THE TIMES AND PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

MEN AND MEASURES.

Vol. XIII. CENTREVILLE, QUEEN ANN'S COUNTY, (E. S.) MARYLAND, JANUARY 1, 1830. No. 324

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.)

Subscriptions are always intended for a Year; and a Subscriber must notify the Editor before he can discontinue the Paper

All Letters, Communications, & Advertisements, must come POSTAGE *free* or they will not be taken out of the Post Office.

☞ Single Papers, 12 Cents.

☞ The Centreville Times, for persons living in the neighborhood of Hall's X Roads, is left at Mr. Legg's.

For persons living in the neighborhood of Roe's X Roads, at Col. Roe's.

For persons living in the neighborhoods of the Beaver Dams, and Nine Bridges, at Mr. Baxter's store, Beaver Dams.

☞ The gentlemen at whose houses the bundles are left, will please not give them out to any but Subscribers or their servants.

POETRY.

THE PARTING YEAR.

I pour no sad farewell to thee
Thou parting year,
I wreathed thy cradle merrily,
For the promise of joyous days to be,
And wreaths shall deck thy bier:
Why should we sigh for such as thou
While hearts are warm?
Thy sunny days are over now,
I cannot love that withered brow,
With its chilly shade and storm.
I bless the for thee summer hours,
That came in glee,
And dancing streams, and rosy bowers,
But thou hast trampled on the flowers,
And now farewell to thee.
Yet I will bid thee peace, thou year,
For what has been,
For though thy flower decked paths are sear
Yet hearts are clinging round us here,
In all their summer green,
And no unkind farewell, cold one,
As thus we part,
We'll hang a pledge thy brow upon,
To the memory of the loved ones gone,
And the true ones, heart by heart.

HINDA.

THE VOYAGE OF LOVE.

Oh haste on board!—my gallant boat,
While skies are bright, and sun beams smile,
Shall gaily o'er the waters float
And steer for Pleasure's fairy isle.
'Tis summer's prime, each bud and flower
Glows upon hill and dale and grove;
Oh seize the bright auspicious hour,
And haste on board, and sail with Love!
Fair Hope my silken sail has wrought,
To waft us o'er the silv'ry tides:
Young Enterprise the rudder brought,
Which his adventurous spirit guides.
Upon the deck is reared a light,
A richly canopied alcove,
The winds are hush'd, the skies are bright;
Oh haste on board, and sail with Love!
The Maiden heard the gentle song,
She saw the gaily painted bark;
The path that Prudence urged was long,
And led through valleys drear & dark.
The silken sails, the streamers gay,
Have lured her truant steps to rove:
She leaves the rough and rugged way,
To roam o'er tranquil seas with Love.
Swiftly tow'rds Pleasure's flowery realm,
Love's fleet and buoyant vessel flies,
And still through sunny straits the helm
Is boldly steered by Enterprise.
The fairy prow leaps dancing o'er
The rippling wave by cliff and cove;
Who would not quit the lonely shore,
To sail to Pleasure's isle with Love.
But soon tempestuous winds arise,
Loud roars the surge, descends the rain;
And vainly does young Enterprise
His rudder urge to land again.
He turns to shore, on pinions gay,
While with the whelming seas he strove
His wily patron speeds away—
But she is wrecked who sailed with Love!

A legal claim.—Jack Ketch being asked on what ground he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered, As their ex-ecutor.

Coquette.—A coquette has been compared to those light wines, which every body tastes and no body buys.

Irish Circumlocution.—Observing one day an unusal commotion in the streets of Derry, I enquired of a bystander the reason; & he with a melifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner:—The rason sirr? Why you see the Justice and little Larry O'Hone, the carpenter, have been putting up a picture frame at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of Adam's copies in it. What's that? Why, poor Murdock O'Donnell.—Oh! there's a mon to be hung?—Do they put a gallows for any other purpose? What's his offence? No offence, your honor; it was only a liberty he took. Well what was the liberty? Why you see, sirr, poor Murdock was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback, and so, having no horse of his own; he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddocks; and no sooner was he on his its shawldere than the devil put it into the cracher's head to go over to Kellogreen cattle fair, where he had a good many acquaintances; and when he was got there, Murdock spied a friend at the door of a shebeen house, and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went to have a thimble full of whiskey; and then, you see, they got friskey, and had another, and another, till poor Murdock went to slape upon a binch; and when he woke up, he found the cracher gone and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money. In short, said I, you mean to say he has been horsestealing? Why, sirr, he replied, stammering and scratching his head, they call it so in England.

THE DUELISTS.

There were few young men in College, whose society was more extensively courted, than that of Robert and George Staunton. They were neither endowed with the highest intellectual talents, nor did they seek for an honorable distinction in their respective classes, by a close application to their college studies. The father of the young men had been wealthy; and, as their own pecuniary circumstances precluded the necessity of exertion, their object was, rather to furnish themselves with the means of enjoyment, through the medium of literary pursuits, than to lay a foundation upon which to raise the structure of professional eminence. while, therefore they could make no just claim to the fame of good scholars, they maintained the reputation of smart fellows: and the influence which this reputation gave them among the students, as well as the esteem in which they were held by the Faculty of the College, were heightened by the manly and honorable sentiments which marked their whole conduct. Robert, the elder of the two, was a year in advance of his brother in his collegiate course, and maintained over him an influence and authority which he was seldom disposed to resist or disobey. Both were strong muscular men, and, although George was rather beneath the ordinary size, there were few of his classmates who were disposed to contest his physical superiority. There was, however, one James Wilson, whose envious soul could not brook the popularity of George Staunton. If the latter was called a good bowler, his success was pronounced to be the effect of mere accident. If he made a good hit at wicket, or scared more notches than any player in the game, it was said to be rather the result of good luck than skill. And when Staunton was spoken of by the inhabitants as a young man of an estimable character—he *appears* to be so—Would be Wilson's reply. All these circumstances naturally found their way to the ear of Staunton, and produced in his bosom a reciprocal prejudice. The coldnesss in their feelings towards each other, embittered the pleasure of their intercourse; but, still, there was no avowed enmity. In their college amusements, convivial meetings literary exercises—and in those places where their connexion with the society of the city, threw them into contact, a studied and formal politeness concealed their sentiments of animosity.

Wine, it has been said, is a revealer of secrets: it also withdraws the veil from long hidden enmities. In minds where reason maintains a constant and undisputed sway, the thousand angry feelings which agitate the bosoms of individuals, and lead them on to acts of injury and aggression, die away and are forgotten. Time throws over them the mantle of oblivion, and they fade forever from the records of the heart.

Thus it should have been with Wilson. But he had drank hard. It was the twentieth anniversary of his birth, & the bottle had circulated freely around the table of boon companions. The congratulations of the occasion, also, had inspired him with exaggerated opinions of his own consequence, and his naturally quarrelsome disposition, inflamed by an unnatural stimulus, needed but the application of some proper object, to discharge the torrent of his rage.

In this situation he accidently encountered George Staunton. The latter saluted him in his usual manner, & was about to pass him, when Wilson seized him rudely by the collar, and assaulted him with abusive and insulting language. Staunton's passions were quick and violent; but he perceived the situation of his adversary, and, disengaging himself from his grasp, remarked to him, 'Go home, Wilson, now; and if there has been anything exceptionable in my conduct towards you, I will make you a satisfactory explanation to morrow.

The next day was to Wilson the drunkard's to-morrow. His head ached violently, and his whole frame was in a state of feverish excitement. He looked back upon his late revel with indignant regret. Its dimly remembered scenes crowded upon his imagination. Bereft of the attractions which mirth and wit and gaiety had thrown around them, wan and spiritless, they appeared before him like the loathsome spectres of buried joys. There was one thought which was peculiarly harassing. Would that it were blended with the mass of indistinct recollections. But his treatment of Staunton was painted in too distinct form—in too vivid colouring. He felt himself disgraced in his own eyes, & with the inconsistency of anger, his passions burned with a more ardent flame against the man he had injured. Maddened by his own reflections and stung with the thoughts of the disgrace which a knowledge of the transaction would attach to his conduct, he proceeded to a place of public resort, and indulged himself in a coarse and severe invective against George Staunton.

Mr. Wilson is not, perhaps, aware of my presence, said the elder Staunton, who happened to be present.

I know of no peculiar virtue in the presence of Mr. Robert Staunton to change the tone or subject of my conversation, retorted Wilson.

Am I then to understand your remarks as intended for me?

And what if they were?

Why then, said Staunton, they discover their author to be destitute of those honourable principles, which should forbid a man to abuse an absent enemy in the presence of one whom motives of delicacy alone prevent from espousing his brother's quarrel.

I wish to engage in no quarrel with you, said Wilson, subdued by the generous forbearance of Staunton, for you are an older and stronger man than I am, and I duly appreciate the honorable motives which influence your conduct. But, your brother, Mr. Staunton has insulted me; and in your presence & the world, I pronounce him to be no gentleman.

He is here to resent his own insults, said Robert, as he left the apartment.

Wilson trembled at the entrance of George Staunton, and gladly would have recalled the obnoxious epithets he had bestowed upon him. But he felt that he had passed the Rubicon; and that he must redeem his gage of courage by some deed of noble daring. He accordingly walked boldly up to Staunton, and inquired, 'Did you intend to insult me last evening, Sir?

I should have been the last person, said Staunton, to have insulted a man in your situation.

My situation! said Wilson haughtily, and what was my situation, Sir?

It was such, Mr. Wilson, as to induce me to excuse your conduct.

Do you mean to insinuate, inquired Wilson, that I was drunk?

I do! was the laconic reply.

Wilson instantly levelled a blow at his unguarded adversary. But his dastardly attempt did not avail him. Staunton skilfully evaded it; and, before the bystanders could interfere, the aggressor was stretched upon the floor. Although but little injury by the blow, he showed no disposition to renew the fight. His appetite was satiated; and with limbs trembling, and a countenance convulsed with rage, he took the arm of a friend, and retired to his room.

Unluckily for Wilson, his friend was a young man who possessed those nice sentiments of honour which could never brook the slightest appearance of an insult. He was an avowed advocate of the *duello*, especially in cases when he was not to be concerned as principal. He was more jealous of the wounded honour of his friend, than of his own; and although a very Bob Acres in courage, yet such was his spirit of accommodation, and his aversion to the shedding of blood, that he was extremely liberal in construing the slightest acknowledgement into an apology for the insult.

But the present was, in his opinion, an outrage which could be reached by no apology. The truth of the charge was an aggravation of the insult. The maxim of the law, the greater the truth the greater the libel, was in the code of honor, equally binding. And then the publicity which their late affray had given to the charge, as well as its unfortunate termination, seemed to demand that some extraordinary event should efface the impression which had been made, and change, if possible, the current of public sentiment.

Wilson fully coincided in these sentiments of his friend; and the latter, being the keeper of his conscience, found little difficulty in making himself the bearer of a challenge from Wilson to George Staunton. Swelling with the importance which he attached to the mission, and elated with the thought that he was intrusted with an affair of life & death, he repaired to Staunton's rooms, and presented his invitation to mortal combat.

Mr. Staunton's nice sense of honour he said, will lead him to the necessity of giving his immediate attention to it.

Fool! exclaimed Staunton indignantly; & seating himself at his desk, he endorsed an implied refusal upon the warlike epistle.

Why, this, said the Second, is an indefinite answer! Does mr. Staunton intend to convey the idea——

—— that a quarrel, interrupted Staunton, which originated in drunkenness should never end in blood.

But your honour, mr. Staunton——

——is in my own keeping, Sir!

True, mr. Staunton! said the Second, colouring at the rebuke, but you are averse to the epithet which gentlemen will bestow upon you!

Staunton's eyes flashed with anger at this taunting rebuke and springing to his feet, he advanced in front of the alarmed Second, who appeared willing to relinquish his object, and was then in the very act of taking his leave. Stay a moment, Mr. Rodgers! said Staunton, with an affecting calmness;—I shall receive no insinuations of this kind from you. Your conduct and your principles—or rather your want of principle—I alike despise! and if ever again you come to me in behalf of Mr. Wilson, or any other man, upon business of this nature, neither the laws of custom or courtesy shall shield you from the effects of my resentment.

You shall hear from me, for this, said Rodgers.

As you please, Sir! replied Staunton, and then closed the door upon him.

In the hall of the Lyceum, a board affixed to the wall is appropriated to the advertisements of the students. If one of them has books or furniture to sell, it is advertised here; may at all times be seen displayed a complete list of articles from the book-case to the gridiron. On the day succeeding the conversation which I have just related, a large number of the students had collected near that spot. Some of them were engaged in perusing the advertisements, while others stood apart in little coteries, conversing in low and subdued tones, or listlessly regarding those whose attention was employed at the advertising board. As Staunton approached it, the laugh ceased, and the low & confused hum of many voices subsided into a deep and respectful silence. Not a sound arose from among the numerous assemblage; but the noise of his own footsteps was as distinct and echoing as if he was walking in the confines of the dead. I knew not how to account for the extraordinary stillness:—whether it arose from pity or sympathy: or whether the faculties of the mind became merged in one surpassing interest for the result; or whether the mind itself sympathizes with external nature in those moments of awful silence in which she seems to expect the discharge of a thunderbolt, or the eruption of a volcano. The immediate cause was, however, but too palpable to him: and it was with little surprise that he read this placard: Geo. Staunton is a coward and a scourdrel! signed, James Wilson.

It is too much! said George, as he narrated these circumstances to his brother—I must give Wilson a meeting.

Do you wish to shed his blood; inquired Robert, calmly?

No! said George indignantly, nor am I so lavish of my own, as to expose it willingly to this; hazard. I know what you would say, he continued, vacillating between the sentiments of pride and the dictates of duty. I know it all! I know that the duellist is a murderer, whom fear alone induces to break the laws of God. My principles have always been opposed to the practice of duelling, and I indulged the hope that I should adhere to them, through all circumstances, to a peaceful grave. But, alas! how little do we know our own strength until the hour of trial! You know, Robert, that in our section of the country, custom has made it the law of society. There is no ordinance more imperative in its dictates. The laws of our country may be broken; even the canons of the Deity may be trampled under foot. But the man who refuses to answer an insult in the field, forfeits his reputation, and is banished from the circle of honourable society.

Your passions, George, overrate the importance of the quarrel. By the laws of the *duello*, it is susceptible of an amicable adjustment. Nothing more is necessary, than that the person in fault should proffer the injured party an ample apology. If this duty is incumbent on Wilson, it surely is not his part to challenge; and you best can judge if you have injured him.

If matters little, answered George, from whom the injury proceeded, I have been branded as a coward and a scoundrel! The sound will go forth from these secluded walls, reverberate among the streets and alleys of our native city. Where then will be my aspiring hopes—my ambitious prospects? But it will not end here. Like a loathsome disease which diffuses itself over the whole body, the disgrace will attach to every member of the family, and suffuse your face, my brother, with the blush of shame.

Are these the principles by which you regulate your conduct? And do you think so meanly of me as to suppose that I should prefer a murderer, reeking with the blood of an imprudent boy, to a brother who follows the dictates of his conscience, the injunctions of reason, and the precepts of law? Or that I should turn from you, enabled by the exercise of religious principles, and a virtuous defiance of a barbarous custom, to contemplate, with a gloomy satisfaction, your dishonoured corpse?

If I die, said George sorrowfully, I shall leave at least an untarnished name! I shall lie down in glory.

And awake—oh where!

George was, for a moment, silent; overcome with the violence of his emotions. The appeal was irresistable. His religious feelings were touched; and in a changed manner, and subdued tone, he at last replied—Robert, you have unmanned me! You have struck the chord in my bosom which responds only in sounds of disgrace and shame. But, he continued, after a pause, be it so. And when my companions pass me with a curled lip and fixed eye—when my friends regard me with feelings of pity and compassion—receive me, or shrink from my presence as from a poor dishonoured being, then Robert, yours will be the reflection that it was you alone who stood between me and my honour.

Never, George, never shall I shun the responsibility which I have assumed, or disavow my participation in this triumph of principles. But you are too much excited to view this subject in its true light.—You do not perceive the change which has taken place in the public sentiment. The laws which once made man a murderer, are now abrogated, and are no longer binding upon those who have lost the esteem and the respect of society. We are no longer compelled, like Hamilton, to relinquish the path of usefulness and honour, and lie down like common earth, in a dishonored grave: to abandon the high rights which virtue inspired, and to forfeit the glorious destiny his country had intended him; or, like his murderer, to drag out a miserable existence—a hermit in the midst of society, among men, but not of them; confronting in his daily walks the countenance of hatred, and harassed in the night watches by the spectre of guilt; tortured by the reflection of his own conscience, and bearing with him, to his death of shame, the just indignation of his country. More just and ennobling views of the true principles which have gone abroad in the community. The soil of New England is no longer polluted with the blood of the duellist; and, in our own section of the country, the great and good have united in a firm phalanx to protect the laws from violation and to hurl the force of public opinion upon the ruthless invaders. Were our father alive, he cotinued, in a voice tremulous with the intensity of feeling which the recollection had created, where, George, would be his station? And at the present juncture, what would be his advice to his imprudent son?

Our father responded George mournfully; but recollecting himself, he spake with energy; his conduct shall be the rule by which I will regulate my own.

Why will you not George, remain contented as you are? Your character will always be duly appreciated without the exposure of your life to hazard. Wilson's disgrace has made him desperate.