title of the last production of the untired and unspent genius of Sir Walter Scott, whose contributions to the public, have for so long a period been the wonder and delight of the reading world. Though we do not rank this novel among the best of his early ones, or regard it as of sufficient merit to add any thing to his brilliant and enduring reputation, yet, it is so far superior to many which he has written, that it may fairly lay claim to more attention and commendation, than are usually bestowed upon works of the class to which it belongs.—The *goul de comparaison*, as Bruyere styles it, is called, the only taste of ordinary minds who have no idea of the specific excellence either of an author, or a composition; but it has become so common to compare an author's writings with what he had produced, or with those of his contemporaries, that it seems almost impossible to avoid instituting a comparison which noticing them—to the generality of readers, it is certainly the most comprehensive method of giving an opinion—it is understood—it is satisfactory—curiosity is either elevated or depressed by it. We must, therefore, be forgiven if instead of a critical analysis, which we have neither leisure to write, nor room to publish, our brief remarks should be of this kind. The tale is founded on occurrences which took place, and those which are suppesed to have taken place during the last years of the fourteenth century, when Scotland, was ruled by John, who reigned under the title of Robert the Third—that gentle but weak monarch, whose imbecility rendered him the pity of his subjects, and the contempt and tool of his nobles. The subject is a good one: and he has managed it with his customary skill. In his relation of the transactions of that period, he has adhered with fidelity to history. The plot is irregular, but is preserved with undiminished interest to the end; and each of the characters is invested with peculiar individuality; feeble minded Robert, the hypocritical Albany, the gay libertine, but ill fated Rothsay, the profligate and treacherous Ramorney, Simon, the Glover, the good hearted roister Henry, the Armourer, the humorous swashbucklar Oliver Proudfiut, the Bonnet Maker, are drawn in the author's best style—with inimitable skill. Catharine the Fair Maid of Perth,—the heroine of course, of the tale is one of the most exquisite female portraits the author ever drew. In mind and personal beauty she is depicted as a "divine perfection of a woman," almost peerless formed of every creatures best. This character will be found peculiarly acceptable to the female reader; her piety her love for her father, and devotion to him, and her virtues will charm every susceptible heart; but a slight regret will be felt, perhaps, by all or most of their sex that a creature so delicate and pure, with so much more of heaven than earth in her, should become the wife of a noted brawler, who, with all his virtues, is stained with blood; but she, it must be recollected, is a maid of humble birth, and that, with her, obedience to her parent is paramount to selfish gratification. Portions of the tale are, perhaps equal to Scott's best efforts, we would instance the description of the funeral of the Highland Chieftain, Gilchrist MacIan, the subsequent events, and the sanguinary conflict betwixt the Clan Quhele, and the Clan Chattan, in support of this opinion. Setting aside many grammatical and other errors in the novel which we attribute to the printers, it, is pretty apparent that the author has bestowed more time and labor on its composition, than he did on many of his previous productions; and from the excellency of the work before us, which we most heartly recommend to the reader as one calculated to furnish to the imagination a banquet of extraordinary relish we are convinced that the spirit which animated him in the writing of Waverly, still glows with undiminished vigor and we indulge the hope that we shall, hereafter, be presented with novels equally as fascinating as that, in every respect.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Daring Outrage.—On monday the 2d inst. a black man by the name of Thos. Whittinton, was committed to prison, in this Borough, by Justice Trimble, of Birmingham township, charged with an attempt to violate a young lady, about sixteen years of age. She was however, fortunately rescued from the hands of the villain, before the object of his design could be perpetrated, by a person who happened to pass that way. We forbear to make any comment on this daring outrage, as we have no doubt, he will receive the just punishment which the law inflicts for an attempt so attrocious.—*Upland (Chester) Union.*

The "Southron, published at Milledgeville, Georgia, speaks of the Tariff Law as a condemnation of the whole southern country & its poverty and utter ruin.

The reasoning of the people of the South having been ineffectual to divert their northern foes from their "nefarious projects, says the editor, "it is now necessary to turn to other means, and other defences, coustitutional indeed but pushing resistance to the very bounds of the constitution. For this purpose he recommends the assembling of a congress from all the states opposed to a protecting tariff, in order to devise and recommend such measures, consistent with the constitution, as may best protect them from the operations of the tariff law, and prevent the introduction and use of articles produced under the protection of the tariff. We are sorry to see these symptoms of uneasiness among the southern people, and hope, at least, that they will be careful to keep their promise, not to overleap the limits of the constitution.

A PLEASANT STORY.

From Philad. Gazette.

Mr. B. was married, in September last to a young and accomplished lady; a part of the honeymoon was spent in Brighton, whence they proceeded to the Continent, and ultimately reached Rome and Naples; but it is here necessary to state that, previously to their marriage, as they intended to visit Italy, they deemed it advisable to study the Italian language. A native of Tuscany was introduced to assist them in their studies; the progress they made was very rapid; nothing more was to be learnt, and it was only necessary, in order to obtain a certain degree of fluency in expressing themselves, that they should continually be speaking the language. to effect this more speedily, the master, whose time was taken in the teaching, presented to them one of his friends and Italian Count, who would be more happy in speaking his native tongue, as he was not acquainted with a syllable of English. When the nuptial ceremony was performed the Count left them, expressing his regret at the separation, but hoping they should soon meet again in Italy. In this latter country they did not meet, and Bologna was the place in which they saw each other after some months absence. The Count stated to the party that he was not acquainted with any one where they happened to be; but the moment they arrived at Naples he would introduce them to the best society. They proceeded to Naples together, and lived for a few days at one of the principal hotels. The married gentleman had taken care, when passing through Rome to supply himself at Torlonias with the greatest part of the cash he was entitled to draw. This was an unfortunate circumstance, for it so happened that he was prevailed upon to play at ecarte with the Count's friends, and very soon lost every shilling. The small sum of money remaining at Torlonias was hardly sufficient to afford them the means of returning to Paris; yet, as no alternative remained, they determined on retracing their steps. The Count, of course stated, that he did not wish to go to England.

When Mr. and Mrs. B. reached the vicinity of the hamlet called Pietro, situated in a mountainious and unfrequented spot, the vetturino in which they were travelling was stopped by four banditti, who demanded their money, and ordered them to alight from the vehicle; a small sum was taken from them, and distributed among the robbers. The person who appeared to be the chief of these men then commanded his followers to march off the unfortunate couple to a certain spot situated at some distance, and which appeared to serve them as a place of refuge. Here the husband and wife were separated, evidently for motives of the most horrid nature. The lady, it was intended, should fall a sacrifice to the Chief. The feelings of this unfortunate female may be readily comprehended when she discovered in this lawless villain the friend of her husband, the *soi-disant* Italian Count; the situation, however, was too awful to express her thoughts, and fortunately her presence of mind was sufficiently strong to permit her to dissemble. The Italian told her that he had been induced to act in this manner solely on account of the violent passion he entertained for her, and that the robbery was only for purpose of obtaining his ends with more certainty. The lady seemed almost flattered at this extraordinary force of love, and intimated that there were various means without having recourse to such violent measures she even went so far as to state, that it would be better not to alarm her husband by detaining her a moment longer, but to send her back immediately to him, to set them both at liberty, to return them part of their money, and to state that there was a total mistake in the whole affair, and that it was intended to arrest quite a different party. The Italian gave complete credit to the apparently ingenious remarks of the English lady, hoping that, when she reached Bologna, he would be successful in his suit. She did not mention a word about the matter to her husband, until they arrived at the latter town, when the first time the Count made his appearance in the presence of the lady, which he did by appointment, he was taken into custody by several police officers, who had been called in for this purpose. It would have been very inconvenient for this luckless couple to have remained in Bologna without money until the trial took place: but the Count had been known to the magis-