Centreville Times,
AND
EASTERN-SHORE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

No. 403. CENTREVILLE, E. S. MARYLAND; DECEMBER 14: 1833. J. B. Spencer, Editor

Terms.

$3 PER ANNUM—or
$2,50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.
Single Papers, 6 Cents.
ADVERTISEMENTS of 15 lines printed 3 weeks for One dollar—longer ones in the same proportion.

Cash will be required for all advetisements inserted in the Centreville Times.—administrators, Constables, and Sheriffs advertising sales will be credited until the expiration of the day of sale, at which time the money will invariably be expected from the officer advertising any sale.

Subscriptions are always intended for a Year, and a subscriber must notify the editor before he can discontinue the Paper.

All Letters, Communications, and Advertisements, must come POSTAGE FREE or they will not be taken out of the Post office.

NEGROES

wanted!

We wish to purchase 40 or 50 hands: we wish to purchase some families, & would like to purchase as many as practicable from the same plantation or neighborhood.—

Persons wishing to sell families can receive the most satisfactory evidence that we purchase for our own use &r will not separate them, by applying at the bar of Mr, Wilmer's tavern in this place,

FELIX HUSTON &
WALTER BYRNES.
Centreville Aug. 17th 1833

BEEF! BEEF!

The subscriber takes this method to inform his friends and citizens of Centreville and vicinity generally, that he intends carrying on the Butchering business and will supply the market with all kinds of meat in their season. He will attend the market daily, except Thursdays, and his customers in case they should be in want, can be supplied with meat on that day—and he hopes a strict attention to the Business & a disposition on his part to please, will entitle him to a share of the public patronage. The publicks obt. serv't,

JOHN M'FARLAND.
October 12.

Notice.

The partnership, heretofore existing between *Francis Arlett Robert Butle* in the CABINET MAKING & CARPENTER'S BUSINESS, was dissolved on the 20th inst. by the death of Francis Arlett. All persons indebted to the said firm, are requested to make immediate payment to

ROBERT BUTLER

SLOOP PATRIOT

FOR SALE.

The fine substantial built little Sloop Patriot at private sale.—This Vessel is twelve months old on or about the 20th of this month, will carry about 800 bushels of grain, was built by the subscriber for his own use of the best materials, has a large and commodious cabin finished in the best manner with eight births, State Room included is fitted up in a superior style & is considered a good Sailer. She is to be sold on no other account than that of being too small for the service she is engaged in,—will be sold a great bargain. Application made to

THOMAS H. KEMP
Love Point, Kent Island
June 22, 1833.

TO HIRE,

For the next year—several Negro women and girls, some of them have been accustomed to out work,

ROBT, WRIGHT,
Nov, 23, Head of wye

Housekeeper Wanted

The editor wishes to employ immediately, for a lady of his acquaintance, a housekeeper who understands sewing &c. The highest wages will be given. None need apply who cannot produce good recommendations.
Nov. 9 w

Cheap, Boots, Shoes, HATS &c.

The subscriber has now on hand a first rate stock of home made shoe and pumps, for gentlemen — ladies shoes, and coarse shoes for Negroess Hats &c. which he will sell very low for cash. *JOHN LUCAS.*
Centreville, aug. 31. tf,

Notice.

Persons indebted to the late Francis Arlett, on bond, note or open account are hereby notified that the administrator expects immediate payment, otherwise compulsory process must be used towards them.
Nov. 16. Wm. Harper, ad.

COACH GIG AND

Harness making

The subscriber informs his friends and the publick, that he has on hand, A very handsome assortment of

GIGS & OTHER CARRIAGES:

Suitable for the Eastern Shore of Md. and invites those who wish to purchase to call and see for themselves.

His work is made of the best materials and by experienced workmen; having but few apprentices he can with much confidence recommend his carriages to be strong, easy and light, He has also some second handed carriages for sale.

In addition to carriage making he carries on the Saddling Business in all its various branches, and he is determined not to be surpassed by any in either branch of his business, as regards quality, price, neatness and strength, or the ease of his carriages or saddles.

DANIEL NEWNAM.

N. B. Some of my customers have neglected to call and settle off their accounts, They are invited to call speedily—cash is a necessary article to carry on so expensive a business.
The publick's humble servant—D N.
Centreville August 13, 1833

Overseer Wanted.

The subscriber wishes to employ for the ensuing year a single man as an Overseer—he must be honest, capable & willing to work—apply to Philip C. Wallis, opposite Chestertown or to

PHILIP WALLIS
Nov. 30th 1833. Baltimore,

150 SERVANTS

WANTED,

Of all descriptions—— mechanicks of al kinds from 12 to twenty-five years of age also 50 in families—it is desirable to purchase them in large lots as they will be settled in Alabama and will not be separated—Persons having slaves to dispose of will do well to give me a call as I am permanently settled in this market, and at all times will give the highest cash prices. Any communication directed to me in Easton will be promptly attended to. can at all times be found at Mr. Lowe'
May 5th. THOS. M. JONES

Bargains! Bargains, NEW GOODS.

WILLIAM STEVENS

Has the pleasure of informing his friends and the public generally, that he has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with a beautiful assortment of

FALL GOODS,

Which were selected with care and attention, and added to his recent purchases make his assortment very extensive.—It consists in part of a Beautiful stock of New Style Calicoes—British and French Merinoes and Circassians, and an extensive assortment of SILK GOODS—together with a general stock of British, Irish, Russia, Scotch and DOMESTIC GOODS. Also

A large Assortment of

GROCERIES;

Among which are superior

Fresh Teas—

Prime Port and Madeira

WINES.

Hardware, China, Glass, and Crockery

All of which he will sell very low for cash, or exchange for country produce.

His friends and the public generally are solicited to call and view his stock.
Centreville, Sept. 28th 1833. tf

Communicated

For the Times.

MR. EDITOR—

Pope in some one of his Letters remarks, that sickness like old age, makes a man wise; and I would add, that poverty in many instances is quite as instructive. A few years ago I finished my Collegiate career and returned home to take possession of a fine estate left me by a crabbed old uncle. Only think Mr. Editor, what happiness I felt at finding myself my own master at the glorious age of two and twenty, with a fortune of rather more than five and thirty thousand hard dollars and a snug little dwelling the admiration and envy of my wealthiest neighbors. Now thought I, is the time to satisfy myself whether men are the selfish, heartless wretches they are represented to be in the various books I have read concerning Human nature. To determine the Question satisfactorily and safely I deposited exactly the half of all I possessed in the vaults of the United States Branch Bank, the following day my house was open to all, my Side-Boards glittered with plate, the most exquisite wines sparkled from the most costly Decanters—the Dinner table groaned with every delicacy money could produce: the drawing room was crowded with Friends of either sex whose cheerful countenances spoke the joy they felt at my sudden prosperity. Congratulations without reserve poured forth and all departed at the first crowing of the cock with the sincerest declarations that they had never been at any party which afforded them satisfaction complete—day after day had passed, friend after friend came and went, the cards of invitation that loaded the mantle would have induced a stranger to fancy me a plenipotentiary who had received a visit from each member of Congress in succession.

Things went on in this manner, upwards of a twelve month, when finding my funds nearly exhausted I resolved to put the sincerity of my numberless friends to a real test and see whether Timon of Athens had any thing better than insanity to ground his misanthrophy upon. Accordingly I selected the warmest of my admirers—those who had been the most constant companions in my hours of dissipation—who had most greedily and gratefully and perseveringly devoured the most delicious of my dainties, who were so solicitous of my health and happiness as never to permit a day to pass without waiting upon me personally or at least sending a Servant to make known their anxiety regarding my welfare: I invited them to a most sumptuous repast—the song and the glass and the joke circulated as rapidly and as joyfully as ever. Every eye shone upon me with complacency and affection — Every tongue was eloquent in lauding my liberality and noble-heartedness, and every ear received with adulation the dullest and most trifling words that fell from my lips. This is the moment thought I to decide whether Shakspeare has libelled our nature or not in giving to Timon such friends as he describes. "Gentlemen" said I—with a faultering voice and a look of supplication, I am an undone man—I have lived beyond my income—I am in overwhelmed with debt and every thing around you will be taken from me—even to the bed I sleep on—unless my dear friends you take the business in hand and do something to relieve me. Had an angel from Heaven suddenly sounded the last summoning Trumpet in their Ears the change that ensued could not have been speedier nor more complete. After a few minutes pause the company rose simultaneously from the table: some nodded—some whispered—some tittered, and all prepared to make good their departure as easily and as quickly as the slightest regard to propriety would admit, one or two of the more knowing ones took me in tow and until the main body had made their escape condoled with me upon the sudden change in my affairs, assuring me it might be all for the better, that something might yet turn up to free me from my embarrassments—and that at all events happen what might, I had too many warm friends to think of yielding to despondency. Then putting on their hats they recommended me to seek a little repose and take things easy—wishing me a good night they left me.

Next day passed, not a single visitor—not a single card came, I felt lone some, walked abroad towards evening; met several of my quondam friends—some passed by, without recognizing me—others accidentally crossed the street just before I reached them. I called at their several dwellings—but could find no one of them at home—the servants stuck themselves in the doors as if ready to knock me down, should I express a wish of entering. I returned home, disposed of all my fashionable furniture—cut Decanters included, a Select Library, directed my servant to inform visitors that my health was too delicate to see company, and now, Mr. Editor, with the other half of my estate, which is yet in Squire Biddle's pocket book, safe enough in my opinion, I intend to lead quite another kind of life, fully satisfied that men are the same in every age, that Shakspeare knew something of human nature, tho' he was not a misanthropist and that no folly can eclipse theirs who keep their tables and their Side-Boards loaded with expensive dainties to feast their numberless friends upon.

CONSISTENCY

Weather at Halifax, N. S.

During the night time in the month of May last, the thermometer was below freezing 21 times and on the 11th was as low as 12 degrees. In June it was not less than 7 times at or below 30. In July it was only eight times above 50. and on three occasions it was below 10. In August it was nearly similar. Sept. 23 the thermometer was at 30.—

Journal of Commerce

Breach of Promise.

At the session of the Supreme court of Maine, in Saco, last week, the case of Harriet Jewet against Thomas W. O'Brien, for a breach of marriage, appealed from Court of Common Pleas, where a verdict was given for the plaintiff for 1650 dollars, was augmented & a verdict given for the plaintiff of $1700. The plaintiff has moved for the new trial.

Welsh Flannel, a rational reason for Marrying.—How could you do so imprudent a thing, said a curate to a very poor Taffy: what reason could have for marrying a girl as completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the prospect of the slightest provision? Why sir replied the Benedict, we had a blanket a piece; and as the cold winter weather was coming on, we thought that putting them together 'twould be warmer.

Michigan and Florida are likely soon to become integral portions of our confederacy, the original number of which will then be doubled.

The Legislature of New Jersey has a bill now under consideration that no steam carriage, shall travel at a greater speed than 20 miles per hour.

It is now in fashion, says a London paper to have the paper of rooms varnished which renders them both impervious to damp and more lasting.

ALLUM.

It is stated in a Buffalo paper that native allum has been collected on the bank of Catargus Creek. It oozes from the soil like water, and chrystalizes on the surface of the ground.

AFRICAN EDUCATION.

General Jones of Washington has offered his plantation in the District of Columbia, for the purpose of educating African youth.

It is stated that Don Pedro has dared his brother Miguel to single combat which has been refused.

After the first January next, linens, bleached and unbleached, in pursuance of the late reduction of tariff, are to be admitted duty free.

A mail at the mediterranean squadron will be made up at New York, to go by the Marcellus, to sail on the 14th for Gibraltar.

Col. R. M. Johnson of Kentucky has been a member of Congress for 26 years without intermission.

Communications:

For the Centreville Times.

Mr. Editor—

In looking over a volume of Bourdaloue, my attention was attracted by the following stricutures on Slander, which for the benefit of your readers, I have rendered into English; they must bear in mind the difference that obtains between the original and hasty translation.

"Slander in what manner soever we consider it, bears the stamp of meanness and baseness too indelibly and glaring ever to be effaced. Either he against whom you speak is your enemy or your friend, or an indifferent person to you. If he be your enemy it is hatred or envy that prompts you to speak evil things of him—both of which are vices that even the common run of mankind have ever viewed as base and contemptible, as undoubtedly they are, whatever you may allege against him, every one is in the right not to believe you & to say that it is private resentment that exasperates you—that it is passion which makes you hold such language, that if this man were in your interest you would not run him down so extravagantly and that you would approve in him many things which you now censure with the utmost malignity. In reality this is what every one must say, and the wisest who listen to you and witness the violence of your enmity far from esteeming your enemy the less, will only conceive a disgust & contempt for you or at the best, compassion for your weakness—on the other hand if he be your friend whom your envenomed tongue assaults; for what is there that slander dares not assault—what detestable meanness, to betray so vilely the sacred bonds of friendship—to raise your voice against the very man whose warmest defender you should have been—to expose him to the ridicule and laughter of conversation in one place, and flatter him with the most servile expressions of gratitude and regard in another. But supposing the slandered party is one indifferent to you; who has never harmed nor benefitted you—is it not but another species of baseness to subject him to the stripes of your inexorable tongue. As you regard him as unconnected with you, why do you go out of your way to harrass and revile him? Never having suffered any evil at his hands why are you the first to render it unto him? What has he done to draw upon his head the poison of your slander? You have nothing against him and meanwhile you wound and persecute him. I ask can any thing be baser than such conduct? Moreover what is the time commonly fixed upon by the slanderer for aiming his deadly blow? That in which he finds his victim most defenceless. For do not believe that he attacks his prey openly. He is too circumspect in his iniquity not to bear with him a greater fund of precaution. Whilst you are in his sight not a single word shall escape him.—Let him perceive one individual disposed to befriend you and he requires no more to close his mouth But only withdraw, and let him believe himself in security and it will be then he pours forth the bitterness of his gall; the most outrageous censures and invectives; then will he stand forth the slanderer complete and perfect. What baseness to insult a man merely because it is not in his power to protect himself from the injustice done him.

How happens it that slander is become so agreeable in the assemblies and conversations of the world? Why does it employ so many artifices & assume so many shapes? How it insinuates itself! how cheerful an air does it take! what Bon mots does it invent! what fine terms does it envelope itself in!—what equivocations does it cherish! what praises it utters with certain restrictions and reserves! How many reflexions, filled with a cruel compassion! What looks & winks that speak without the tongue and convey more than words themselves! why all this? Because otherwise slander could not dare to disclose its hated visage—nor to enter a human abode. Being in itself so mean and so detestable as it is, contempt would every where repel it were it to appear in its natural colors—& hence it is, that it adorns and decorates itself for the eyes of men, but in a manner that renders it still more hateful & criminal to the eyes of God. What caps the climax of the detestability of this vice is; that not content to seem agreeable and to hold itself up as a fashionable censor, it would be thought honest; charitable—well intentioned, an abuse of every day's occurrence. People have found a way of consecrating slander—of changing it into a virtue and even into one of the most holy of virtues—namely a zeal for the glory of God. That is to say, they have found the manner of blackening & tearing in pieces the characters of their neighbors, not as much from hatred nor the sallies of passion, as from a maxim of piety & for the interest of God. They invent—they exaggerate—they poison things: report them by halves—they lay down their prejudices as incontestable truths—they utter a thousand falsehoods—they confound the general with the particular—what one has said amiss they publish to all, what many have said with truth and justice, they tell to no one—and all this once more for the glory of God. Oh if God at this moment were here to reveal all our thoughts, as he will reveal them at his universal judgment; and were he to disclose all the intentions which we have had in persecuting this one or that one, how ashamed of ourselves should we not feel. Or were we ourselves in the spirit of sincere repentance willing to recognise the perversity of our hearts, what an acknowledgment should we not make of it to God. No Lord we would say to him—nothing actuated me less than the motive of your glory, and I am a prevaricator to have wished to make thy divine glory pander to the iniquity and disorders of my passions. Had I but proposed to myself thy glory so much sharpness and bitterness of heart would not have accompanied my zeal. I never would have felt so sensible a pleasure in talking of the imperfections of my neighbor, I should never have taken from his humiliations an advantage to the prejudice of charity—for charity is inseparable from thy glory. If it were a regard to thy glory that directed me, I should never have exaggerated so much the misdoings of others—never would, I have added any thing of my own invention—never would I have published my own conjectures as facts certain and indubitable; for zeal for thy glory rests on the foundation of truth. When I found aught reprehensible in the conduct of others, I would have either suspended my judgment or according to the order of the gospel adjust it between them and me. I would have shunned unnecessary confidence—never would I have disclosed it to persons incapable of remedying it and who it may only have scandalized. I would never have troubled, on a thousand useless occasions, my memory with the recollection of it; and thus I would have fallen by my slanders into an Evil far greater and more inexcusable than the sin I condemned. I must therefore acknowledge and avow to my confusion that, what filled my mouth with so much of bitterness were the base passions I permitted to gain possession of my heart; a natural antipathy which I did not strive to surmount; a secret envy that I felt at seeing others succeed better than myself; an individual interest which I sought by the abasement of such a one; a revenge that I gratified at the expense of another; a blind prejudice against merit in whomever found, that cherished so long. These, O Lord have been the sources of my slanders and I desire to confess them to you, because thou alone canst remedy them. Such would be our language were we to address the Deity with sincerity; from all which I conclude that of all vices the vice of slander is one of the basest and most detestable."

CONSISTENCY.

The Boston Transcript of Saturday says—the Noon Mail arrived at twelve M. on runners. This is all the news it brought.

It is stated that a female in Rockingham county, Va. died of fright, on witnessing the strange appearance of the heavens, on the morning of the 13th ult.

A PRINTER'S REWARD.

Mr, James G. Watts, editor of the Hampstead (L. I.) Inquirer, was presented on the 7th ult with four healthy children, (a son and three daughters.) The mother is doing well and the children are likely to become members of our profession.

It will astonish persons not accustomed to attend to the subject, that there are upwards of 16,000 officers in the army.

From the Lowell Times.

ONE DAY AND A HALF IN THE LIFE OF A TOBACCO CHEWER.

Mr. Editor: Do you chew tobacco? I did till Sunday last, when I put my veto on the practice. The why and wherefore I have sent you, hoping that if you are guilty of using the Indian weed, a leaf from my diary, may be the means of reforming you.

Saturday, Oct. 9th 1833. Took my hat for a walk, wife, as wives are apt to, loaded me with messages, upon seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to call at cousin M——'s to borrow for her "The Sorrows of Werter." Hate to have wife read such namby pamby stuff but must humor her whims, and concluded that I had rather she should take pleasure over Werter's sorrows, than empty her tongue in making "sorrows" for your humble servant.

Got to cousin M——'s door. Now cousin M. is an old maid—and a dreadful tidy woman. Like tidy women well enough, but can't bear your dreadful tidy ones because I am always in dread while on their premises lest I should offend their superlative neatness by a bit of gravel on the sole of my boot or such matter.

Walked in—delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane bottom chairs while she rummaged the book-case. Forgot to take out my cavendish before I entered and while she hunted felt the tide rising.—No spit box in the room. Windows closed. Floor carpeted. Stove varnished. Looked to the fire place—full of flowers and hearth newly daubed with Spanish Brown. Here was a fix. Felt the flood essence of cavendish accumulating. Began to reason with myself as a last alternative, it were better to drown the flowers, redaub the hearth, or flood the carpet. Mouth in the mean time pretty well filled. To add to my misery she began to ask questions, Did you ever read this book, Mr——? 'Yes, Ma'am,' said I, in a voice like a frog from the bottom of a well, while I wished book, aunt, and all, were with Pharoah's host in the Red Sea. How did you like it? continued the indefatigable querist. I drew my head on the back of the chair and mouth upwards, to prevent an overflow—Pretty well said I. She at last found the "Sorrows of Werter," and came towards me. 'Oh dear, cousin Oliver dont put your head on the back of the chair, now don't you'll grease it and take off the gilding! I could not answer her, having lost the power of speech entirely, and my cheeks were distended like those of a toad under a mushroom. 'Why, Oliver,' said my persevering tormentor, unconscious of the rea-