

State Rights Advocate

Published in Centreville, Queen Ann's County, Maryland, every Tuesday Morning, and Devoted to Local and General Intelligence, Literature, Agriculture, Politics, &c.

BY THOMAS J. KEATING.

EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL—EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGES TO NONE.

VOL. 3.

CENTREVILLE, MD., TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1860.

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,
In Centreville, Queen Ann's Co., Md.
BY THOMAS J. KEATING

Subscription.

\$1.50 per annum, in advance; or \$2.00 if paid during the year. No subscription or yearly advertisement discount until all arrearages are paid.

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Twelve lines or less inserted three times for one dollar—twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A fraction of a square, when it exceeds a half, counted as a whole square. The number of insertions must always be marked upon advertisements, otherwise they will be inserted till ordered out, and charged accordingly. A very liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

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Weekly Advertisers.

CENTREVILLE MERCHANTS.

MCKENNEY & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., Corner Store, Brick Building.

SAMUEL E. DYOTT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., No. 2 Brick Building.

WILLIAM F. PARROTT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., No. 3 Brick Building.

THOMAS HUGHEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wares, &c., Two Doors from Corner, Frame Building.

W. J. HOPPER & WILMER, Druggists, Corner Frame Building.

JAMES A. DICKON, Druggist; Store lately occupied by Wm. T. Dunbraco—opposite the Brick Buildings.

W. M. H. DYOTT, Dealer in Ready Made Clothes, Groceries, &c., opposite the Brick Hotel.

CENTREVILLE MECHANICS.

WILLIAM STINSON, Carriage and Harness Maker, South West End of Commerce Street.

ROBERT A. KEAMY, Carriage and Harness Maker, North West End of Commerce Street.

RICHARD W. LYNCH, (Successor to Edward Hamilton) Wheelwright and Blacksmith, South West End of Commerce Street.

M. P. NOWDEN, House Carpenter, Shop on the Corner of Wharf Lane.

ALBERT A. BISCOE, House Carpenter, Shop at the rear of Mr. Blake's Garden.

JOSEPH A. HALE, Brick Layer, C. ders to be left with R. C. Baynard or at either of the printing offices.

LAMBERT T. COBURN, Fashionable Tailor—Shop on Main Street, opposite the Court House.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. CIBSON, General Agent & Collector, Centreville, Md.

JOHN PALMER, Jr., General Agent and Collector, Office North of the Court House.

SAMUEL A. RICHARDSON, (successor to John W. Tarman) Wheelwright and Blacksmith, at Ruthsburg, Queen Ann's co. Md.

Poetical.

I AM DYING.

Raise my pillow, husband dearest—
Faint and fainter comes my breath;
And these shadows, stealing slowly,
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand;
Yours, that ever has sustained me
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father,
Thence shall ever lead me on,
Where, upon a throne eternal,
Sits His loved and only Son.
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain.
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.

Dreamed of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride—
How my heart thrilled with love's triumph
In that hour of woman's pride!
Dreamed of thee—and all the earth—
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish
When I first knew we must part.

It has passed—and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend;
He, that's more than friend or brother,
He'll be with thee to the end.
There's no shadows o'er the portals
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ hath promised life immortal,
And 'tis He that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou'lt thank Heaven that I am spared
To see thee still.
Thou'lt then feel that "all is well,"
Bring our boys unto my bedside;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping—do not wake them;
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake,
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This, the last night of my life,
For, to-morrow, I shall never
Answer, when you call me "wife."

Pare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath this chastening rod;
Throw your strong arm round our children,
Keep them close to thee—and God.

Miscellaneous.

ANOTHER YANKEE TRICK.

"The critter loves me! I know she loves me!" said Jonathan Doubkins, as he sat upon the corn-field fence, meditating on the course of his true love, that it was running just as Shakespeare, said it did rather roughly. "If Suke Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky, long-sneaked, stammerin' shy critter Gusset, jest cause he's a city feller, she ain't the girl I took her, that's sartain. No it's the old folks; darn their ugly pictures! old Mrs. Peabody allers a high-falutin' critter, full of big notions; and the old man's a regular softhead, driven about by his wife, just as our old one-eyed rooster is drove about by our cantankerous five-toed Dolkin hen. But if I don't spile his fun my name ain't Jonathan. I'm going down to the city by the railroad next week—and when I come back, wake snakes! that's all."

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the land, in the pleasant rustic village where the speaker resided.

the Peabodys—but labored away in his corn field patiently awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day, Mr. Gusset was seated with the old folks and their daughter in the bedroom the of Peabody mansion chattering as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened, and in rushed a very dirty and furious Irish woman.

"Is it there you are, Mr. Cornelius Gusset?—Come out of that; before I fetch ye, ye spalpin'! Is that ye promised the afore the praste, ye hathan nagar—Runnin' away from me and the children forsakin' yer lawful wedded wife, and runnin' after Yankee gals, ye confidential!"

"Woman, there must be some mistake here," stammered Gusset, taken all aback by this charge.

"Devil a bit of a mistake, ye sarprint! Oh! wira! wira! was it for the likes of ye I sacked little Dennis McCarthy—who loved the ground I trod on, and all because ye promised to make a lady of me ye dirty thief of the varruld? Will ye come along to the railroad station, where I left little Patrick, bakase he was too sick with the small-pox to come any urther, or will ye wait till I drag ye?"

"Go—go—along," gasped Gusset.—"Go and I'll follow you."

He thought it best to temporize. "I give ye tin minutes," said the virago "if ye ain't there, it's me cousin, Mr. Thabby Mullgruddery, will be after ye, ye thief!"

And away went the unbidden guest. Mr. Gusset was then engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door again opened, a little black-eyed, hatched-faced woman, in a flashy silk gown and a cap with many ribbons perched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

"Is he here?" she cried, in a decided French accent. Then she added with a scream, "Ah mon dieu! le voila! Zere he is. Traitor! monstör! Vat for you run away from me? Dis two tree years I never see you—never; and my heart broke very bad entirely."

"Who are you?" cried Gusset, his eyes straining out of his head and shivering from head to foot.

"He ask me who I am. O, you var respectable old gentillomme! hear vot he ask. Who I am, *perfidie!* ah!—I am your wife!"

"I never saw your 'for—so help me Bob," cried Gusset, energetically.

"Don't you swear!" said old Deacon Peabody; "if you do, I'll lick you into fits. I won't have no profane, or vulgar language in my house."

never of no account, anyhow. What do folks think about it?"

"They hain't said a word since he cleared out."

"Forget that night I rode you home from singing school?" ask'd Jonathan, suddenly branching off.

"No, I hain't," replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

"Remember them apples, I gin you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, they was good wasn't they?"

"First rate, Jonathan."

"Got a hull 'chared of them kind ere fruit, Suke," said Jonathan, suggestively.

Susan was silent.

"G'laug!" exclaimed Jonathan, putting the braid on the black horse. "Have you any idea where we are going, Suke?"

"I'm going to the village."

"No, you hain't—you are goin' along with me."

"Where to?"

"Providence; and you don't come back till you're Mrs. Doubkins—no how you can fix it."

"How you talk, Jonathan?"

"Darn the old folks!" said Jonathan, putting on the string again, "ef I was to leave you with them much longer, they'd be tradin' you off on to some city feller with a half dozen wives already."

The next day, as Mr. and Mrs. Doubkins were returning home in their chaise, Jonathan said confidentially:

"May as well tell you now Suke, for I hain't got any secrets from you, that Gusset never see them women afore they come step'in into your house and blowed him up. I had, though. Cost me ten dollars—thunder! I teach'd 'em what to say and I expect they stole it well. Old Gusset may be a shopkeeper, but if he expects to go ahead of Jonathan Doubkins, he must get up a plaguey sight earlier mornings!"

[From the London Times.]

A BRITISH APPEAL TO NORTHERN CONSERVATISM.

We were not wrong in supposing that the enthusiasm for John Brown's memory would speedily die out, and that the vagaries of the abolitionists would cause a revulsion of feeling in favor of the South. By the present mail we learn that the country is most indignant at the Bostonians, and they themselves seem to be not a little ashamed of their proceedings. The capital of Massachusetts was, on December 8, the scene of a demonstration in favor of the Union, and the more sensible portion of the citizens had an opportunity of protesting against the doings of their abolition brethren. The tone of this meeting was as patriotic and becoming as the speeches at Tremont Temple were the reverse. Mr. Everett, a man respected throughout the Union, delivered a speech which will, no doubt, produce a great effect in all parts of the republic. He showed the wickedness of Brown's attempt, reminded his hearers that the old man had long meditated a revolt; that he was aided by abolitionists, money, and supplied with abolitionist guns and pikes; that his plan was well considered, inasmuch as he seized the largest arsenal in that part of the country, full of arms and occupying a good position; and that his enterprise only failed because the slaves were not ripe for insurrection, as they were represented to be.

Mr. Everett then read extracts from the narrative of the revolt in St. Domingo, to show the horrors which necessarily follow from such an outbreak as Brown sought to cause, and he might certainly have directed attention to the present state of the island as a proof of how little the world is likely to gain by the establishment of a negro commonwealth. Using the arguments which suggest themselves, reflecting man he called North to disown which

the several Southern States against such malefactors for the future. In this result we must sincerely rejoice. Mr. Everett in his speech, expressed his constant in the hands of men of European origin. It has been fully proved, not only on the American continent, but in our own colonies that the enforced equality of European and African tends, not to the elevation of the black, but the degradation of the white man. We cannot find any sympathy for those who would try in the United States the plan of a half-caste republic, and we trust that the federal government and the right-thinking part of the community will protect the South from the repetition of such outrages as that at Harper's Ferry.

Formerly the North contented itself with attacking the planters in newspapers or speeches, and decoying away or giving shelter to their negroes; but now the abolitionists have gone a step further, and the crusade is for the slaughter of the white people, and the establishment of a half-caste republic, after the model of the Central American communities. The Virginians may hitherto have been contented to live under the same government as the people who merely wrote at them and preached at them, but when it comes to revolution and murder, the case is quite different. The State which produced Washington, Madison, Jefferson and Monroe might be excused for declining to descend to the level of Hayti, or Costa Rica. Men of the purest English blood may well shrink from turning their country into a region in comparison with which Mexico would be gentle and enlightened. But there are still more pressing considerations. After all, security, for life and property is the great object of society, and the southerners have now been called upon to decide whether they can in justice to themselves, their wives and children, live under the same federation with men who make no secret of their purpose to revolutionize the South by force of arms.

It was boasted in Boston that from John Brown's ashes armed men would spring to carry on the war for the liberation of the slaves. The people of the frontier southern States may be excused for taking these expressions literally, and demanding some guarantees that there shall not be periodical seizures of federal arsenals, incitements of the negroes to murder and imprisonment of inoffensive citizens, by abolitionists bands. The Federal Union presumes the disarmament of one State with respect to another. Virginia and Kentucky have not men ready posted to protect them from invasion by their Northern countrymen. It is not the duty of each State to defend itself against its neighbors, and when the necessity for such vigilance arises the objects of the federation are gone. The Southerners may well say that if they are to be exposed to these inroads, they must have their own army and navy to protect themselves, and however much they regret the disruption of a nation which has existed in prosperity for eighty years, yet that the necessity of self-preservation dictates this course.

It is for the whole body of honest and reflecting men throughout the United States to unite in calming these natural fears. The union of the American people is of importance not only to themselves, but to the world at large. To Englishmen the spread of our language, of our religion, and, to a certain extent, of our laws and manners, can never cease to be an object of interest; not can we desire success to the fanatics, who in their wild dream of raising an inferior race would imperil all that has been accomplished in the New World by two centuries of industry and good sense. What the harshness of masters Southern States may be lessened, the slaves may receive education, moral instruction, and that ultimate slavery may be changed into a state in which the colored race shall be able to stand on their own feet, and the leg-

New World the victory over the Spanish. It is that it has kept itself apart from the red and negro races, and lodged power constantly in the hands of men of European origin. It has been fully proved, not only on the American continent, but in our own colonies that the enforced equality of European and African tends, not to the elevation of the black, but the degradation of the white man. We cannot find any sympathy for those who would try in the United States the plan of a half-caste republic, and we trust that the federal government and the right-thinking part of the community will protect the South from the repetition of such outrages as that at Harper's Ferry.

New York Lawyers Sold.

A good dodge was played upon the Tombs and a few other legal practitioners, on Monday morning which resulted in more chagrin than fees to the gentlemen of the bar, who were drawn into the net. A report gained circulation that William Goatz, a respectable individual, had been arrested for burglary, and was confined in one of the down town station-houses, awaiting an examination.

A Tombs lawyer, hearing of the circumstance ran to the lock-up, in the hope of gaining a fresh client and securing a good fee. Entering the station, the counsellor approached and said to the Sergeant on duty:—"Sir, I understand you have a client of mine locked up here, one William Goatz; I have known him fifteen years, and always defended him when in trouble." The lawyer furthermore stated that the prisoner had been a Councilman and subsequently member of Assembly.

The lawyer was allowed to go down stairs; and proceeded to a cell designated, where, at a single glance, he discovered the thing was a "sell," and a capital one at that. Without saying a word, the "sold" gentleman left, and proceeding to the Tombs, told another one of the fraternity that a chap of his was over to the station house, and wished to see him forthwith. Away started lawyer No. 2 on a dog trot on having an interview with William Goatz, left without being engaged to defend the prisoner, whom he subsequently denied having seen.

A lawyer of City Hall Place, sporting a pair of kid gloves, fancy cane and jewelry to match, next received information that his legal services were required forthwith at the station house—that a German friend of his was in trouble. He lost no time in answering the call, but on the way to prison, the gentleman called in to a public house, and so elated was he with the prospect of getting a good round sum from Goatz, who was reputed to be wealthy, that all hands were invited to imbibe, which invitation of course, they did not refuse.

The kid-gloved practitioner was not long in reaching the station house, and being permitted to go below, called loudly, "William Goatz, William Goatz!" but received no answer. A policeman from the top of the stairs cried out, "Counselor he is a Frenchman and you may need an interpreter—he does not speak English." The cell door was speedily opened, and the lawyer again called, "William Goatz, come forth!" in answer to which he received a "bah."

It was the turn of lawyer No. 3 to "muzzle," which he did instantly, but instead of returning the same road he had come, skulked off through by-ways and the Points to his office. The next victim was an Irish barrister, who did not

The building was so...
Lawrence that many operatives refuse to work in the mill at all, while some who had been employed there gave up their places through fear of their lives. One of the owners testifies that he did not know it was insecure, and that it was the intention of the company to make it as strong as possible.

He is obliged to confess however that the weight of the machinery was too much concentrated; and from his statement it would seem that the accident might have been caused by a difference of a quarter of a cent a pound in iron.

The conviction that the white slaves of Lawrence were massacred in carrying out a system which was supposed to be most effective in enriching the fine old Boston gentlemen who furnish Sharp's rifles for the extension of their delightful institutions, including free white labor in the Territories, and who helped John Brown in his "work," is quite irresistible. And so, while the white slaves at Lawrence are mourning over their kith and kin slain by their philanthropic masters, the black chattles of the South are making merry with their holiday festivities. In the name of truth and common sense, which position—that of the cotton picker in Georgia, or the cotton weaver in Massachusetts—is the preferable one?

ABOLITIONISM ABROAD.—The steamer brings us reports of sundry proceedings in Scotland concerning slavery in America. Abolition emissaries from this side of the water are appealing for sympathy and material aid to the people of Great Britain. Douglas is vindicating the memory of John Brown, and looking him up to the admiration of his audiences as a hero and a saint, on substantially the same grounds as are taken by Phillips and his collaborators here. At Edinburgh a public meeting has been held to take into consideration Dr. Cheever's case, and to devise ways and means for enabling him to continue to "bear testimony against slavery" in the Puritan Church of New York city.—N. Y. Times.

Mr. James Danu, whose father was one of the two Huguenot brothers who fled from France to England, and subsequently came to America, died in Utica, N. Y., on the 4th instant.

TO CURE SORE THROAT.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and then drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a very short time. So says an exchange.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte has received from his recent alarming illness.