Journal

THE TIMES & PUBLICK ADVERTISER.

VOL. IX. NO. 251. } CENTREVILLE, (EASTERN-SHORE,) MD. AUGUST 8, 1829. { J. B. SPENCER EDITOR.

TERMS.

$ 3.00, for a Year, which can be discharged by the sum of $2 50, if paid at the time the Paper is subscribed for—all subscriptions are considered intended for the year unless there has been express agreement with the Editor for a shorter term.

No Subscriber can withdraw without paying off all arrearages.

☞ ADVERTISERS are particularly requested to state, at the time of Advertising, the number of times they wish their advertisements published; otherwise they will be printed until countermanded, and charged at the usual rates of $1 per square, for 3 weeks, and 25cts. per square for every subsequent insertion—Advertisements longer than a square are charged in the same ratio.

Advertisements must be paid for at the time they are inserted in the Paper.

Letters to the Editor must be POST PAID to insure attention.

SALE.

BY Virtue of a writ of Fi. Fa. issued out of Queen Ann's County Court, to me directed, at the suit of James Hall, use of Daniel Newnam, against Joshua Meeds, and John H. Moss, will be sold on

Saturday the 15th of August next,

At the court house door in Centreville, Between the hours of 10 and 5 o'clock of that day, the following property to Wit :—

One Negro Boy, named JOE.

Seized and taken as the property of John H. Moss, and will be sold (*for Cash,*) to satisfy the above mentioned Debt, Interest and Cost, due, and to become due, thereon.

Thos. Aschom,
July 25th 4t *Sheriff*

RUNAWAY.

WAS Committed to the jail of Queen Ann's County, on the 15th day of July, inst.

A NEGRO MAN, who calls himself HORACE JOHNSON, Supposed to belong to the Rev. Mr. Monnelly. Said Negro is about 25 years old, about 5 feet 6 inches high; spare, but well shaped, and a little lame. Had on when committed, a Blue Frock coat, coarse linen trowsers, an old Hat and heavy boots.

The owner or owners of said Negro, are hereby requested to prove, pay charges, and take him away—or he will be discharged according to law.

Thos. Aschom,
July 25th 10w *Sheriff.*

The (N. Journal, Chronicle & Maryland. & Easton Gazette,) will publish the above, and send their accounts to the Centieville Times Office.

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of Queen Ann's County Court, sitting as a Court of equity, I will expose to public Sale at the Court house in Centreville, on

Saturday the 15th day of August next,

At 2 O'clock p. m.

A Part of the Real Estate of the late Peter Foster, decd. being

A Tract of Land,

Called "*NEGLECT*," and part of one other Tract adjoining thereto called

Broomley Lambeth :—

which the said Peter purchased of one Doctor Ben. Hall; and of which he died seized. Containing altogether About

74 acres of Land,

of which a small proportion is cleared and the remainder in WOOD and TIMBER.

This property lies immediately adjoining the farm on which Mr. Foster lately resided; distant from Centreville, about 3 miles.

The terms of Sale are, that the Purchaser shall give Bond, with approved Security, for the payment thereof, in equal instalments, at six, nine, and 12 months, with interest from the day of sale; and that upon the payment of the whole purchase money, with the interest arising thereon, and not before; the Trustee will execute a Deed, conveying to the purchaser or purchasers his, her, or their heirs, the Lands and premises and all the interest and estate which was in the said Peter Foster, free, clear, and discharged from all claims, of the heirs of the said Peter Foster.

Richard E. Clayton,
July 13 1829, ts *Trustee.*

EARLE & DRIVER,

Take great pleasure in informing their Friends and the Publick, that having just returned from Philadelphia, WITH AN ADDITIONAL ASSORTMENT OF

New & Fancy Goods.

They, will be happy to accommodate them with the greatest Bargains.

The goods now opening, will be sold remarkably low, for cash or country produce. June 13, tf

TO THE PRINTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

OF late the prices of all the materials used in making Printing Types, have been greatly reduced, and the facility of manufacturing greatly increased. The Subscriber therefore has been induced to make a proportionable reduction in the prices, which, from the 1st of April, have been as stated in the annexed list.

The character of the Type made at this Foundry is well known to the *trade*, who are assured that in regard to the quality of metal, finish, and durability, no deviation has been made.

He has on hand a complete assortment, and can supply any quantity on a short notice; he will be happy to receive the orders of his customers, which will have immediate attention. Merchants who have orders from abroad, can have Offices complete with Presses, and every thing necessary for a Printing Establishment, put up in the most perfect manner.

RICHARD RONALDSON.

PRICES.—At six months credit, for approved paper, or at a Discount of 5 per cent for cash.

Pearl, per lb.	$1 40	English,	$0 36
Nonpareil,	0 90	Great Primer	0 34
Minion,	0 70	Double Pica,	0 32
Brevier,	0 56	Do. G Primer,	0 32
Bourgeois,	0 46	Large letter, plain	0 30
Long Primer,	0 40		
Small Pica,	0 38	Scabbards and Quotations,	0 30
Pica,	0 36		

The prices of other descriptions of Types are proportionably reduced.

Old Type received in payment at 9 cents per lb.

July 25, 1829. —d3t

Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Vendi. Exps. issued out of Queen Ann's County court to me directed, at the Suit of Joseph E. R. Betton, against Robert B. A. Tate, will be sold on

Saturday 15th of August next,

At the court house door in Centreville, Between the Hours of 10 & 5 O'clock of that day, the following property to wit :—

All the right and title of Robert B. A. Tate, which he has in right of his Wife, in and to a Tract or parcel of Land, Called

KENT FORT MANOR.

On Kent Island, in Q. A. County.—Containing

☞ 1000 Acres :—

more or less.

And also, all his right to a child's part of

A Tract of Land Called WADING PLACE.

Seized and taken as the property of the said R. B. A. Tate, and will be sold to satisfy the above mentioned Writ, Debt, Interest, and Costs, due, and to become due thereon.

Tho. Aschom,
July 25th 4t *Sheriff.*

TO RENT.

THE Subscriber will Rent for the ensuing year, that valuable farm in the upper part of Queen Ann's County, known by the name of the McWAY FARM. This farm is conveniently situated on the public Roads leading from Sudler's Cross Roads, to Dover, and from the former place to the Beaver Dam Causeway; with a

DWELLING HOUSE, & all necessary out Buildings, in good repair. The soil is of an excellent quality.

There is also, on the farm an Orchard of good fruit.

ALSO,

The farm known by the name of the *PRYOR FARM*, situated immediately on the public road leading from Sudler's Cross Roads, to the Beaver Dam Causeway. The Buildings are in good repair, and the soil fertile. These farms will be rented jointly, or separately, to good Tenants, and can be leased for 1 or more years—persons desirious of renting can view the premises, and apply to the subscriber, Baltimore, or to Thomas Murphy, Centreville, who is authorized to contract for the farm.

Pamela L. Massey.
July 18 tf

MUSES' BOWER.

A HINT TO THE LADIES.

Dialogue between a Lady and her Heart, Lungs and Head.

SCENE—A fair young lady surveying herself in the glass, attended by her maid Betty,

LADY.

Slim waists are all the fashion now,
And they have much of grace I vow;
But, Betty, 'tis not tight you see,
The corset slips, I breathe too free;
A little tighter—tighter—tighter,
Ah, now 'twill do, I now shall spite her,
I mean mamma, who's so religious,
She says tight lacing is prodigious.
I wonder if she is so silly
To think I'll be behind Camilla;
No, no, I guess at Church to day
That Belle shall yield to Ellen Gray;
And many a heart this waist shall win,
Therefore tight lacing is no sin;
The use of corsets none can doubt,
For I feel better than without.

LUNGS.

Ah Lady, how can you thus trifle,
While us your own fair hands do stifle;
We are bound down, tho' you well know
The tide of life doth through us flow,
Indeed, fair maid you play with death,
When you thus intercept our breath:
The very germ of life we give,
You strive to stop it, yet would live;
How inconsistent! Can the vein
Flow on when bandages constrain?
Alas, the demon *Fashion* slays
More than the sword in modern days.
What thousands by tight lacing fall,
Bearing disease from midnight ball!
Why on the Mortal Bills do we
Consumption marked so often see?
Why in New York does death each day,
So much of youth and beauty slay?
Believe me, lady, 'tis the same,
Call it by whatsoever name;
Habit makes poison necessary,
Although it kills on the contrary.

HEART.

O Lady, when your slender waist
With cords and whalebones you have laced
Little you thought when full of glee,
What misery you gave to me;
Think you I can perform my duty,
And paint the cheek of youth and beauty
With healthy glow, when I'm compressed
To half my compass in the breast?
Bind up the ox, and can he go
As cheerful to his task? ah no.
I am the seat of love, but I
Feel nothing but the bitter sigh;
I cannot love even if I would,
Choak'd and surcharged with my own blood,
With fits of passion—palpitation—
My life is nought but aggravation;
And when I'm sick, my neighbors all
Are with me sick, and with me fall.
O think, fair lady, what disease,
Your art may cause, though made to please.

LADY.

Ye are dissatisfied, and why?
Because I wish to please the eye.
Poor envious fools! How wouldst thou Heart,
A lover gain, devoid of art.
If to the men are not display'd
My charms, thou'dst die poor old maid.
The eye's the umpire, say no more,
A husband soon shall grace thy store.

HEAD.

Alas, fair maid, the lungs and heart,
Have proved the error of thy art,
The eye is but a flatterer,
That yet will cost thee many a tear.
The eyes of others are our bane,
The cause that makes us proud and vain.
What if a man thy art should please,
And gaining him bring on disease:
Consumption is no friend to charms,
And death would snatch the from his arms:
You are indeed deceived—you laugh;
Old birds are never caught with chaff.
Though you may catch the opling eye,
Yet men of sense will from you fly:
And who would wish to throw her chains,
Around the man devoid of brains?
When in feature, form or stature,
Men love to see the hand of nature.
Your sex appear throughout all nations,
To think men pleas'd with art's creations,
But let me tell you, men refined—
Men of true majesty of mind
Are pleas'd with nature's beauty ever,
With artificial beauty never.
Therefore reform—your corsets burn,
And nature's charms will all return,
The heart will paint your cheek above,
With healthy glow and charms of love;
Nature preside o'er every grace,
Health o'er each feature of your face.
And when you mix in Hymen's train,
Health and long life will be your gain.
No man desires to change his life,
To wed with a consumptive wife.

From the Savannah Mercury.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS,

Or the Printer and his Patrons.

As we sat turning over the leaves of our subscription list, the other morning we looked up and saw our old friend Fudge Puffendorf before us.

"I see you have not yet learnt all the secrets of your trade, (says he) and I have called to give you a little wholesome advice."

We have great pleasure in receiving advice—

"And too little discretion in following it, (said he)—I see how it is; but no matter; I will open to you——"

But here he was interrupted by a knocking at the door, and in a moment he sunk behind the screen, as our patron A. entered.

"I am very sorry (says Mr. A) that you came out with that piece this morning, it will play the very devil with your concern. I have heard several people say that they mean to stop your paper."

Can't help it; an editor, you know, must speak his mind.

"O certainly! I like to see editors independent.—But then it's always best to be on the right side.—And to tell you the truth, I have no wish to support a paper which propagates such dangerous doctrines. I just give you a piece of my mind. Good morning."

And he went out; but the door had scarcely closed, when in came Mr B.

"That was a capital piece this morning (says he,) just the thing. Put my name down as a subscriber. I like to see editors independent. Here's a long advertisement, keep it in a month."

But before we had time to congratulate ourselves on the event, Mr. C made his appearance.

"Sir, (says he) I have called to tell you that you may stop my paper. I can never support an Editor who entertains such absurd opinions."

Certainly, sir—shall we receipt your bill?

"Why, as to that, another time will do as well.—But I take the liberty of telling you that the Tariff is ruinous to the country;—and moreover diabolical; and if you do not come out against it, we will put you down—that's all. I like to see Editors independent."

And he departed in high dudgeon. But in a moment after, Mr. D. came in.

"Good morning, Mr. Editor (says he) I have just called to let you know that my friend Mr. Spifflikins is about to start for Alderman, and I wish you to give him a lift in your paper."

Why, to be sure, (said we) Mr. Spifflikins is a very decent man; but should suppose we might select more useful Aldermen.

"True, I must confess, there are smarter men than Mr. Spifflikins, but then I have a reason for wishing him elected. And certainly you cannot refuse to support him, considering we have always supported you, and as we all agree in politics."

That, to be sure, is a great matter; but, in the selection of public officers, we ought to look to the public good, and not be governed by private feeling.

"Very well sir, very well, my practice is to support those who support me. Just stop my paper.—I am for an independent Editor, who will stick to his friends without regard to consequences."

And he turned on his heel in a great pet. But our embarrassments were not yet at an end. Mr. D's back scarcely turned before in came Mr. E.

"I understand (says he) that old Spifflikins has been put up as a candidate for Alderman. Now I want you to lay him out as cold as a wedge. It may be done in three lines. And, do you hear? Call him an old fool—an old dunderhead—and all that kind of thing.—Don't fear consequences! There's nothing like independence in an Editor."

But consider Mr. E, there is something due to the feelings of a worthy old man, even though he be no Solomon. It is not every one for whom we cannot vote, that we feel free to arraign before the public.

"What! you wont write against him then!—Just stop my paper. I won't support an editor who can't be independent."

You see sir, (said we to our friend Puffendorf, who rejoined us as the heavy tramp of our last angry visitor died away on the ear) how impossible it is for an editor to please every body. These are all equally friends, all equally admirers of the independence of the press. And yet either of them would in a moment sacrifice it to his own convenience; would trample it under foot, whenever it crossed his own path, or interfered with his own particular feelings or prejudices. You see that the same paragraph which excites the admiration of the one, will prove the hostility of the other. And that in contested elections, the editor is posted between two fires: he is sure to be scorched by one, perhaps by both.

"You have found it out then, at last (said our old friend Puffendorf); that is the very subject of, and concerning which, I wished to give you a little sage advice. In the first place, let me advise you, never to commit yourself on any subject. If you find it necessary to say any thing, speak very dubiously, first say a smart thing on this side, and then on that. If you speak out, you will most certainly interfere with some of the preconceived notions of some of your patrons, and then you will be sure to lose business: In all cases of contested elections, never support or oppose any candidate; as you will certainly make an enemy of the party you oppose; and perhaps also of the party whose interests you espouse. Because it is not often that a candidate will be content with measure of praise that you may be disposed to mete out. If he have no character of his own, he will expect you to give him one: and if your imagination be not very prolific, he will be disappointed in these just expectations. If he have pretensions, he will be convinced that you have not done him justice. If he succeed, he will suspect that the public believes he owes you an obligation; and he will therefore be your enemy. If he lose his election he will attribute his failure to your want of zeal, or ability in the management of his cause; and he will dislike you on that account. It is always dangerous for an editor to oppose an individual; it is scarcely less so, to support him."

Why according to your policy, an editor must just say nothing at all.

"You have hit it very nearly. There are very few topics he can approach and speak out without crossing the views of some one. But this simple maxim will carry you triumphantly through every difficulty. Whatever may be the subject, however unimportant it may at the first view appear—never commit yourself. Let your editorials be like Delphic oracles, every paragraph an enigma. Every reader will then interpret it so as to suit his own prejudices and opinions. This is what has raised many an editor into popularity, and extended his patronage. This is what they mean when they talk about the independence of the press."

REMARKABLE TALE OF MURDERS.

There lived in Lyons, in a respectable station of life, a man named Peter Claudius Chevellier, whose amiable qualities and gentlemanly appearances had obtained for him the esteem of the citizens. It was his native place, although he had long been absent, and he was married to the last of 4 wives, whom he had chosen from among the inhabitants, and with whom he had uniformly lived in contentment and peace. One day a child was stolen in a neighbouring village, by a genteely dressed man, who had enticed the little victim with *bons bons* and caresses, till he caught him up into his arms, and fled with the prize.

A hot pursuit immediately commenced, and after great difficulty, the criminal was apprehended, when to the astonishment of Lyons, he was discovered to be Peter Claudius Chevallier, sole chief in the bureau des finances, of the prefecture of the Rhone. The sensation which this circumstance excited was at first that of simple surprise, but the explanation he gave of his motives for the crime caused the inhabitants of Lyons to turn their eyes at least in doubt upon the prisoner.

He said he had intended to console himself for the loss of a child of his own, by adopting the one he had stolen.—Till this moment neither his wife nor the public had ever heard of the loss of his child, which they supposed to be living in health with its nurse at Villeurbannes. How did this bereavement happen, and why was it concealed? He said he had been to Villeurbannes to bring it home, but fatigued, intoxicated, unacquainted with the country, and overtaken by the night, he had wandered out of his way among thickets and precipices, he had lost the child, whom he was afraid to look for in the dark.

These circumstances of his journey were physical impossibilities. He could not have been fatigued by so ordinary a journey, nor intoxicated only by spending 12 sous in refreshments, nor overtaken by the night in so short a time, nor led out of a straight road, bordered by thick hedges, nor lost among thickets and precipices, in a level country where there was not a precipice to be seen. There seemed to be something so extraordinary and mysterious in the affair, that at last people naturally turned an inquiring and suspicous look at the whole conduct of the prisoner. Surmises even began to get afloat, that he had no right to the name by which he was known at Lyons. It was one well known in the city, and even if its possessor had been absent from boyhood, there surely might have been some person to recognise and welcome the wandering Ishmael at his return.

Inquiries produced discoveries, and it was soon known, that the name was in reality an assumed one, and the sure Chevallier, an officer in the army, confronted the accused in person. The latter had fallen in at Flushing with the papers of the other, an officer in the same battalion of a regiment, to which he himself belonged. The impostor's name was Lelievre, he had fabricated a false leave of absence and deserted.

Tracing his history backward, step by step, it was inquired under what circumstances he had entered the service. He had defrauded the bank of France out of 66,600 franks, and through the interest of his family, which was respectable, his punishment had been commuted to the species of honorable transportation implied by entering a colonial regiment.—So far all was satisfactory, but there was still a hiatus left in the history.

Some years had been lept over in the investigation, few, but important, crowded with events, pregnant with suspicion.—This was the era in which his home had been consecrated by the presence of 3 wives successively, and lighted up by the smiles of a young and beautiful mistress.

It was to this period that the attention of the inquiries was now directed. The ladies all died with the same disease, inflammation in the abdomen; and the majority at that critical period in the life of a female, when nature prolongs the duration of the human race by the performance of a miracle in the human economy. The symptoms and circumstances of the disease had been the same in all, and the affectionate attentions of the husband's love equally remarkable in each of the cases.

At the first appearance of illness he took the beloved sufferer under his own care, no one was to sit up with her but him; no one was even to be present during the nightly watches of his love and his despair. When the moment of death arrived, he hung over the bed, replid to the last farewell of his parting companion, gazed into her damp and pallid face, wrote down upon his heart and memory, the traces of the swift convulsions which swept across her features, counted one by one the heavings of her tortured breast, and drank in with a greedy ear the groans of mortal agony that burst from her soul.