THE TIMES AND PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

MEN AND MEASURES.

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Conducted by an Association of Physicians.

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

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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.

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.

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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.

"FEAR NOT."

Fear not—I have the keys of the grave-yard of Death.
Rev. i. 17, 18.

I.

O Cling not, trembler, to life's fragile bark,
It fills—it soon must sink!
Look not below, where all is chill and dark,
'Tis agony to think
Of what wild waste. But look, O look above,
And see the outstretched arm of Love!

II

Cling not to this poor life. Unlock thy clasp
Of fleeting vapouring air;
The world, receding, soon will reach thy grasp
But let the wing of prayer
Take Heaven's own blessed breeze, and upward flee,
And life from God shall enter thee.

III

O fear not Him who walks the stormy wave,
'Tis not a Spectre, but the Lord!
Trust thou in Him who overcame the Grave,
Who holds in captive-ward
The powers of Death. Heed not the monster grim.
Nor fear to go through death to Him.

IV

Look not so fondly back on this false earth
Let hope not linger here,
Say, would the worm forego its second birth,
Or the transition fear,
That gives its wings to try a world unknown.
Although it wakes and mounts alone?

V

But thou art not along on either side
The portal, friends stand guard:
And the kind spirits wait, thy course to guide,
Why, why should it be hard
To trust our Maker with the soul he gave,
Or him who died that soul to save?

VI

Into His hands commit thy trembling spirit,
Who gave his life for thine,
Guilty, fix all thy trust upon His merit,
To him thy heart resign.
Oh! give Him love for love, and sweetly fall
Into his hands who is thy All

DOMESTIC ASIDES, *or, Truth in Parenthesis.*

I really take it very kind,
This visit Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner.)

Your daughters too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p'rhaps the measles.)

Your charming boys I see are at home
From Reverend Mr. Russel's:
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels)

What! little Clara left at home,
Well now I call that shabby;
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby.)

And Mr. S. I hope he's well,
Ah, though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy.)

Come take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come of course, to spend the day
(Thank Heav'n I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure:
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure.)

Good bye! good bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners,
(Now David, mind, I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners.)

EPITAPHS.

Here lies the bodies of three children dear,
Two buried in the Isle of Wight—the other here.

Beneath this stump a lump of Clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who, on the twenty-fourth of May,
Began to hold her tongue!

Three sweeter babes no man did ever see,
Than God Almighty gave to we;
They were surprised by ager fits,
And they lies as dead as nits.

A Bad State.—An Irishman, in New Jersey, was one Sunday driving a horse with a wagon towards Easton, when he was met by a clergyman, who was going to church, and took the opportunity to chide the traveller for a breach of the sabbath. My friend, said he, this is a bad way you are in.—Och, honey, said the Irishman, and is'nt it the turnpike? Yes, replied the minister, but what I mean is, that you are in a bad state. By my sowl, returned the Irishman, and that's true enough too, your worship, it's a very bad *state*, and I'll get into Pennsylvania as soon as I can. Gee up, honey.

What is the reason, said one Irishman to another, that you and your wife are always disagreeing? Because, said Pat, we are both of one mind—she wants to be master and so do I.

Sam Patchism.—A London paper says, a young woman fell over the upper cliff, near Brighton, a depth of 169 feet, but pitched upon some ivy covered bushes, she escaped unhurt, and walked home with only the loss of one shoe.

An old lady, remarkable for her confused idea of the meaning of words, described a clear summer evening thus:—It was a beautiful bright night—the moon made every 'thing as light as a cork!'

A Prophecy.—The following is a copy of an old prophecy, said to be of the 15th century:

When London sees three Lords Mayor,
Let England for troubles prepare;
For in that year, on mischief bent,
The devil will stalk through Kent;
And the men from the west and north,
To the battle field will go forth;
And the raven of war will be fed,
For the living can't bury the dead,

In the last month there happened to be three Lords Mayor in London, at the same time, viz: the Lord Mayor, the Lord Mayor elect, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin.—Lond. Times.

It is notorious to philosophers, that joy and grief can hasten and delay time.—Loche is of opinion, that a man in great misery may so far lose his measure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy, an hour a minute.

MATRIMONY.—A late number of the Morning Herald contains the following advertisement;—"To girls of fortune. Matrimony. A bachelor, young, amiable, handsome and of good family, and accustomed to move in the highest sphere of society, is embarrassed in his circumstances. Marriage is the only hope of extrication."

How to shake off Trouble. Set about doing good to somebody—put on your hat, and go and visit the sick or the poor—inquire into their wants and minister to them—seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—*John Howard.*

Promises, and their performance, commonly stand related to each other in reciprocal ratio; the oftener reiterated the less likely to be fulfilled. If a man pledges his word once, perhaps you will trust him; if he repeats the promise over and over with a conditional clause, as 'if I am alive and well,' 'if Providence spares me,' and especially if he confirms his asseveration by an oath, have done with that man; his intention expires while the word dies on his lips.

Chit chat.—Every body to day is full of jokes. A wag not 'Bess' said on seeing the eclipse, that the moon is putting a *healing plaster* on the sun.—Another proposed to petition the legislature to make it constitutional.—A respectable old lady is said to have gone over to Cape Elizabeth to avoid seeing it. Some propose a reference of the affair to a special committee of this legislature to report upon the necessity of making the eclipse legal. Both houses of the legislature adjourned a little afser 11 o'clock with smoked glasses in their hands. They should have hired *Clerks* to see the eclipse for them.—*Port. Adv. Feb. 12.*

A SATURDAY EVENING THOUGHT,

By a Lady.

Another week has fled! And let us inquire what has been our occupation during the silent but swift progression of that 'little time.' Has any object of charity presented itself, and have we wiped the tear of sorrow from the eye, and satisfied the cravings of poor human nature? Or has the mind been tuned in praise to the Source of all Good, for his many bountiful blessings and mercies? If this has been our employment—our conduct—how sweet the consolation! how delightful the mind! and how calm the conscience? The *Sabbath* ushers in to us as a holy holiday, when the body will rest from its labours, and the mind be industriously, and without interruption, employed in tracing and meditating upon the delightful promises and offered mercies of a 'Crucified Redeemer.' In despite of the frowns of fortune, the sneers and scorn of an ungrateful world, our life glides away as the smooth, unruffled stream, which meanders amidst the hills, and is sheltered from the rude storms by the 'craggy mountain's side,' until it is at last made to flow into the Great Ocean of eternal happiness, reserved for the good of this world. What a subject for contemplation and instruction! Let us always act as tho' our fellow beings saw us, and think as though God knew our most secret thoughts. Let us employ the brief space of time allotted to us here on earth, in striving, with the most unwearied assiduity, to find out and walk in, that narrow path which leads to life everlasting.

It is wholesome to the mind and soul to call ourselves frequently to an account far our past life—the years, the months, the weeks, and the days we have passed on this terrestrial ball.—When the sun is about 'dipping himself in the Western wave'—the ruddy streaks in the west are beginning to grow dusky—the week seems fading away—and when the Sabbath begins to dawn—this is time for reflection, for inquiry.

What thoughts occupy the mind of those who live to do good and expect to be happy? A week is past—and let my thoughts trace back its business—and let conscience pass a faithful sentence. Let us improve the present moments, for the future may not be ours. Ere to-morrow's sun have shed his glorious rays upon this earth we may have passed away, and be numbered among the things which once existed.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The following striking remarks are from the Connecticut Observer:—

"We live in a singular period. Changes occur, unexpected by the most sagacious; changes which once would have been thought enough to occupy years, are only the work of a day.—There is, too, a mixture in the signs of the future; some seeming the harbingers of great blessings, and others the harbingers of almost unmingled evils, The principles of good and ill are in active exercise. A moral battle seems to have begun to rage in the world: and in the field of contest, as one or the other party gives way, the shouts of the victors, or the cries of the vanquished, are heard. A day of calm and of purity is indeed foretold in the word of God; and if commentators are not altogether mistaken in their interpretations, it is not far distant. But the earth must heave, and the volcanoe burst, and the tempest rush through the heavens, and the ocean toss its billows on high, before this day of calm and purity can come in a world like this. It is only after a mighty struggle that the earth will sink down into the calm of the millennium. There must be, as it were, another deluge to purify the world from its pollutions: and it seems hastening on. By us, then, who are now on the stage, commotions, and toils, and perplexities, are to be expected. The energies of all are needed in the moral reformation of the world. Let us live for God, and then we need not fear the gathering ills of the future. Let us live for God, and the joys and the sorrows of the coming year will alike be the forerunners to us of endless years in a cloudless clime.

FANATICISM.

We noticed some time since, the progress of a new religious order in the western part of Ohio. It would seem that good materials are found in that district for such a work. The Painsville (Ohio) Gazette contains the following additional particulars.

The Golden Bible, or the Book of Mormon.

The believers in the sacred authenticity of this miserable production, are known by the name of 'Mormonites' and their book is commonly called 'the book of Mormon.' It is asserted by them that their number in this vicinity is four hundred. In a conversation a few days since with a gentleman from Kirtland, well informed, and every way concerned to give us the truth, we are assured, that their numbers in the family in that town were two hundred souls. We doubt not then that their whole number in this county and Cuyahoga are at least four hundred.

They have recently received an additional revelation from the prolific prophet, Smith, which is generally understood to say that Kirtland is within the precincts of the holy land; but by others is said to mean only, that in that town will be a great gathering of mighty multitudes, preporatory to their westward general migration. They are therefore admonished to sell no more of their possessions but rather purchase, lest there shall be no room for the faithful. The admonition however arrived too late, as they have but fifty acres left, and the land holders refuse to sell them.

They profess to receive sensible demonstrations of the presence of the Deity. A few days since, a young man gave information to some of his brethren that he was about to receive a message from heaven They repaired to the spot designated, and there, as they solemnly assert, a letter descended from the skies and fell into the hands of the young man.—The purport was to strengthen his faith and inform him that he would soon be called to the ministry. They declare their solemn belief that this letter was written in heaven by the finger of God. The styls of writing was the round Italian, and the letters of gold. The favored youth immediately attempted to copy the communication, but as fast as he wrote, the letters of the original disappeared until it entirely vanished. It is alleged that some of them have received white stones promised in the 2d chapter of the Revelations. Such of them as have 'the spirit' will declare that they see a white stone moving about the upper part of the room, and will jump and spring for it, until one more fortunate than the others catches it, but he alone can see it. Others however profess to hear it roll across the floor. These two stories, and others of a similar character, are told by them with solemn asseverations of their truth.

Among them is a man of color, a chief man, who is sometimes seized with strange vagaries and odd conceits. The other day he is said to have jumped twenty five feet down a wash bank into a tree top without injury. He sometimes fancies he can fly.

In Chardon, one man has torn away all the partitions of the lower part of a good two story dwelling house. Here a large number live together. The food consisting of meat and vegitables, it is said, are placed on the table in a large pan, which is the whole table furniture. From this every inmate takes a piece of meat and a potatoe in his hand and devours them as he walks about the room. As to matters of apparel, and indeed other things, where any one wants what he has not, he takes it any where in the family where he can find it unoccupied All things are common.

Our readers will probably smile at the miserable delusion of these ignorant creatures, and we know, indeed, nothing better that can be done in that respect. Let it, however, teach us humility; let it check our disposition to candemn a whole age in other countries, because it produced such visionaries. Ignorance is the same in all ages, though it may not show itself in exactly the same forms: the unballasted and unpiloted boat veers always from a *direct* course, but its aberrations are in conformity to the currents in which it drifts. U. S. Gaz.

GAMBLING.—We have been politely favoured by a friend with the following copy of a confession, written upon the back of a one dollar bill of the Bank of Darien. It utters a more keen rebuke than could be expressed in a volume, to those who sanction, by their example, a practice so iniquitous—more especially should it smite the conscience of the individual, whoever he may be—for we know neither the writer nor his despoiler—that has been instrumental in causing this wretchedness and ruin. Let young men, yea, and old men, follow the advice he gives, and take timely warning from the fate of this "ruined young man!" The original, we are informed, is in the possession of Mr. W. Crenshaw, of this town.—Geor. Statesman.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 28, 1830.

"This is the last dollar which I can call my own out of an estate of $10,000—And what have I lost? Not only my fortune, but my character is injured, and my health impaired. Now, young men, take warning: beware of *Gambling*? I am this day twenty-one years old—far from any friend or relation, and without a place where to lay my head? A RUINED YOUNG MAN.

$150,000 of the notes of the Bank of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, were burnt on the 4th inst. in pursuance of a resolution passed at the session of the legislature. So much for State Bank.

Fourteen thousand copies of the 'Journal of Health,' it is said, are printed weekly in Philadelphia. It is a valuable work, and should be in every family.