THE TIMES AND PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

MEN AND MEASURES.

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J. B. Spencer, Editor.

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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.

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Subscriptions received at the Office of the Centreville Times.

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Jan. 13, 3m FRANCIS ARLETT.

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PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be sold at public sale on *Saturday* 9th of *April*, next, at ten o'clock A. M. One Lot of Ground lying in Hock Town. And at 3 o'clock p. m. Will be sold

ANOTHER LOT;

(on which there is a House,) in the Forks of the Road, adjoining the lands of Mr. George Finley, dec'd.—On the ratification of the sale, the purchase money will be required, and proper deeds given by *JOHN LUCAS*, 3d trustee
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A NEGRO WOMAN

ACCUSTOMED to House or Out door work, to hire out for the remaining part of the year—for terms apply to
C. Ville, march 1831, JNO. B. SPENCER

POETRY.

THE SWEDISH MINER.

The body of a young Swedish Miner was once discovered in one of the mines of Dalecarlia, in a state of perfect preservation from the action of the mineral waters in which he had been immersed. No one could recognize the body except a very old woman, who knew it to be that of her lover, and embraced it with the most lively demonstrations of grief. He had perished fifty years before.

They've borne him from his darksome tomb
Up to the blessed light of day;
And from his cheek the tranquil bloom
Of life hath scarcely past away.
Upon the stripling's transient cheek,
The bloom of life doth glow,
Like twilight's rich and rosy streak
Upon the Winter snow.
There came an aged dame; and put away
The dark hair, from his pallid brow,
And look! how mournfully she doth lay
Her lips to his pale features now
Methinks, some pleasant dream of years
Long gone, comes o'er her memory;
For smiles gleam o'er her face, then tears
Gush to her aged eye,
And mournfully and low
These words from her full heart o'er-flow,
And art thou lying here!
Beautiful as thou wast, when side by side,
Our wayward feet ranged all the woodlands wide,
In childhood's thoughtless glee!
Yes! my beloved though gone hath many a year,
I will remember thee!
Here is the same white brow
That won my simple heart when life's green path
Was all a paradise; methinks it hath
Its same calm beauty yet.
That cheek though death hath somewhat changed it now
I never might forget.
Thou wearest the red rose
I gave thee, on that gentle summer's eve,
When thou, all bloom and manliness, didst leave
Me blushing at the door—
Alas! I little dreamed at that days mellow close,
My love would come no more.
After the rapid flight
Of fifty years, 'tis pleasant in old age
To see thee, ere I end my pilgrimage;
And now we part! The cell,
The awful tomb! must shut thee from my sight,
I join thee soon, Farewell. A. B.

From the Literary Souvenir.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

Mr. Richard Fogrum, or as his old acquaintances would more familiarly than respectfully designate him, Dick Fogrum, or as he was sometimes styled on the superscription of a letter from a tradesman or poor relation, Richard Fogrum Esq had for some years retired from business, although he had not yet passed what is called the middle age; and turning his back on his shop, where he had made, if not a considerable fortune, at least handsome competency, rented a small house at Hackney, or as he was pleased to term it, in the country. His establishment united a due attention to comfort, with economy and prudence. Besides a kitchen-maid and an occasional charwoman or errand boy, Mr. Fogrum possessed, in the person of the trusty Sally Sadlins, an excellent superintendent of this little menage. Sally was not exactly gouvernante, or housekeeper, at least she assumed none of the dignity attached to such a post; she seemed indeed hardly to have a will or opinion of her own, but had so insensible accommodated herself to her employer's ways and humours, that by degrees the apparent distance between master and servant diminished, and as Sally, though far from talkative herself, was a good listener, Mr. Fogrum began to find a pleasure in relating to her all the little news and anecdotes he usually picked up in his daily walks.

Well, therefore, might Mrs. Thoms, who was aware that elderly gentleman in her 'dear' uncle's situation, are not always gifted with that discretion that beseems their years, but sometimes commit themselves to wedlock in an unwary moment, to the no small prejudice of their affectionate relatives: well, I say, might the prudent Mrs. Thoms congratulate herself on having found such a treasure, so unvalued a jewel, as Sally Sadlins. She was certain that from this quarter, at least, there was nothing to be apprehended—nothing to intercept her dear uncle's three per cents. from what she considered the legitimate object of their destination. Some alarm, indeed, had been excited in her mind, by hearing that Mr. Fogrum had been seen rather frequently of late knocking at the door of mrs. Simpson; but then again she thought that he could not possibly be led thither by any other motive than that of chatting away an hour with the widow of an old friend; besides, this lady was not likely to either to lead or to be led, into matrimony. In her younger days, mrs. Simpson might have been pretty, but none of her acquaintances could recollect when. She still patched; yet the patch was applied not where coquetry would have placed it, but where necessity dictated, namely over the left eye. Mrs. Thoms, therefore, consoled herself with the reflection, that it was better her uncle should knock at mrs. Simpson's door then at that of a more attractive fair one.—No! her uncle, she was perfectly satisfied, would never marry.

What have you got there, Sally? said mr. Fogrum to his housekeeper, one day, as she drew something from her pocket, while standing before the sideboard opposite to him. An't please you sir, replied Sally, in a meek, but no very gentle voice, it's a bit o' summat I was going to show you. You know sir, my uncle Tim took leave of me yesterday, before he goes to sea again, and so he gave me this paper, which he says may chance to turn up trumps, and make me comfortable for life.

Well, let me see what it is Sally—is it the old fellow's will?—Hum!—why, Sally, this is a lottery ticket!—a whole lottery ticket; yet I will venture to say not worth more than the rag of paper 'tis printed on. I have myself tried the lottery, times and often, ere now, and never got any thing but—disappointment.

Mrs. Thoms was sitting one morning cogitating on some mischief that she again began to apprehend from the widow Simpson, in consequence of certain intelligence she had the day before received, respecting that lady's design upon the person of her uncle, when she was suddenly startled from her reverie by a loud rapping at the door, and instantly afterwards who should enter the parlour but the very subject of her meditations—mrs. Simpson herself.

The appearance of so unusual a visitor would alone have sufficed to surprise her; but there was something in the good lady's manner and countenance, that denoted she came upon a very important errand.

Why, mrs. Thoms; exclaimed she, almost breathless, as soon as she entered, have you heard?—your uncle—

Good heavens! cried mrs. Thoms, what do you mean?—what has happened?—my poor dear uncle—ill—dying!

Compose yourself mrs. Thoms—not dying—but I thought you might have heard—

Heard what?—some accident I suppose?—poor dear man!

No: no accident returned the widow, who by this time had somewhat recovered her breath, but something very strange—most unaccountable.—What you may think of it, I know not, but for my part I think that mr. Fogrum has acted—I shall not say how.

And pray ma'am, said mrs. Thoms, who now began to think that it was some quarrel between them, of which the widow came to inform her, what has mr. Fogrum done, that you should come in this strange manner, and make so great a fuss about it? It is some nonsense after all, I dare say.

Nonsense, forsooth!—well I declare!—however, it certainly is no business of mine ma'am, returned mrs. Simpson, quite nettled at her reception; and as I suppose you know what has taken place, and approve of it, I have nothing more to say.

Mrs. Thoms now became unaffectedly alarmed, and apprehending she knew not what, requested to be informed what had happened without further delay.

Why ma'am then, mr. Fogrum is ——married, that's all!

To describe the effects these words had upon mrs. Thoms, would be impossible, and to paint the expression of her countenance, equally unavailing.

Married! screamed she out, at length as soon as she could draw her breath, Married! impossible—to whom?

To whom?—to Sally Sadlins ma'am.

To Sally Sadlins!—impossible—you must be joking.

Not I, I assure you. I'm not a person mrs. Thoms, to make such jokes. I myself saw them less than an hour ago, pass by my window in a post-chaise together, and then learnt the whole story from those who saw them step into it, at the church door.

Oh! mrs. Simpson, how have I been deceived in that insinuating hussy, Sally Sadlins! She who seemed so staid so discreet—so very unlikely a persom. What an old fool *he* must be to marry so vulgar a frump!

Nay, do not agitate yourself, my dear ma'am, said mrs Simpson, who, now having disburthened herself of her secret, and her own mortification being perhaps carried off by that of mrs. Thoms's, which acted as a conductor to it, had quite regained her composure—for my part, I hope he may not repent of his match.

Oh, Thoms! exclaimed the other lady, as her husband entered the room, Here is news for us!—my silly old uncle hac actually this very morning, married his maid-servant!

That is most confoundedly unlucky, cried Thoms, though I much doubted whether all your management and manœuvring, for which you gave yourself so much credit, would be to any purpose.

But who could dream of such a thing! I have no patience with him for having married ss he has done.

Well my dear, there's no helping it; and perhaps, after all, since he is married, it is quite as well for us that he has chosen as he has.

While mrs. Thoms was ejaculating and bewailing—now abusing poor Sally as an artful seducing woman, who, under the mask of the greatest simplicity, had contrived to work upon her uncle's weakness—and anon venting her reproaches against the latter, for suffering himself to be thus duped—a post chaise was seen rolling along on the road to ————, with the identical pair seated in it, who were the subject of this invective and clamour. The intelligence of which, mrs. Simpson had been the unwelcome messenger, was in fact, correct in every particular: for Richard Fogrum single man, and Sally Sadlins spinster, had that very morning been lawfully united in wedlock, although but a few days before, had any one prognosticated such an event, they would no more have believed it possible than mrs. Thoms herself.

Now my dear Sally, said the somewhat staid Benedict, laying his hand rather gently than amorously on that of the bride, for which by the bye, it was really no match in size, I doubt not but my niece will be in a towering passion when she hears of this; however, no matter, let her and the rest of the world say what they please. I do not see why a man may not just as well follow his own fancies as those of other persons. Besides; Sally, though folks may think that I might have made a more advantageous match, in point of fortune, at least, they may perhaps be in error. I have a piece of intelligence to communicate, of which perhaps you little dream. You recollect that lottery ticket?—well! passing the Lucky Corner, by the Mansion House, two days ago, I beheld pasted up at the window, No. 123, £20 000!! Ha! ha! Sally; well did I recollect those figures again—one, two, three! they follow each other as naturally as A, B, C. So home I came, but determined to say nothing of the matter till now.

The reader has already been informed that Sally was the most phlegmatic of her sex: still it may be supposed that such an interesting disclosure would have elicited some ejaculation of exultation, even from the lips of a stoic. Yet Sally, with wonderful composure, merely replied, La! now that is curious.

Curious! yes, but I assure you it is quite true: I am not joking.

Well; what an odd turn things do sometimes take!

Odd indeed, for who would have thought that my identical unlucky number, 123, should bring you—I may say us, Sally—twenty thousand pounds.

But sir, Mr. Fogrum, you are mistaken, I meen to say——

Mo mistake at all, my dear—quite certain of it—took down the numbers in my pocket-book—see here—123, £20,000! Is not that the number of your ticket.

Yes: but—

But what?

Why, you won't hear me, mr. Fogrum, said Sally, mildly. I was only going to say that two months ago—I sold the ticket.

How! —what,—sold—groaned out poor Fogrum, and sunk gasping against the side of the chaise.