L. S. Leckle, 5

THE TIMES AND PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

MEN AND MEASURES.

Vol. XII. CENTREVILLE, QUEEN ANN'S COUNTY, (E. S.) MARYLAND, FEBRUARY 26, 1831. No. 330

J. B. Spencer, Editor.

$ 3,00, *PER ANNUM*—or
$ 2,50, *IF PAID IN ADVANCE.*

ADVERTISEMENTS published 3 Weeks at *ONE DOLLAR per Square* and *TWENTY-FIVE CENTS* a Week thereafter—(If the Cash is not paid at the time of Advertising, *One Dollar Twenty Five Cents per Square* will be required.)

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Journal of Health,

Conducted by an Association of Physicians.

Health: the poor Man's riches, the rich man's bliss.

The primary object with the conductors of the Journal of Health, is to point out the means of preserving health and preventing disease. To attain this, all classes and both sexes shall be addressed, in a style familiar and friendly and with an avoidance of such professional terms and allusions as would in any way obscure the subject or alarm the most fastidious. The fruits of much reading, study, and careful observation, shall be placed before them, so arranged and applied as to conduce most efficaciously to their bodily comfort and mental tranquillity. To whatever profession or calling they may belong, the readers of this Journal will find precepts susceptible of valuable application. Air, food, exercise, the reciprocal operation of mind and body, climate and localities, clothing and the physical education of children, are topics of permanent and pervading interest, with the discussion & elucidation of which the pages of the work will be mainly filled.

In addition to the above, the names of a number of highly esteemed members of the different professions, who are subscribers to the work, might be adduced as expressive of the estimation in which it is held. With one voice the public press from one end of the Continent to the other has spoken of the Journal of Health in terms of unequivocal commendation.

TERMS—The paper will appear in numbers of 16 octavo pages each; on the 2d and 4th Wednesday of every month; price per annum $1 50 in advance.

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Aug. 7, 108 Chesnut st. Philadelphia

Journal of Law,

Addressing itself to the people of the U States, will be principally devoted to the exposition in popular language, of the Philosophy, History, and actual state of Law and Government in different countries;—our own constitutions, State and National laws civil and criminal—judiciary systems and modes of procedure—together with particular essays on those branches of the law, a knowledge of which may be most practically useful to men engaged in active pursuits; as for instance the law of corporations, patents, insurance, bills of Exchange and commercial and other contracts, in all their varieties, real estate with the modes of conveying it, insolvency, wills, descents, intestacy, &c &c.

Reports of interesting decided cases, biographies of eminent lawyers and others, medical jurisprudence, sketches of the legal literary and benevolent institutions of various countries, anecdotes and the various topics of general literature will be considered within the scope of this journal.

Its aim will be to afford instruction without tediousness and amusement without frivolity.

Journal of Law will appear in numbers of 16 octavo pages each on 1st and 3d Wednesdays of every month: Price $1 50 per annum in advance. J. DOBSON
Aug. 7 Agent, 108 Chesnut st, Philad.

Subscriptions received at the Office of the Centreville Times.

WHITE HALL:

THE SUBSCRIBER begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public generally that he has lately moved from the Centreville Hotel, to the recently repaired and commodious building

WHITE HALL,

It gives him pleasure to say that from the conveniences his present establishment affords, he will be enabled to extend to travellers comforts hitherto beyond his power. The House to which he invites them, will in a very short time be in such repair, as must ensure every luxury that can belong to good parlours, and to convenient lodging rooms—His Bar is furnished with the best liquors of every description, and his Tabe with the most choice meat and dainties, that the market of his section of country can supply—For strangers who may wish to travel to other parts of the Peninsula, he has good carriages and horses, which can always be had at a moments notice.—For the patronage he has, since he commenced his line of business, received from a liberal public, and his friends, he asks to be allowed to offer his thanks, with the hope that his devotion to their accommodation will in future be crowned with greater satisfaction to himself than heretofore.

Jan. 13. 3m FRANCIS ARLETT.

Easton Gazette, Easton Whig, Chestertown Inquirer, Baltimore Patriot, Philadelphia Post, insert the above 3 months, mark charge, and send to the Centreville Times.

POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Album.

LOVE—AS WE WOULD HAVE IT.

Oh Love! thou art fairest and dearest,
When seen in the sunshine of wealth,
And few are the perils thou fearest,
If thou can'st escape them by stealth.
Thy roses are sweetest and brightest
If they spring from a bed of our own,
And blest is the youth thou delightest,
When thou giv'st him no reason to moan.
Serene is the hour when thou reignest,
Should no cloud bring a shower or a storm,
And the heat, that thou feelest or feignest,
May last while thy blood can keep warm.
And when thou instructest blind Cupid
A dart through our bosom to send,
We are gay, if not, happy, too stupid
To know when our torture will end.
Thou god of the sage and the simple!
To thee, with devotion we bow:
But though slaves to a smile or a dimple,
We wish for no sprouts on our brow.
To thee, lord of hearts and of purses,
Our tribute of homage we pay,
But save us from dry or wet nurses,
And duns, more unwelcome than they.
Thy presence shall always delight us,
When gold in abundance you bring;
But we'd rather your godship would slight us,
Than dry up Pactolus' spring.
We shall not object to your roses,
Whether blooming in country or town,
But though Hymen on flowers reposes,
He can sleep just as well upon down.

THE DEPARTED.

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!
* * * * * * *
I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal.
* * * * * * *
In the hush of the night on the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still!
* * * * * * *
And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapp'd in a mantle of care—
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh call it not gloom,
Is not the black grief of despair;
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears,
And hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born—like the rainbow—in tears.

Hervey.

Youth is an ever restless ocean,
Where passions rule in wild commotion,
Age is the clear unruffled stream,
Resplendent with the sun's last beam.

The following highly poetical inscriptions instead of the vulgar insignia of 'boots and shoes,' are to be found on the signs of two brethren of the craft of the English metropolis:—

"Here's the man that wont refuse,
For to mend both boots and shoes;
My leather's good, my charges just;
Excuse me—I cannot trust.

The next is more sublime: but as it has less of the business-like style than the former, we should be inclined to prefer the man of modest pretensions for our cobbler.

"Blow, O Blow ye gentle breezes,
All among the leaves and treezes;
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly muses,
And I will mend your boots & shoozes."

So great has been the demand for Mr. Halsted's work on Dyspepsia, that he has already sold more that 7000 copies.

Neighbour Higgins came in rubbing his hands last Wednesday morning, and exclaimed, 'What a swinging cold night we've had—they have a monitor down at Tom Taft's and by that it was 10 degrees colder than nothing.—*Keene Sentinel.*

[The weather was uncommonly cold about that time. A man, it is reported went into a store in that vicinity not long since, (probably the same morning) and assured the bystanders that Squire —— 's *Mahometan* was 3 degrees below *Caesar.*]

Cheap Travelling.—Some time ago a gentleman drove up to a tavern in a gig and asked the landlord if he could be accommodated for the night. Being answered in the affirmative, he took up his quarters, telling the landlord that he need not give his horse any thing, as he had plenty of oats in his gig. In the morning he politely asked for his bill, when the landlord (who had caught such larks in his trap before) presented him the following bill;

Mr. ——	Dr.
To bootjack & slippers,	nothing at all
To three glasses of water,	nothing at all
To three hours fireside,	nothing at all
To five anecdotes,	nothing at all
To no hay,	nothing at all
To lodging,	$00 12½

Received payment in full—thank you, sir. The gentleman went off reading his bill.

It appears to be the disposition of some of the New York working men to nominate Judge M'Lean for President, & Colonel Johnson for Vice President.

A new State right.—Upwards of $200,000 in gold, are said to have been coined in Georgia, the present season, in $2 50, $5, and $10 pieces, On one side is Templeton Reed, Assayer; and on the other Georgia Gold. We supposed the right of coining gold and silver belonged exclusively to the general government.

THE HARTFORD CONVENTION.

At the late session of the Superior Court of Fairfield, the Hon. R. M. Sherman, one of the members of the Hartford Convention of 1814, was put under oath, and under the pains and penalties of PERJURY, gave a history of the proceedings of that far-famed meeting.

Ques. Was it an object of the Convention to embarrass and paralyze the government of the U. States, in the prosecution of the war with Great Britain?

Answer.—It was not. Nothing of the kind was done or entertained by the Convention, or, so far as I know or believe, by those by whom it was originated. On the contrary, its principal object was a more effectual co-operation in that war, as to the defence of the New England states.

Question.—Has not the Convention been generally reputed in the U. States to be treasonable?

Answer.—Much has been said and published to that effect, but without the least foundation. I believe I know their proceedings perfectly and that every measure, done or proposed, has never been pointed out, to my knowledge, as inconsistent with their obligations to the United States, nor was any such act contemplated by them.

Dumb Motions.—In Italy a lover at a ball places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, you are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you. If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies I consent: but if she turns her head, it is a denial. At a ball, in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her, is only diffidence, to place yourself near her is interest, but to follow her with your eyes in the dance, is love.

A schoolmaster in a neighbouring town, while inflicting punishment upon a refractory scholar, was visited by a teacher of music. I find you very actively employed this morning, said the musician. Yes, replied the instructor, and business happens to be quite in accordance, for you see I am *striking the trembling lyre!*

The following is a copy of a sign hung out at a village in Wiltshire, Eng.

Matty Miller, barber, perri-wig maker, surjon, parish clarke, school master, blacksmith, & man middiff. Shaves for a penne, cuts hair for two pence, and oyled and powdered into the bargam. Young ladies genteely edicated:—lamps lited by the yeer or quarter.—Young geotlemen also taut there grammer langwage in the neetest manner, and great care takin of their morals and spellin. Also salme singin, and horse shewin, by the reale maker. Likewise makess and mends all sorts of butes and shoose, teeches the hoboy and juse harp, cuts corns, bledes and blisters, on the lowest terms. Cowtillions and other dances taut at home and abroade. Also deels holesale and retale perfumery in all its branches, sells all sorts of stationary wair, together with blachin ball, red herrins, ginger bred and eoles; scrubbin brushes, treycle, mouse traps, and other sweet metes. Likewise Godfrey's cordial rutes, botatos, sassages, and other garden stuffs.

N. B. I teches joggraphy, and them outlandish kind of things, a bawle on Wendesdays and Frydays, all performed by me. MATTY MILLER.

The Masonic Lodges of Wilmington (Del.) gave 500 loaves of bread to the Poor of that town last week.

A child two years of age, the son of Mr. William W. Wiggins, residing in Eleventh, between Walnut and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, was scalded to death by falling into a tub of boiling water on Thursday last.

The New-York papers inform us that the New-York Corporation have been in imminent danger of suffocation from the deleterious effects of anthracite coal,

THE TWO SISTERS.

In a large city in Germany dwelt two sisters, Jeannette and Pauline. Jeannette had the good fortune to be very handsome, and the bad fortune to find it out very soon. She soon accustomed herself to look in the glass—that was natural; soon took pains in dressing—that was pardonable; she endeavoured to acquire accomplishments—that was prudent; but she thought nothing more was necessary—that was foolish. True she played well on the harpsichord, and sung bravura airs with taste: she drew landscapes after Hackert, and embroidered flowers from nature. But she only played the harpsichord in great companies, and only sung airs at concerts; she only drew landscapes for exhibition, and embroidered flowers for sofas and screens At home, time passed tediously, although her old weak mother was continually praising her beauty. This truth could only give pleasure by coming from her lips: hence Jeannette was continually seeking her society. Ladies always practice a certain economy in the praise of other ladies; but gentlemen on the contrary, are generally very lavish of praise; and therefore Jeannette was fond of the society of gentlemen.

Her sister Pauline would probably have thought and acted in the same manner; but no one praised the poor girl, simply because no one noticed her for the small-pox had rendered her appearance homely. She was also far behind her sister in showy accomplishments. She played the guitar and sung agreeably but merely simple little songs. She was not behind Jeannette in the art of drawing; but except a few landscapes which hung in her mother's chamber, which no one but her mother saw; no one knew of her talent; for the homely Pauline was as diffident as the fascinating Jeannette was unembarrassed; and it only required a second look from any one to cause her to blush deeply. Fortunately this did not often happen, for no one looked at her twice. She embroidered as well as her sister, but only upon work bags for aunts and grandmothers. She appeared best at home—in company the consciousness of her homeliness, gave her an air of constraint; but at home affairs could not go on without her.

When the girls grew up, their mother thought proper that they should take charge of the house, each one by turns, week about Pauline soon became accustomed to it, & in her week all things went on right. When Jeannette's turn came, she hurried about busily the whole forenoon, but when noon came the dinner was spoiled. She grieved also at the time she lost from her singing and harpsichord, and at the little time which was left her to arrange her head dress for her evening parties. The good-hearted Pauline frequently took her task off her hands, until finally the practice was neglected of relieving each other weekly, and Jeannette troubled herself no more about domestic affairs. The weak mother did not interfere, for she could not be displeased with the lovely face which pleased every body. There could be no large party unless Jeannette Western graced it; her name served the poets for a subject, and was the universal toast. Few only knew that she had a sister.

Two young officers, Edward & Maurice, saw Jeannette and both became extremely enamoured. Both were of good family, brave, noble, and both very rich. Jeannette was delighted with her conquests, and her mother, who was in moderate circumstances, indulged herself in sweet dreams of the future. If both should be in earnest, said she to her daughter, which will you prefer? I don't know myself, answered Jeannette, they both please me, but I shall like the richest one the best. Then I shall take care of you mother, in your old age, and I would have my sister to manage my house for me. The doating parent wept for joy at the filial sentiments of her daughter, and Pauline was grateful for such a mark of sisterly affection. In the mean time both of the young men wooed earnestly for the beauty's favour, and both were equally kind to the homely Pauline, because she gave them the pleasure of being alone with her sister. Jeannette was really in embarrassment which of her adorers to prefer. Edward gave a ball at which she was queen, & she thought on the evening she was in a fair way to love Edward. Maurice gave a sleigh ride, and she flew along the street in a splendid equipage, and on that day she thought Maurice more amiable than his rival. So she delayed her decision from one day to another, attributing her hesitation to her heart.

If I were in your place, said Pauline one day, I should take Edward.

Why?—Maurice is as rich, and you will acknowledge he is handsomer.

He is generous too, said the mother.

But he is fickle, replied Pauline. Our aunt has told me a good many things about him.

Our aunt, answered Jeannette snappishly, is an old aunt.

Edward, on the other hand continued Pauline, is more steady; and I think I have often remarked, that he feels more deeply and more sincerely than Maurice.

Pshaw! said Jeannette, tossing her head while she stuck a flower in her hair before the glass, they both feel so deeply that I hardly know how to manage them. Meanwhile, what harm will there be in delaying my choice awhile? Their rivalry makes my time pass very pleasantly, and finally accident will decide. Pauline was silent. Both suiters continued their attentions without remission.

One day as Edward entered the room, he found Pauline in tears and Jeannette laughing loudly. He asked modestly the cause of the tears and the laughter. I am a child, said Pauline blushing, and left the chamber. A child indeed, said Jeannette laughing after her: you would never guess what she was crying for.

If it is not improper to ask—

Oh not at all. You have probably sometimes remarked the old blind dog that used to lie on the sofa? He was mine, and in his young days used to make a good deal of sport. This morning he broke a handsome dish. At first I fretted a little, at last I thought the old blind animal was good for nothing, and only did mischief: so sent him to a huntsman and had him shot.

And that was the cause of your sister's weeping?

That was it. One would think we were living in the times of romance.

Edward was silent, and soon changed the conversation. But after that time he never overlooked Pauline as he had formerly done. He conversed sometimes with her, became acquainted with her unpretending worth, admired her modesty, and began to think her appearance less homely. Yet when the fascinating Jeannette appeared, her charms made him forget Pauline.

Jeannette had prepared a splendid masquerade dress for the character of a Sultana, for the carnival which was approaching, when her mother was taken sick. Pauline was to have accompanied her as her slave, and had prepared a becoming dress for the occasion. The day arrived: the illness of the mother had increased: the looks of the physician, although he said nothing made Pauline determine not to go to the masquerade. Jeannette gave herself but little trouble to persuade her to go, and went without her.

"Where is your sister?" asked Edward.

"My mother is not well, and Pauline has remained at home for company." He was pleased at that: but he had little time to think of it, for Jeannette appeared more beautiful than ever, and neither he nor Maurice left her side. She enjoyed the triumph of being admired in the highest degree. Whenever she danced, a crowd was formed around her; wherever she went, she heard the voice of flattery.

Towards midnight, just as she had promised to dance a quadrille with Edward, a domino came up and took off his mask: it was her mother's physician. "Miss," said he, "I have just come from your house, and I dare not conceal from you that your mother is very ill."

"Good Heaven!" she exclaimed, terrified and perplexed, "I must go this moment."

"By all means," said Edward, "let us go."

Just then the music commenced.—Jeannette looked round embarrassed; Edward offered his services to look for her servant. She was just at the point of requesting him to do so, when one of the dancers in the set took her hand and commenced the figure. She obeyed mechanically, but said to a lady standing next to her, "I cannot dance any longer, my mother's sick." O, do not rob us of the ornament of our quadrille:" said a young rich Englishman,—"A few minutes can make no difference." She looked at Edward as if she wished him to decide for her, but he was silent. It was now his turn to dance. The person next him jogged